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SONNETS

By John Masefield

THE UNEXPLORED, UNCONQUERED

Out of the clouds come torrents, from the earth
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.
Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man
Measures and braves the terrors of all these;
The blindest fury and the subtlest plan
He turns or tames or shows in their degrees.
Yet in himself are forces of like power,
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain
Pass across oceans, bringing thought to flower—
New worlds, new selves, where he can live again
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose
Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

THE CENTRAL I

O little self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is, and will become,
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;
That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
And in the hovel can consort with kings
Or clothe a god with his own mystery:
O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,
What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good!
O living self, O god, O morning star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are!

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"NO. 6"

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN THREE SCENES

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

The first scene is the cathedral of Milan.
The second scene is a corridor in the convict prison of Naples.
The third scene is the cell of the prison.

CHARACTERS.

ANDREA DONATI, the most famous painter in Italy.
SILVIO, his pupil and friend.
THE GOVERNOR of the convict prison in Naples.
A YOUTH.
"No. 6."
ANTONIO, a warder.
Convicts of the prison; warders.

SCENE I

TRANSEPT in the Milan Cathedral. Andrea working on a large canvas on an easel placed at right angles to the audience. Silvio standing behind watching him. There is a faint sound from the distant cathedral organ. Andrea turns from the picture with a sigh.

Silvio. The light is failing, master, and you are weary.

Andrea. Weary, yes, but not with toil; nor does my imagination flag at all, but at times a kind of foreboding takes hold of me that I shall never finish this picture, which was to be the masterpiece of my life. If I should die before the final touch is achieved——

Silvio. Ah, no!

Andrea. Well, but who knows? It is now ten years since I began this painting, which I call "The Last Supper."

Silvio. And it is now almost finished.

Andrea. Finished, no! It is hardly begun.

Silvio. But only two figures are lacking.

Andrea. But those two figures are the picture. The two faces which I cannot paint, because, search as I may, I cannot find two faces so contrasted that the one shall convey to us the aspect of the divine, the other of the vile. The one a mirror, as it were, of heaven, the other the glass of hell itself. On the one side the countenance of the Redeemer, on the other the features of the traitor and the thief. Ten years have I spent in this fruitless quest, and I am still as far from success as ever.

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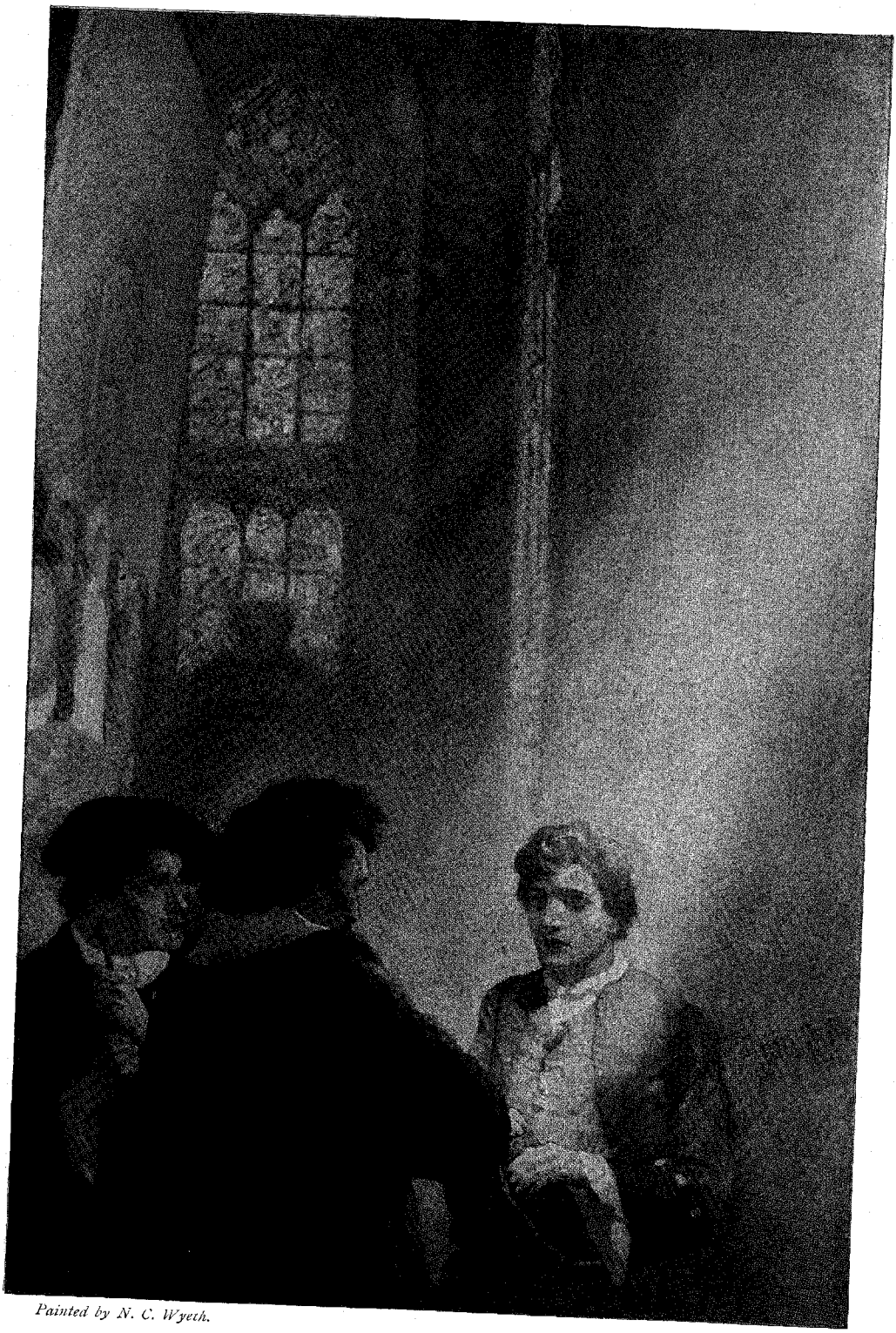

Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

The Youth. Master, I shall not fail you.—Page 133.

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Silvio. Is it necessary to discover two living faces so contrasted, to be able to paint them? Cannot your imagination, unaided, throw them on the canvas?

Andrea. The imagination, though its head be in heaven, must still stand upon the earth. Only faces of flesh and blood can launch me on my flight. Then, again, a fear possesses me that Nature herself may take some revenge upon me.

Silvio. Master, I cannot understand.

Andrea. (*Passing to and fro.*) Think what my life has been from boyhood! The loneliness, the dedicated days, the set, unswerving purpose! Think how in this pursuit of the beautiful I have discarded what is dearest to men, the promptings of the heart, the life of home, the love of women and of children! Ah, at times, Silvio, I dread lest Nature will not be denied, shall aim at my heart, crying: "This, too, was given thee; it is not enough to aspire; thou shalt also learn to feel." Cover the canvas, my friend. Listen, the music swells and now swoons into solemn death —it ceases. (*As the music ceases the figure of a young man is seen coming from the steps of the chancel. He has a face of singular beauty, and as he approaches the light from the transept window strikes full on him.*) Silvio, leave the canvas a moment and look! See that figure advancing and thrown into sudden glory! Now, now, the head, the face—wonderful! Is it possible that after these years my triumph comes? Stop the youth, Silvio, and bring him to me hither, lest he should vanish suddenly and I have been deceived by devils.

(*Silvio arrests the youth and brings him to the master.*)

Silvio. (*Addressing the young man.*) You, sir, to-day are highly honored. You have heard of Andrea Donati, the master painter of all Italy?

The Youth. Indeed; who has not?

Silvio. You stand before him now.

The Youth. (*Bowing low.*) Master.

Andrea. You, then, have you occupation here in the cathedral?

The Youth. Master, I sing here in the choir at matins and at vespers. Sometimes, indeed, I am chosen to sing alone, and then am I most happy.

Andrea. But, apart from this, have you no more earthly trade or calling on which you live?

The Youth. My trade is that of a worker in bronze and gold.

Andrea. And a beautiful trade! But does it bring much money?

The Youth. Alas, master, no; and I have to sustain my mother, who is a widow.

Andrea. You would then be pleased, even for her sake, to add to your earnings?

The Youth. Yes, indeed; but how?

Andrea. I am working here, as you may see, upon a large canvas in which many faces are necessary; I have all but two. Your face will give me a sufficient suggestion of one of them. Are you willing to sit to me here each morning after matins and while the light holds? If so, I will pay you as liberally as you could desire.

The Youth. Yes, indeed, master. And it is not only the pay, it is to feel that I am transmitted on your canvas to immortality.

Andrea. That, then, is agreed; and I will not wait a day—I have waited so long. To-morrow morning.

The Youth. Master, I shall not fail you.

(*He bows humbly and joyously leaves the cathedral with quick steps.*)

Andrea. Is it not wonderful, Silvio, that of a sudden, just as I have begun to despair, that face should be sent me? Oh, not the perfect face which I intend, but, as it were, the human suggestion of it, the proper fuel to my imagination. Oh, why, why should night intervene between me and my dream? I am athirst to begin. I shall know no sleep to-night. Well, my son, come with me to my lonely house; I cannot bear, as yet, to be alone; and after, we will sup together and drink the old Chianti. (*Laying his hand on Silvio's head.*) Oh, Silvio, only one more step for me to climb: that other face; the face of the betrayer.

Silvio. And yet it seems to me well-nigh impossible, master, to find in humanity two such contrasted faces as you desire. To suggest with the one a love celestial, with the other a hate infernal.

Andrea. Having found one, I may yet find the other; who knows? For to-day this joy is enough.

(*They proceed outward, Andrea with his arm round his pupil's neck.*)

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SCENE II

GLOOMY corridor in the convict prison of Naples. Time — evening. Ten years have elapsed. Andrea and the Governor of the prison are pacing to and fro together.

The Governor. You are, of course, aware, sir, that what you request is not merely unusual but entirely unprecedented.

Andrea. Sir, I am fully aware of it, yet still I venture to persist in my request.

The Governor. You will clearly understand, then, that what I granted is to the master painter and not to a private individual.

Andrea. Clearly.

The Governor. You ask, then, that twelve of the most abandoned convicts in the worst prison of Italy shall be filed before you that you may, perhaps, discover among them a face sufficiently base to transfer to the great canvas on which you are working?

Andrea. Exactly.

The Governor. I have already given order that this shall be done, but remember that the men whom you will see, abandoned as they are, might be roused to open fury if they suspected that they were paraded before you merely for the purpose of portrayal. I have to request, then, that you will stand back in the shadow here and make no sign except to me privately.

Andrea. I will do so.

(*He retires into a shadowy recess.*)

The Governor. (*Calling to an attendant.*) Antonio! (*An attendant warder enters.*) Are the men of whom I spoke to you ready?

Antonio. They are waiting for your order, sir.

The Governor. Then have them filed before me singly and slowly.

Antonio. (*In loud voice.*) Nos. 1 to 12 this way; pass slowly!

(*The convicts, who are in chains, begin to pass through the corridor in single file. Five have passed and the sixth now passes Andrea, who remains in the shadow.*)

Andrea. (*Bursting from the recess.*) Stop this one! Him—the sixth! I have it at last, I tell you—the face I have so vainly sought! The face of the betrayer!

The Governor. No. 6, fall out! The rest back to the cells! (*The convicts go off in charge of Antonio. No. 6 remains.*) This fellow who has the face you want is under sentence of death, and dies at dawn to-morrow.

Andrea. Only just in time, then.

The Governor. What do you propose to do with him?

Andrea. I have only time to make a rough sketch which will fix his face.

The Governor. No. 6, the master painter, Andrea Donati, desires to portray you to-night before you die.

No. 6. Oh, come now! You have a right to take my life—that is law—but not to take my portrait. I object.

Andrea. The fellow is right; and, as I believe it is at times permitted for one condemned to enjoy some special privilege on his last night on earth, I suggest that I may be allowed, in return for the favor he is granting me, to provide him with a flask of wine and as many cigars as he can smoke while I am making my sketch of him.

No. 6. Ah, now we are talking business. Under these conditions I consent to sit.

The Governor. Well, having yielded so

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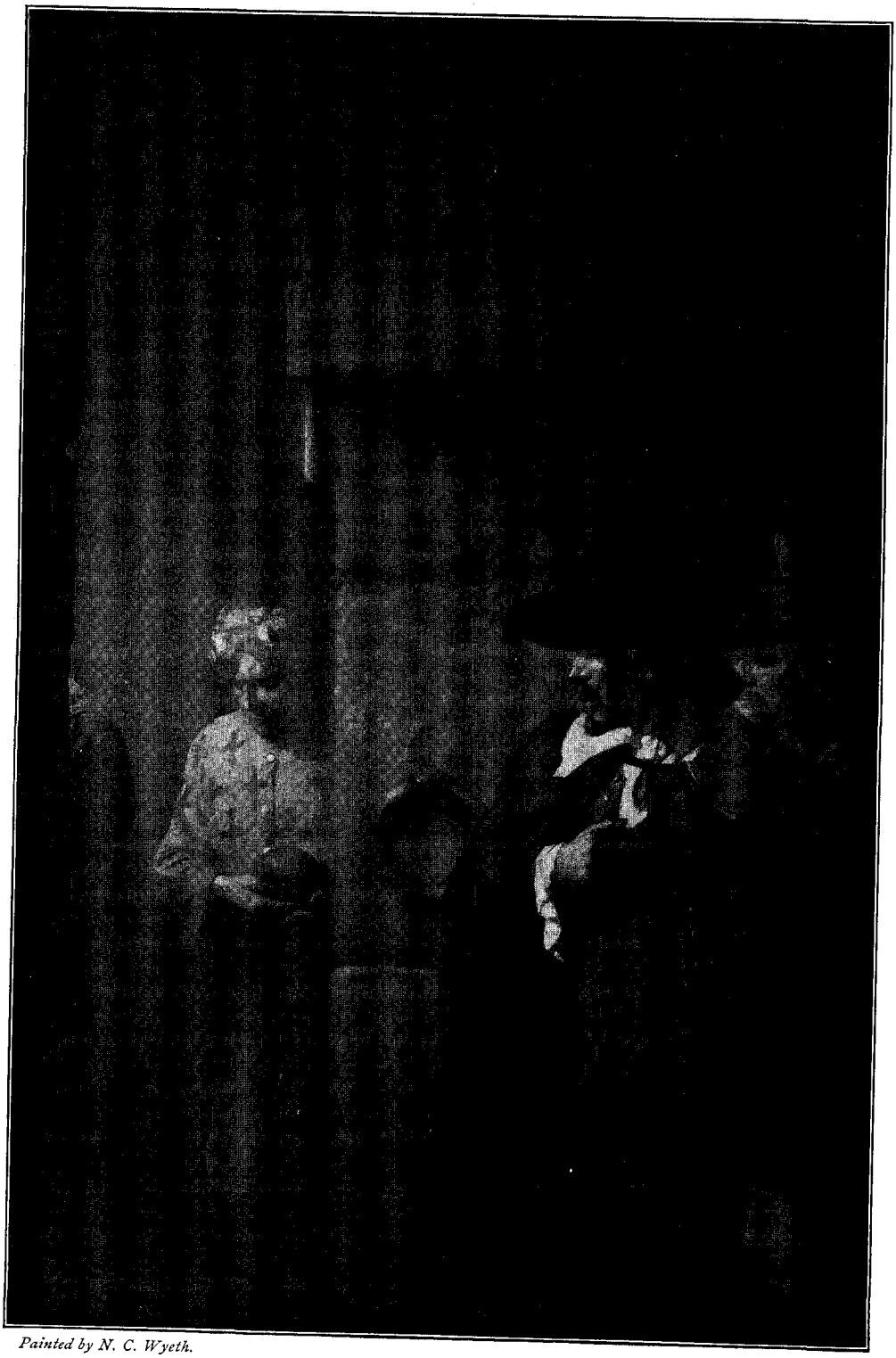

Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

Andrea. Stop this one! Him—the sixth!

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far, I will yield this further. No. 6, back to your cell; there you will await the master.

(*No. 6 slinks off.*)

The Governor. This fellow is the most notorious of our criminals. Not only had he a hand in assassination, but for a paltry sum he also betrayed his accomplices to death. The earth is well rid of him.

Andrea. Did I not exclaim: "The face of the betrayer!"

SCENE III

ONE of the cells of the condemned in the convict prison. Andrea and No. 6 discovered. A flask of Chianti and cigars upon a table at the side of No. 6. Andrea is sketching at an easel the face of the condemned man. Dawn peers through the cell grating.

Andrea. A little to the right—so. (*He continues to sketch.*) Your right hand half closed, resting on the table, the other thrust downward, out of sight—so.

No. 6. Time's passing, master; I could do with another drink and another smoke.

Andrea. One moment only; now, could you peer as though you were listening to the approach of some one outside?

No. 6. How's that, then?

Andrea. No, no; put your hand down; listen with your eyes.

No. 6. I say, this isn't in the bargain—Well, now, then?

Andrea. Don't move; stay as you are. I implore you not to move. (*He adds a few more touches.*) Now, then, drink and smoke.

No. 6. Many thanks, master. (*He takes a long draught of wine and lights a cigar. Andrea still puts final touches to the drawing, glancing at No. 6 from time to time.*) They keep you so short of food here that a drop of wine makes one drunk almost in a moment. I suppose I may walk about for a moment or so?

Andrea. Yes, yes; I have got all from you that I want.

No. 6. (*Shivering.*) It's getting near the time, isn't it?

Andrea. Yes; are you prepared?

No. 6. (*Slouching to and fro.*) I shall be, with another glass. The thing is to get oneself numbed, as it were, and I am beginning to feel—that I don't feel; and this I owe to you.

Andrea. And I owe to you more than you would ever suspect. Per Bacco! We are here together, you and I. You have rendered me the greatest service one man can render another. You are about to die, but if it can console you at all I will tell you that this drawing here will enable me to finish the picture of a lifetime.

(*A warder enters.*)

Warder. No. 6, the priest is here; will you see him?

No. 6. The priest? No! (*Pouring out another glass.*) This is my priest and final consolation. (*Exit warder.*) Well, now, master, would you say that mine was a face difficult to paint?

Andrea. No, no; except that any face which is strange is difficult.

No. 6. My face is strange, then?

Andrea. Strange in this way only, that I have never seen it before.

No. 6. (*Lurching toward Andrea and*

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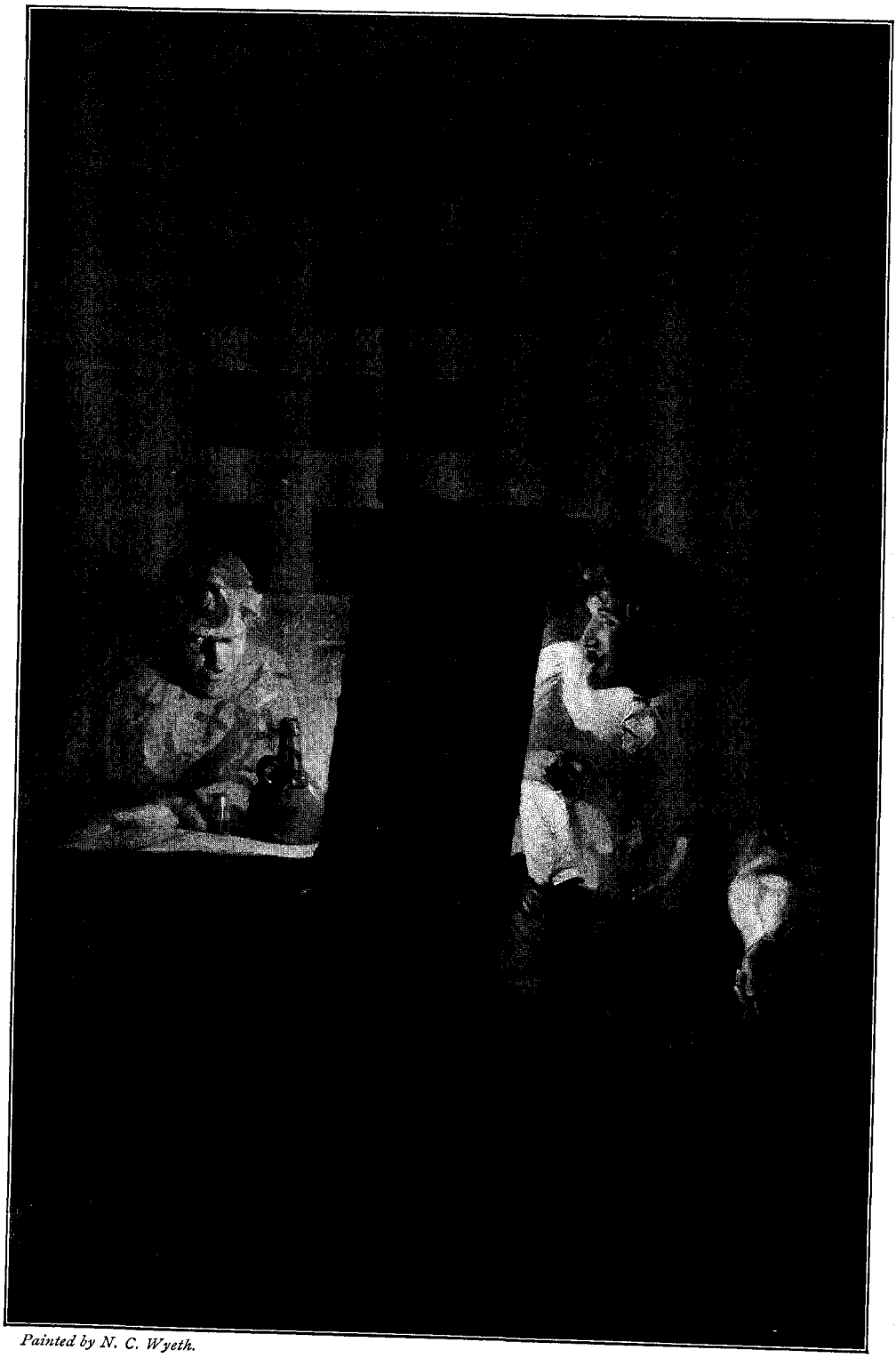

Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

Andrea. I implore you not to move.

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blowing tobacco in his face.) You have never seen my face before?

Andrea. Undoubtedly not.

(*Enter Antonio.*)

Antonio. No. 6, you have five more minutes.

(*Exit Antonio.*)

No. 6. Five minutes, did he say?—May I look at that drawing?

Andrea. Look, then!

No. 6. Umph! Throw your mind back a bit, master. Were you ever in the city of Milan?

Andrea. Milan! There I was born and lived half my life!

No. 6. (*Lighting a fresh cigar.*) There's not much time, but there's time for another—umph! You know the cathedral there?

Andrea. Why! It was in that same cathedral that I began and almost finished the painting of my life, but to complete it I lacked one face, and to-night I have it.

No. 6. (*Lurching toward him, smoking fiercely.*) I hear them; they are coming for me. (*A tramp of steps is heard without.*) Quick, then!—Ah, one more glass! —You remember, perhaps, a young fellow who sang there in the choir?

Andrea. Why, of course! His face is the great, the central face of my picture.

No. 6. (*Pointing to portrait.*) This is it!

Andrea. (*Starting up.*) This is it! Man, between that face and this is all the distance between a heaven and a hell.

(*Enter two warders.*)

Warders. No. 6.

(*They advance and touch him on the shoulder.*)

No. 6. (*Approaching Andrea and speaking in his ear.*) Master, I was that chorister. You have painted me twice.—Fell in bad hands—no matter—too long to tell now.

Andrea. You—you!

No. 6. (*Turning to warders.*) I am ready. (*Then turning again to Andrea.*) That's right, master.

(*He is taken off. Andrea sinks in his chair, burying his face in his hands.*)

Andrea. God—God!

(*A report of musketry is heard. Enter Governor of jail.*)

Governor. It is over, master. Earth is well rid of the wretch. The only service he ever did was the service to Andrea Donati. May I say how proud I am to have been able to furnish you with the means of finishing that masterpiece, for which all Italy is waiting.

Andrea. Never now! If God can finish so the pictures he begins, *my* picture shall be left forever unfinished.

(*He dashes the drawing on the floor and sets his foot upon it as the curtain falls.*)

NIGHT

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

HUSH of the world, save for a small and quiet wind,
Out of the north through slumberous fir-tops stirring;
A late pale moon holding the dreaming hills
With passionate white magic, and the whirring
Of a belated cricket in the grass.
O amber night, alive and wonderful and still!

I have arisen for I cannot sleep. Too near to me,
Too sweet, the outspread wonder of your hair;
Your silent breath stirs mine too tremulously.
I am afraid with an old dread I have of losing you.

Heart of my life, is it not strange, this love
Which holds us? Lips cling to lips, so much
I strive to lose myself in you, and yet, beyond, above,
Always we stand as beggars at the gates of sound and touch:
You are asleep, I know not where your soul,
While I, alone, watch silently the stars.

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"Oh, do go home, all of you: especially you, Jessie!"—Page 140.

MISS THOMASINA TUCKER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

"GOOD-BY, Miss Tucker!"

"Good luck, Miss Tommy!"

"By, by, Tomsie!"

"Don't stay away too long!"

These sentiments were being called from the Hoboken dock to the deck of an ocean steamer, while a young lady, buried in bouquets and bonbons, leaned over the rail, sparkling, inciting, compelling, responding.

"Take care of yourself, Tommy!"

"I don't see but that I must! Nobody else to do it!" she responded saucily.

"You wouldn't let 'em if they tried!" This from a rosy-cheeked youngster who was as close to the water edge as safety permitted. "Say, did you guess what my floral offering was to be when you trimmed your hat? I *am* flattered!"

"Sorry! The hat was trimmed weeks ago, and I'm wearing your nosegay because it matches."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the crestfallen youth. "Plans for reduction of head size constantly on file in Miss Tucker's office."

"Just Carl's luck to hit on a match."

"Don't see any particular luck in being accessory to a hat trimming," grumbled Carl.

"Write now and then, Miss Tommy, won't you?" said a fellow with eyeglasses and an air of fashion.

"Won't promise! I'll wait till I'm rich enough to cable!"

"Shilling a word's expensive, but you can send 'em to me collect. My word is 'Hopeful,'" at which the little party laughed, being of an age to laugh at anything.

"Register another, and make it 'Uncertain,'" called the girl roguishly, seeing that no one was paying any attention to her friends and their nonsense.

"London first, is it?" asked the rosy youth. "Decided on your hotel?"

"Hotel? It's going to be my share of a modest Bloomsbury lodging," she answered. "Got to sing my way from a third floor back in a side street to a gorgeous suite at the Ritz!"

"We'll watch you!" cried three in chorus.

"But we'd rather hear you!" said a

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nice, tailor-made girl, whose puffy eyelids looked as if she had been crying.

"Blessed lamb! I hope I'll be better worth hearing! Oh, do go home, all of you; especially you, Jessie! My courage is oozing out at the heels of my shoes. Disappear! I've been farewelling actively for an hour and casually for a week. If they don't take off the gangplank in a minute or two I shan't have pluck enough to stick to the ship."

"You can't expect us to brace you up, Tommy," said the rosy youth. "We're losing too much by it. Come along back! What's the matter with America?"

"Don't talk to her that way, Carl," and the tailor-made girl looked at him reproachfully. "You know she's got nobody and nothing to come back to. She's given up her room. She's quarrelled with her beastly uncle at last; all her belongings are in the hold of the steamer, and she's made up her mind."

"All ashore that's going ashore!" The clarion tones of the steward rang through the air for the third time, and the loud beating of the ship's gong showed that the last moment had come. The gangplank was removed, and the *Königin* pushed off and slowly wended her way down-river, some of the more faithful ones in the crowd waving handkerchiefs until she was a blur in the distance.

"Well, there's no truer way of showing loyalty than by going to Hoboken to see a friend off," said the eye-glassed chap as he walked beside Jessie Macleod to the ferry. "I wouldn't do it for anybody but Tommy."

"Nor I!" exclaimed the rosy youth. "Good old Tommy! I wonder whether she'll sing and have a career, or fall in love over there?"

"She might do both, I should think; at least it has been done, though not, perhaps, with conspicuous success," was Carl's reply.

"Whichever she does, we've lost her," sighed the girl, "and our little set will be so dull without Tommy!"

Fergus Appleton had leaned over the deck rail for a few moments before the *Königin* started on her voyage; leaned there idly and indifferently, as he did most things, smoking his cigarette with an air of complete detachment from the world. He was going to no one, and leaving no one behind. He had money enough to live on, but life had always been something of a bore to him and he couldn't have endured it without regular occupation. His occasional essays on subjects connected with architecture, his critical articles in similar fields, his travels in search of wider information, the book on which he was working at the moment, these kept him busy and gave him a sense of being tolerably useful in his generation. The particular group of juveniles shouting more or less intimate remarks to a girl passenger on board the steamer attracted his attention for a moment.

"They are very young," he thought, "or they would realize that they are all revealing themselves with considerable frankness, although nobody seems to be listening but me!"

He would not have listened, as a matter of fact, had it not been for the voice of the girl they called Tommy. It was not loud, but it had the quality of a golden bell, and Fergus was susceptible to a beautiful voice. One other thing, the slightest possible thing, enlisted his notice. She wore a great bunch of mignonette stuck in the waistband of her green cloth dress, and her small hat had a flat wreath of the same flower. Mignonette was, perhaps, the only growing thing of which Fergus Appleton ever took note, and its perfume was the only one that ever particularly appealed to his rather dull sense of smell; the reason being that in the old garden of the house in which he was born there was always a huge straggling patch of the old-fashioned flower. His mother used to sit there on summer mornings and read to him, and when he lay on his back in the sunshine he used to watch the butterflies and humming-birds and trees, and sniff the fragrance that filled the air. When his mother died, he wandered into the garden, sought the familiar corner, and flung himself on the bed of mignonette to cry his heart out—the lonely heart of an eight-year-old boy. That was five and twenty years ago, but he never passed a florist's open door in summer-time without remembering that despairing hour and the fragrance of the flowers, bruised with his weight and moistened with his tears.

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The girl vanished the moment the steamer was out of sight of the dock, and Fergus did not give her another thought for a day or two. He had liked her green cloth dress and the hat that framed her young, laughing, plucky face. He had thought her name suited her, and wondered what dignified appellation had been edited, cut, and metamorphosed to make "Tommy," deciding, after a look at the passenger list, that it was Thomasina, and that the girl must be Miss Thomasina Tucker, an alliterative combination which did not appeal to his literary taste.

The voyage was a rough one, and he only saw her now and then, always alone, and generally standing on the end of the ship, her green cape blowing in a gale of wind and showing a scarlet lining, her mignonette hat exchanged for a soft green thing with an upstanding scarlet quill. She was the only companionable person on board, but he did not know her and sat nowhere near her at table, a co-ordination of facts that seemed to settle the matter, considering the sort of man he was and the sort of girl she was.

"She's too pretty and too young to be gallivanting about 'on her own,'" he said to himself one morning, when Tommy stood on the upper deck looking out to sea and, as far as he could judge, singing, though there was such a gale blowing that he could not hear her voice. "But all the girls are the same nowadays," and he puffed his pipe disconsolately; "all the same; brisk, self-supporting, good fellows. If I ever met a nice, unsuccessful-but-not-depressed sort of girl, soft but not silly, mild but not tame, flexible but not docile, spirited but not domineering, I think I should capitulate; but they're all dead. The type has changed, and I haven't changed with it."

Fergus Appleton did not make acquaintances easily; no man does who has had a lonely, neglected boyhood, his only companion a father who seldom remembered his existence, and, when he did, apparently regretted it. He had known girls, but he was a shy, silent, ugly boy, and appealed as little to them as they to him. He did not live through the twenties without discovering that a fine crop of sentiment was growing in his heart; he also discovered that he didn't know in the least what to do with it. George Meredith, speaking of Romance, says: "The young who avoid that region escape the title of Fool at the cost of a Celestial crown." Fergus Appleton wouldn't have minded being called a fool if only he could have contrived to deserve the title, and the glimmer of the crown celestial had been in his imagination more than once until he turned thirty and decided it was not for his head. Guileless chickens did not appeal to him, and coquettish hens certainly had no power to charm; he was even widow-proof, so he became a thoroughfare for sisterly affection. Girls suffocated him with friendliness, which was not the stuff of which his dreams were made. However, he had no reason to complain, for he got as good as he gave, and it occurred to him that he could not expect to start a disastrous conflagration in any maiden bosom so long as he had no brimstone, nor any substitute for it, on his own premises.

"Anyway," he reflected (though perhaps not oftener than once a year), "if I haven't a tie in the world, I have complete freedom to do as I like!" And if the said freedom palled upon him occasionally, nobody was the wiser, for Fergus Appleton did not wear his heart on his sleeve.

As for Tommy, there had been several Thomas Tuckers in genealogical line, and the father of Thomasina was already Thomas Tucker the third. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, the parents of the first Thomas, must have been somewhat lacking in humor, and somewhat ignorant of the classics, for although they could not, perhaps, help being Tuckers, they needn't have saddled their offspring with a Christian name which would suggest Mother Goose to every properly educated person. However, the first Thomas grew into a great man, healthy, wealthy, and wise, and his descendants could hardly do less than keep his name alive. Thomas the third was disappointed, not to say mortified, when his only child, born in his old age, turned out to be a girl, but he bravely did the best he could and named her Thomasina. Mrs. Tucker did not like the name, but she died before the baby was three days old.

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The baby hated it herself when she reached years of discretion, and when she found that she possessed a voice and had a possible career before her, she saw plainly that something more mellifluous must be substituted if programmes should ever be in question. Meantime she was Tommy to her friends, and the gay little name suited her to a T. The gay little rhyme suited her, too, for, like the Tommy Tucker in Mother Goose, she had to "sing for her supper"; for her breakfast, and her dinner, and her tea also, for that matter, if any were to be eaten.

Her only relation, a disagreeable bachelor uncle, had given her a home during her orphaned girlhood, and her first idea on growing up was to get out of it. This she did promptly when she secured a place in a Brooklyn choir. The salary was modest, but it provided a room and at least one meal a day; not, of course, a Roman banquet, but something to satisfy a youthful appetite. It seemed to the intrepid possessor of a charming voice, an equally charming face, and a positive gift for playing accompaniments, that the other two meals, and a few clothes and sundries, might be forthcoming. As a matter of fact, they were, although the uncle said that Tommy would starve, and he almost hoped that she would, just to break the back of her obstinate independence.

II

Tommy had none too much to eat, and, according to her own æsthetic ambitions, nothing at all to wear; but she was busy all day long and absurdly happy. Her income was uncertain, but that was amusing and thrilling rather than pitiful or tragic. She had two or three "steadies" among singers, who gave her engagements as accompanist at small drawing-room recitals or charitable entertainments. There was a stout German lady whose arias for dramatic soprano kept her practising until midnight, and a rich young lady amateur who needed a very friendly and careful accompaniment because she sang flat and always lost her breath before the end of a long phrase. The manner in which Tommy concealed these defects was thoroughly ingenious and sympathetic. When Miss Guggenheim paused for breath Tommy filled the gap with instrumental arabesques; when she was about to flat Tommy gave her the note suggestively. If she was too dreadfully below pitch, and had breath enough to hang on to the note so long that the audience (who were always invited guests) writhed obviously, Tommy would sometimes drop a sheet of the music on the floor and create a diversion, always apologizing profusely for her clumsiness. The third patron was a young baritone, who liked Miss Tucker's appearance on the platform and had her whenever he didn't sing Schubert's "Erl König," which Tommy couldn't play. This was her most profitable engagement, but it continued, alas! for only three months, for the baritone wanted to marry her, and she didn't like him because he was bald and his neck was too fat. Also, she was afraid she would have to learn to play the "Erl König" properly.

All this time Tommy was longing to sing in public herself, and trying to save money enough to take more lessons by way of preparation.

When she lost the baritone, who was really peevish at being rejected after suiting his programmes to her capacities for a whole season, Tommy conceived a new idea. She influenced Jessie Macleod, who had a fine contralto, and two other girls with well-trained voices, to form a quartette.

"We can't get anything to do separately, perhaps we can make a pittance together," she said. "We'll do good simple things; our voices blend well, and if we practise enough there's no reason why we shouldn't sing beautifully."

"Singing beautifully is one thing and getting engagements is another," sighed Jessie Macleod.

"As if I didn't know that! We can't hope to be superior to other quartettes, so we must be different — intelligent, unique — I can't think just how at the moment, but I will before we make our début."

And she did, for Tommy was nothing if not fertile in ideas.

Every hour that the girls could spare in the month of October was given to rehearsal, till the four fresh young voices were like one. They had decided to give

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nothing but English songs, to sing entirely from memory, and to make a specialty of good words well spoken. All the selections but one or two were to be without accompaniment, and in these Tommy would sit at the piano surrounded by the other three in a little group.

Miss Guggenheim was to give them their first appearance, invite fifty or sixty people, and serve tea. She kindly offered to sing some solos herself, but Tommy, shuddering inwardly, said she thought it was better that the quartette should test its own strength unaided.

Miss Guggenheim couldn't sing but she could dress, and she had an inspiration a week before the concert.

"What are you going to wear, girls?" she asked.

"Anything we have, is the general idea," said Tommy. "Mine is black."

"Mine's blue"—"White"—"Pink!" came from the other three.

"But must you wear those particular dresses? Can't you each compromise a little so as to look better together?"

"So hard to compromise when each of us has one dress hanging on one nail; one neck and sleeves filled up for afternoons and ripped out for evenings!"

"I should get four simple dresses just alike," said Miss Guggenheim, who had a dozen.

"What if they should hang in our closets unworn and unpaid for?" asked Jessie Macleod.

"We're sure to get at least one engagement some time or other. Nothing venture nothing have. We ought to earn enough to pay for the dresses, if we do nothing more," and Tommy's vote settled it.

Miss Guggenheim also knew people, if she did sing flat, and her drawing-room was full on the occasion of the début. Carl Bishop, a friend of Tommy's, was in a publishing office, and nobly presented programmes for the occasion. The quartette had not thought of naming itself, but Carl had grouped the songs under the heading, "The Singing Girls," and luckily they liked the idea.

At four o'clock the hum of conversation ceased at the sound of singing voices in the distance. A sort of processional effect had been Tommy's suggestion, and the quartette formed in the dressing-room and sang its way to the audience.

> "Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings
> And Phœbus 'gins to rise!"

The voices rang high and clear, coming nearer and nearer. All the words could be heard and understood. The hall portières divided, and the girls entered, all in soft gray crêpe, gardenias at the belt, little brimmed hats of black velvet with a single gardenia on the side, the flowers being the offering of the German soprano, who loved Tommy. They were young, they were pretty, they sang delightfully in tune, and with quite bewitching effect. Several ladies fell in love with them at first sight, and hoped that they would sing for nothing a few times, "just to get themselves known." They had done nothing else for two years, so that Tommy said they must be acquainted with the entire State of New York and a considerable section of New Jersey, though nothing ever came of it. It was a joyous surprise, then, when an old gentleman in the company (who was seen to wipe tears away when the girls gave "Darby and Joan") engaged them to sing at his golden wedding the next night. That was the beginning of a season of modest prosperity. Tommy's baritone had married his new accompanist (he seemed determined to have a piano-playing wife), and, wishing to show Miss Tucker that his heart was not broken by her rejection, he gave a handsome party and engaged the quartette, paying for their services in real coin of the realm. Other appearances followed in and out of town, and Tommy paid for her gray dress, spent a goodly sum for an attack of tonsilitis, the result of overwork, and still saved two hundred dollars. The season was over. She was fagged, but not disheartened. Who is at twenty-two? But it was late April, and drawing-room entertainments were no more. The two hundred dollars when augmented by the church salary would barely take her through till October.

"It is very annoying," thought Tommy, "that when you have to eat, drink, sleep, and dress twelve months in the year, that the income by which you do these things should cease abruptly for four months. Still, furriers can't sell furs in hot weather,

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and summer boarders can't board in winter, so I suppose other people have to make enough money in eight months to spend in twelve.

"'Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus 'gins to rise!'"

she carolled, splashing about in her morning tub as she finished making these reflections, the tub being an excellent place for trills and scales.

Proceeding from tub to her sitting-room to make things ready for toilette and breakfast, her mind ran on her little problems.

"I want to learn more, see more, hear more," she thought. "I have one of those nasty, unserviceable, betwixt-and-between talents: voice not high enough for 'Robert, toi que j'aime,' nor low enough for 'Ständchen'; not flexible enough for 'Caro Nome,' nor big enough for 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster'; poor French accent, worse German; awfully good English, but that doesn't count. Can sing old ballads, folk-songs, and nice, forgotten things that make dear old gentlemen and ladies cry—but not pay. If I were billed at all, it ought to be

"First Appearance in Public
of
Behind-the-Times Tommy"

This appellation so tickled her fancy that she nearly upset the coffee-pot, and she continued to laugh at her own wit until a fat letter was pushed under her door from the hall outside. She picked it up and looked at its English postmark.

"Helena Markham!" she cried, joyously.

"Dear Tommy:" (the letter read)

"Don't you want to come over to London for the season? You never make any money at home from June to October, and if by chance you have a penny in the bank (I don't know why I say 'if' when none of us ever had such a thing!) I think I can put enough in your way to pay part of your expenses. I am really beginning to get on!—three engagements in the provincial towns all arranged. My accompanist plays lots better than you do, but I don't sing half so well with him as I used to with you. You somehow infuse the spirit into me that I lack. I incline to be lumpy and heavy. They may not notice it in the provinces, for I dare say there are lumpy and heavy people there, too. However, though I shall have to have somebody well known over here for concerts of any great pretensions, I could work you into smaller ones, and coach with you, too, since I must have somebody. And you are so good-looking, Tommy dear, and have such a winning profile! I am plainer than ever, but no plainer than Madame Titiens, so the papers say. I never saw or heard her, of course, but the critics say I have the same large, 'massive' style of voice and person. My present accompanist would take first prize for ugliness in any competition; he is more like a syndicate of plainness than one single exemplification of it! I must have a noble nature to think more of my audiences than of myself, but I should like to give them something to please their eyes—I flatter myself I can take care of their ears!

"Oh, do come, Tommy! Say you will!

"Helena."

Tommy pirouetted about the room like an intoxicated bird, waving the letter, and trilling and running joyful chromatic scales, for the most part badly done.

"Will I go to London?" she warbled in a sort of improvised recitative. "Will I take two or two and a half lessons of Georg Henschel? Will I grace platforms in the English provinces? Will I take my two hundred dollars out of the bank and risk it royally? Perhaps the bystanders will glance in at my windows and observe me giving the landlady notice, and packing my trunk, both of which delightful tasks I shall be engaged in before the hour strikes."

III

Fergus Appleton thought he saw "the singing girl" one day in May in Wells, where he went to study the cathedral. At least, he saw a hansom with a pink-clad figure in the opening, looking like a rosebud of a new and odd sort on wheels. At least, it looked like a rosebud at the moment the doors rolled back like the leaves of a calyx, and the flower issued, trium-

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phant and beautiful. She was greeted by a tall, stout lady, who climbed into the hansom, and the two settled themselves quickly and drove off.

Appleton's hansom followed on its own course, which chanced to be in the same direction, and he saw the slim and the stout disappear up a hilly street, at the top of which was a famous old house. He walked that way in the afternoon, having nothing better to do, but could observe no dwelling at which the two ladies might be staying. There was a pretty cottage with a long, gravelled pathway leading to it, and a little sign on the locked gate reading: "Spring Cleaning. Please do not knock or ring." Farther along was a more pretentious house, so attractive that he was sorry he had never noticed it before, for the sign "Apartments to Let" was in one of the front windows. He heard a piano in the rear somewhere, but on reaching the front door another sign confronted him: "The parlor maid is slightly deaf. If door-bell is not answered at once, please step inside and ring the dinner-bell on the hall table."

This somehow required more courage than Appleton possessed, though he determined to look at the rooms on his next visit, so he stole down the path and went about his business, wondering why in the world he had done such a besotted thing as to take a walk among the furnished lodgings of the cathedral town of Wells.

The summer waxed. He had nearly finished his book, and, feeling the need of some peaceful retreat where he could do the last chapters and work up his sketches, he took the advice of an English friend and went down to Devonshire, intending to go from place to place until he found a hotel and surroundings to his mind.

The very first one pleased his exacting taste, and he felt that the Bexley Sands Inn would be the very spot in which to write; comfortable within, a trifle too large, perhaps, and at week-ends too full of people, but clean, well kept, and sunny.

It was a Friday evening, and the number of guests who arrived on the last train from Torquay was rather disturbing. The dining-room service was not interfered with, but Appleton made up his mind to smoke his pipe in his own sitting-room and go down to the lounge later to read the papers, when the crowd might have dispersed. At nine o'clock, accordingly, he descended, and was preparing to settle himself with the last *Spectator*, when the young lady in the office observed: "There's a very good concert going on in the drawing-room, sir, if you enjoy music. No admittance, you know; just a plate at the door as you leave—quite optional."

Appleton bowed his thanks, filled his pipe, and, taking up his newspaper with a sensation of comfortable idleness, was beginning an article on the situation in the Balkans, when a voice floated out from the distant drawing-room, down the long corridor, through the writing-room into the lounge. It was not a little voice nor a big voice, it seemed to have no extraordinarily high notes and no low ones, it did not arrest attention by the agility of its use; but it was as fresh and young as a bird's and sweeter than honey in the comb. It began by carolling "My Love's an Arbutus," went on to "The Little Red Lark" and "The Low-Backed Car," so that Appleton, his head thrown back in the easy chair, the smoke wreaths from his pipe circling in the air, the Balkans forgotten, decided that the singer was Irish.

"A pretty voice, sir," remarked the goddess of the hotel office. "I'm sorry so many of our guests are playing bowls this evening, and there's a bridge party of three tables in our first-floor private sitting-room, or the young lady would have had an audience. She seems a nice little thing, quite a stranger, with no experience."

If the singer had even a small group of hearers, they were apparently delighted with "The Low-Backed Car," for with only a second's pause she gave "The Minstrel Boy." A certain individual quality of tone and spirit managed to bridge the distance between the drawing-room and lounge; or perhaps it was the piano accompaniment, so beautifully played that one could almost imagine it a harp; or was it that the words were so familiar to Appleton that every

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syllable was understood so that the passion and fire of the old song suffered no loss?

"The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under!
The harp he loved never spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder."

"It's a pity her programme is so old-fashioned," said the young lady of the office, passing his chair to give an order to the page. "It's true only the elderly people went in, but our week-enders are very up to date in everything. There's a lot of Londoners here, and those from Torquay are frightfully musical. If they don't get Debewssy, it seems they think nothing of the programme."

"Well, I confess that Debussy seems a trifle alien to this time and place," said Appleton, "and these old ballads suit my taste much better. I think I'll take a nearer view."

He shoved his pipe into its case and strolled down the corridor, pausing behind the heavy velvet portières that shut off the drawing-room. There was no buzz of conversation going on, because there was not a sufficient number of persons to buzz. A very quiet, stodgy audience it was, with no friendly grouping; just a few old gentlemen here and a few old ladies there, sometimes with their prematurely aged and chastened paid companions by their sides. There were some girls of fifteen or sixteen, too, scattered about, a few of them accompanied by prim governesses.

Appleton heard the entrance of some one from the anteroom beyond the grand piano, then a few chords, struck by a hand that loved the ivory keys and evoked a reciprocal tenderness every time they touched them; then:

"Near Woodstock Town in Oxfordshire
As I walked forth to take the air,
To view the fields and meadows round,
Methought I heard a mournful sound."

So the chronicle ran on until the crisis came:

"The lady round the meadow ran,
And gathered flowers as they sprang.
Of every sort she there did pull
Until she got her apron full."

The history of the distracted lady's unhappy passion persevered:

"The green ground served her as a bed,
The flowers a pillow for her head.
She laid her down and nothing spoke.
Alas! for love her heart was broke."

Appleton was at first too enchanted with the mischievous yet sympathetic rendition of this tragedy to do anything but listen. The voice, the speech, were so full of color and personality he forgot for the moment that there would be a face behind them; but there was an irresistible something in the line, "Until she got her apron full," that forced him to peep behind the curtain just in time to catch the singer's smile.

As this is not a story of plot, suspense, or mystery, there is no earthly use in denying that the lady in question was Miss Thomasina Tucker, nor any sense in affirming that her appearance in Fergus Appleton's hotel was in the nature of a dramatic coincidence, since Americans crossing the Atlantic on the same steamer are continually meeting in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Appleton was pleased to see the girl again because he had always liked her face, and he was delighted to find that her voice not only harmonized with it, but increased its charm a hundredfold. Miss Tommy had several rather uncommon qualities in her equipment. One was that when she sang a high note she did it without exposing any of the avenues which led to her singing apparatus. She achieved her effects without pain to herself or to the observer, just flinging them off as gayly and irresponsibly as a bird on a bough, without showing any *modus operandi*. She had tenderness also, and fire, and a sense of humor which, while she never essayed a "comic" song, served her in good stead in certain old ballads with an irresistibly quaint twist in them. She made it perfectly clear that she was sorry for the poor lady who was running around the meadow preparing her flowery bier, but the conviction crept over you that she was secretly amused at the same time. Appleton heard the smile in her voice before he pulled aside the curtain and saw its counterpart on her face; heard and responded, for when Tommy tossed a smile to you,

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you caught it gratefully and tossed it back in the hope of getting a second and a third.

Another arrow in Tommy's modest quiver was the establishment of an instantaneous intimacy between herself and her audience. The singing of her songs was precisely like the narration of so many stories, told so simply and directly that the most hardened critic would have his sting removed without being aware of it. He would know that Tommy hadn't a remarkable voice, but he would forget to mention it because space was limited. Sometimes he would say that she was an interpreter rather than a singer, and Tommy, for her part, was glad to be called anything, and grateful when she wasn't brutally arraigned for the microscopic size of her talent.

It was Tommy's captivating friendliness and the quality of her smile that "did" for the shyest and stiffest of men, for by the time she had finished her programme the thunderbolt, the classic, the eternal thunderbolt, had fallen, and Fergus Appleton was in love Tommy began her unconscious depredations with "Near Woodstock Town" and "Phillida Flouts Me," added fuel to the flames with "My Heart's in the Highlands" and "Charlie Is My Darling," and reduced his heart to ashes with "Allan Water" and "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" The smile began it, but it was tears that worked the final miracle, though moisture very rarely has this effect on fires of any sort.

Tommy was tired and a bit disheartened; Appleton, the only responsive person in the audience, was seated in a far corner of the room, completely hidden behind a lady of formidable width and thickness, so she could not be expected to feel the tidal waves of appreciation he was sending toward her, although they ran so high at one moment that he could have risen to his feet and begged her to elope with him. The rest of her hearers sat heavily, stodgily in their seats without moving a muscle, mental, emotional, or physical. They had no private sitting-rooms, and they might as well be where they were as anywhere else; that was the idea they conveyed in every feature of their expressionless faces. An old gentleman in the front row left the room during the last song on the programme, and Appleton was beset by, and resisted, a vulgar temptation to put out his foot and trip him up in the doorway. When Tommy sang:

> "Has hope, like the bird in the story,
> That flitted from tree to tree
> With the talisman's glitt'ring glory,
> Has hope been that bird to thee?
> On branch after branch alighting,
> The gem did she still display,
> And when nearest and most inviting,
> Then waft the fair gem away?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes," answered Fergus Appleton's heart, for the first time in his life conscious of loneliness, lack of purpose, lack of anchorage, lack of responsibilities, lack of everything he had never wanted before, but wanted desperately all at once, and quite independent of logic.

He slipped out the door and let the scattered units in the audience assemble, pass him, and drift down the corridor toward the office and lounge. To his astonishment and anger they dropped shillings on the plate, and the young people sixpences and, great Heavens! even pennies; one half-crown, the tacit apology of the old gentleman who had left early, was the only respectable offering. Appleton took out a sovereign, and then was afraid to put it in the collection for fear of exerting the singer's curiosity, so he rummaged his pockets for half-crowns and two-shilling pieces. Finding only two or three, he changed his mind and put back the gold piece just in time to avoid the eye of the page, who came to take the offering back to Miss Tucker. Appleton twisted his mustache nervously, and walked slowly toward the anteroom with no definite idea in mind, save perhaps that she might issue from her retreat and recognize him as she passed. (As a matter of fact, she had never once noticed him on the steamer, but the poor wretch was unconscious of that misfortune!) The page came out, putting something in his pocket, and left the door half open behind him. Appleton wheeled swiftly, feeling like a spy, but not until he had seen Miss Thomasina Tucker take a large copper coin from the plate, fling it across the room, bury the plate of silver upside down in a sofa cushion, and precipitate herself upon it with a little quivering wail of shame, or dis-

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appointment, or rage, he could hardly determine which.

Appleton followed the unfeeling, unmusical, penurious old ladies and gentlemen back into the lounge, glaring at them as belligerently and offensively as a gentleman could and maintain his self-respect. Then he went into the writing-room and embarked upon a positive orgy of letter-writing. Looking up from the last of his pile a half-hour later, he observed the young lady who was unconsciously preventing a proper flow of epistolary inspiration on his part seated at a desk in the opposite corner. A pen was in her right hand, and in her left she held a tiny embroidered handkerchief, rather creased. Sometimes she bit the corner of it, sometimes she leaned her cheek upon it, sometimes she tapped the blotting-pad with the pen-handle, very much as if she had no particular interest in what she was doing, or else she was very doubtful about the wisdom of it.

Presently she took some pennies from a small purse, and, rising, took her letters with her with the evident intention of posting them. Appleton rose too, lifting his pile of correspondence, and followed close at her heels. She went to the office, laid down threepence with her letters, turned, saw Fergus Appleton with the physical eye, but looked directly through him as if he were a man of glass, and poor quality of glass at that, and sauntered up-stairs as if she were greatly bored with life.

However, the top letter of her three was addressed very plainly to the "Bishop of Bath and Wells," and Fergus Appleton had known the bishop, and the bishop's wife, for several years. Accordingly, the post-bag that night held two letters addressed to the Bishop's Palace, and there was every prospect of an immediate answer to one of them.

IV

As for the country round about the Bexley Sands Hotel, it is one of the loveliest in Devonshire. It wastes no time, but, realizing the brevity of week-end visits and the anxiety of tourists to see the most scenery in the shortest space, it begins its duty at the very door of the hotel and goes straight on from one stretch of loveliness to another.

If you have been there, you remember that if you turn to the right and go over the stone bridge that crosses the sleepy river you are in the very heart of beauty. You pick your way daintily along the edge of the road, for it is carpeted so thickly with sea-pinks and yellow and crimson crow's-foot that you scarcely know where to step. Sea-poppies there are, too, groves of them, growing in the sandy stretches that lie close to and border the wide, shingly beach. In summer the long, low, narrow stone bridge crosses no water, for just here is an acre or two of tall green rushes. You walk down the bank a few steps and sit under the shadow of a wall. The green garden of rushes stretches in front of you, with a still, shallow pool between you and it; a pool floating with blossoming waterweeds. On the edge of the rushes grow tall yellow irises in great profusion; the cuckoo's note sounds in the distance; the sun, the warmth, the intoxication of color make you drowsy, and you lean back among the green things, close your eyes, and then begin listening to the wonderful music of the rushes. A million million reeds stirred by the breeze bend to and fro, making a faint silken sound like that of a summer wave lapping the shore, but far more ethereal.

Thomasina Tucker went down the road, laden with books, soon after breakfast Monday morning. Appleton waited until after the post came in, and having received much-desired letters and observed with joy the week-enders setting forth hither and thither on their return journeys, followed what he supposed to be Miss Tucker's route; at least, it had been her route on Saturday and Sunday, and he could not suppose her to harbor caprice or any other feminine weakness.

Yes, there she was, in the very loveliest nook, the stone wall at her back, and in front nice sandy levels for books and papers and writing-pad.

"Miss Tucker, may I invade your solitude for a moment? Our mutual friend, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, has written asking me to look you up as a fellow countryman and see if I can be of any service to you so far away from home."

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Tommy looked up, observed a good-looking American holding a letter in one hand and lifting a hat with the other, and bade him welcome.

"How kind of the bishop! But he is always doing kind things; his wife, too. I have seen much of them since I came to England."

"My name is Appleton, Fergus Appleton, at your service."

"Won't you take a stone, or make yourself a hollow in the sand?" asked Tommy hospitably. "I came out here to read and study, and get rid of the week-enders. Isn't Bexley Sands a lovely spot, and do you ever get tired of the bacon and the kippered herring, and the fruit tarts with Devonshire cream?"

"I can't bear to begin an acquaintance with a lady by differing on such vital points, but I do get tired of these Bexley delicacies."

"Perhaps you have been here too long—or have you just come this morning?"

Appleton swallowed his disappointment and hurt vanity, and remarked: "No, I came on Friday." (He laid some emphasis on Friday.)

"The evening train is so incorrigibly slow! I only reached the hotel at ten o'clock when I arrived on Thursday night." Miss Tucker shot a rapid glance at the young man as she made this remark.

"I came by the morning express and arrived here at three on Friday," said Appleton.

Miss Tucker, with a slight display of perhaps legitimate temper, turned suddenly upon him. "There! I have been trying for two minutes to find out when you came, and now I know you were at my beastly concert on Friday evening!"

"I certainly was, and very grateful I am, too."

"I suppose all through my life people will be turning up who were in that room!" said Miss Tucker ungraciously. "I must tell somebody what I feel about that concert! I should prefer some one who wasn't a stranger, but you are a great deal better than nobody. Do you mind?"

Appleton laughed like a boy, and flung his hat a little distance into a patch of sea-pinks. "Not a bit. Use me, or abuse me, as you like, so long as you don't send me away, for this was my favorite spot before you chose it for yours."

"I live in New York, and I came abroad early in the summer," began Tommy.

"I know that already!" interrupted Appleton.

"Oh, I suppose the bishop told you."

"No, I came with you, on the *Königin*."

"Did you? Why, I never saw you on the boat."

"My charms are not so dazzling that I expect them to be noted and remembered," laughed Appleton.

"It is true, I was very tired, and excited, and full of anxieties," said Tommy meekly.

"Don't apologize! If you tried for an hour, you couldn't guess just why I noticed and remembered *you!*"

"I conclude it was not for *my* dazzling charms, then," Tommy answered saucily.

"It was because you wore the only flower I ever notice, one that is associated with my earliest childhood. I never knew a woman to wear a bunch of mignonette before."

"Some one sent it to me, I remember, and it had some hideous scarlet pinks in the middle. I put the pinks in my room and pinned on the mignonette because it matched my dress. I am very fond of green."

"My mother loved mignonette. We always had beds of it in our garden and pots of it growing in the house in winter. I can smell it whenever I close my eyes."

Tommy glanced at him. She felt something in his voice that she liked, something that attracted her and wakened an instantaneous response.

"But go on," he said. "I only know as yet that you sailed from New York on the *Königin*."

"Well, I went to London to join a great friend, a singer, Helena Markham. Have you heard of her?"

"No; is she an American?"

"Yes, a Western girl, from Montana, with oh! such a magnificent voice and such a big talent!" (The outward sweep of Tommy's hands took in the universe.) "We've had some heavenly weeks together. I play accompaniments, and——"

"I know you do!"

"I forgot for the moment how much too much you know! I went with her to

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Birmingham, and Manchester, and Leeds, and Liverpool. I wasn't really grand enough for her, but the audiences didn't notice me, Helena was so superb. In between I took some lessons of Henschel. He told me I hadn't much voice but very nice brains. I am always called 'intelligent,' and no one can imagine how I hate the word!"

"It is offensive, but not so bad as some others. I, for example, have been called a 'conscientious writer'!"

"Oh, are you a writer?"

"Of a sort, yes. But, as you were saying——"

"As I was saying, everything was going so beautifully until ten days ago, when Helena's people cabled her to come home. Her mother is seriously ill and cannot live more than a few months. She went at once, but I couldn't go with her—not very well, in midsummer—and so here I am, all alone, high and dry."

She leaned her chin in the cup of her hand and, looking absent-mindedly at the shimmering rushes, fell into a spell of silence that took no account of Appleton.

To tell the truth, he didn't mind looking at her unobserved for a moment or two. He had almost complete control of his senses, and he didn't believe she could be as pretty as he thought she was. There was no reason to think that she was better to look at than an out-and-out beauty. Her nose wasn't Greek. It was just a trifle faulty, but it was piquant and full of mischief. There was nothing to be said against her mouth or her eyelashes, which were beyond criticism, and he particularly liked the way her dark-brown hair grew round her temples and her ears—but the quality in her face that appealed most to Appleton was a soft and touching youthfulness.

Suddenly she remembered herself, and began again:

"Miss Markham and I had twice gone to large seaside hotels with great success, but, of course, she had a manager and a reputation. I thought I would try the same thing alone in some very quiet retreat, and see if it would do. Oh! wasn't it funny!" (Here she broke into a perfectly childlike fit of laughter.) "It was such a well-behaved, solemn little audience, that never gave me an inkling of its liking or its loathing."

"Oh, yes, it did!" remonstrated Appleton. "They loved your Scotch songs."

"Silently!" cried Tommy. "I had dozens and dozens of other things upstairs to sing to them, but I thought I was suiting my programme to the place and the people. I looked at them during luncheon and made my selections."

"You are flattering the week-enders."

"I believe you are musical," she ventured, looking up at him as she played with a tuft of sea-pinks.

"I am passionately fond of singing, so I seldom go to concerts," he answered, somewhat enigmatically. "Your programme was an enchanting one to me."

"It was good of its kind, if the audience would have helped me," and Tommy's lip trembled a little; "but perhaps I could have borne that, if it hadn't been for the —plate."

"Not a pleasant custom, and a new one to me," said Appleton.

"And to me!" (Here she made a little grimace of disgust.) "I knew beforehand I had to face the plate—but the contents! Where did you sit?"

"I was forced to stay a trifle in the background, I entered so late. It was your 'Minstrel Boy' that dragged me out of my arm-chair in the lounge."

"Then perhaps you saw the plate? I know by your face that you did! You saw the sixpences, which I shall never forget, and the pennies, which I shall never forgive! I thirst for the blood of those who put in pennies!"

"They would all have been sitting in boiling oil since Friday if I had had my way," responded Appleton.

Tommy laughed delightedly. "I know now who put in the sovereign! I knew every face in the audience—that wasn't difficult in so small a one—and I tried and tried to fix the sovereign on any one of them, and couldn't. At last I determined that it was the old gentleman who went out in the middle of 'Allan Water,' feeling that he would rather pay anything than stay any longer. Confess! it *was* you!"

Appleton felt very sheepish as he met Tommy's dancing eyes and heightened color.

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"I couldn't bear to let you see those pennies," he stammered, "but I couldn't get them out before the page came to take the plate."

"Perhaps you were 'pound foolish' and the others were 'penny wise,' but it was awfully nice of you. If I can pay my bill here without spending that sovereign, I believe I'll keep it for a lucky piece. I shall be very rich by Saturday night, anyway."

"A legacy due?"

"Goodness, no! I haven't a relation in the world except one, who disapproves of me; not so much as I disapprove of him, however. No, Albert Spalding and Donald Tovey have engaged me for a concert in Torquay."

"I have some business in Torquay which will keep me there for a few days on my way back to Wells," said Appleton, nonchalantly. (The bishop's letter had been a pure and undefiled source of information on all points.)

"Why, how funny! I hope you'll be there on Saturday. There'll be no plate! Tickets two and six to ten and six, but you shall be my guest, my sovereign guest. I am going to Wells myself to stay till—till I make up my mind about a few things."

"America next?" inquired Appleton, keeping his voice as colorless as possible.

"I don't know. Helena made me resign my church position in Brooklyn, and for the moment my 'career' is undecided."

She laughed, but her eyes denied the mirth that her lips affirmed, and Appleton had such a sudden, illogical desire to meddle with her career, to help or hinder it, to have a hand in it at any rate, that he could hardly hold his tongue.

It had been her route on Saturday and Sunday.—Page 148.

"The Torquay concert will be charming, I hope. You know what Spalding's violin-playing is, and Donald Tovey is a young genius at piano-playing and composing. He is going to accompany me in some of his own songs, and he wants me to sing a group of American ones—Macdowell, Chadwick, Nevin, Mrs. Beach, and Margaret Lang."

"I hope you'll accompany yourself in some of your own ballads!"

"No, the occasion is too grand; unless they should happen to like me very much. Then I could play for myself, and sing 'Allan Water,' or 'Believe Me,' or 'Early One Morning,' or 'Barbara Allen.'"

Appleton wondered if a claque of sizable, trustworthy boys could be secured in Torquay, and under his intelligent and

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inspired leadership carry Miss Thomasina Tucker like a cork on the wave of success.

"Wouldn't it be lunch-time?" asked Miss Tucker, after a slight pause.

"It is always time for something when I'm particularly enjoying myself," grumbled Appleton, looking at his watch. "It's not quite one o'clock. Must we go in?"

"Oh, yes; we've ten minutes' walk," and Tommy scrambled up and began to brush sand from her skirts.

"Couldn't I sit at your table—under the chaperonage of the Bishop of Bath and Wells?" And Appleton got on his feet and collected Tommy's books.

The girl's laugh was full-hearted this time. "Certainly not," she said. "What does Bexley Sands know of the bishop and his interest in us? But if you can find the drawing-room utterly deserted at any time, I'll sing for you."

"How about a tea-basket and a walk to Gray Rocks at four o'clock?" asked Appleton as they strolled toward the hotel.

"Charming! And I love singing out of doors without accompaniment. I'm determined to earn that gold piece in course of time! Are you from New England?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Oh, I'm from New York. I was born in a row of brown-stone fronts, in a numbered street, twenty-five or thirty houses to a block, all exactly alike. I wonder how I've outlived my start. And you?"

"In the country, bless it, in the eastern part of Massachusetts. We had a garden and my mother and I lived in it during all the months of my life that matter. That's where the mignonette grew."

"And He 'planted a garden eastward in Eden,'" quoted Tommy, half to herself.

"It's the only Eden I ever knew! Do you like it over here, Miss Tucker, or are you homesick now that your friend is in America?"

"Oh, I'm never homesick; for the reason that I have never had any home since I was ten years old, when I was left an orphan. I haven't any deep roots in New York; it's like the ocean, too big to love. I respect and admire the ocean, but I love a little river. You know the made-over aphorism: 'The home is where the hat is'? For hat read trunk, and you have my case, precisely."

"That's because you are absurdly, riotously young! It won't suit you forever."

"Does anything suit one forever?" asked Tommy, frivolously, not cynically, but making Appleton a trifle uncomfortable nevertheless. "Anything except singing, I mean? Perhaps you feel the same way about writing? You haven't told me anything about your work, and I've confided my past history, present prospects, and future aspirations to you!"

"There's not so much to say. It is good work, and it is growing better. I studied architecture at the Beaux Arts. I do art-criticism, and I write about buildings chiefly. That would seem rather dull to a warbler like you."

"Not a bit. Doesn't somebody say that architecture is frozen music?"

"I don't get as immediate response to my work as you do to yours."

"No, but you never had sixpences and pennies put into your plate! Now give me my books, please. I'll go in at the upper gate alone, and run up-stairs to my room. You enter by the lower one and go through the lounge, where the guests chiefly congregate waiting for the opening of the dining-room. Au revoir!"

When Tommy opened her bedroom door she elevated her pretty, impertinent little nose and sniffed the air. It was laden with a delicate perfume that came from a huge bunch of mignonette on the table. It was long-stemmed, fresh, and moist, loosely bound together, and every one of its tiny brown blossoms was sending out fragrance into the room. It did not need Fergus Appleton's card to identify the giver, but there it was.

"What a nice, kind, understanding person he is! And how cheerful it makes life to have somebody from your own country taking an interest in you, and liking your singing, and hating those beastly pennies!" And Tommy, quickly merging artist in woman, slipped on a jacket of dull-green crape over her old black taffeta, and taking down her hat with the garland of mignonette from the shelf in her closet, tucked some of the green sprays in her belt, and went down to luncheon. She didn't know where Fergus Appleton's table was, but she would make her seat face his. Then she could smile thanks at him over the mulligatawny soup, or the

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filet of sole, or the boiled mutton, or the apple tart. Even the Bishop of Bath and Wells couldn't object to that!

V

THEIR friendship grew perceptibly during the next two days, though constantly under the espionage of the permanent guests of the Bexley Sands Hotel, but on Wednesday night Miss Tucker left for Torquay, according to schedule. Fergus Appleton remained behind, partly to make up arrears in his literary work, and partly as a sop to decency and common sense. He did not deem it either proper or dignified to escort the young lady on her journey (particularly as he had not been asked to do so), so he pined in solitary confinement at Bexley until Saturday morning, when he followed her to the scene of her labors.

After due reflection he gave up the idea of the claque, and rested Tommy's case on the knees of the gods, where it transpired that it was much safer, for Torquay liked Tommy, and the concert went off with enormous éclat. From the moment that Miss Thomasina Tucker appeared on the platform the audience looked pleased. She wore a quaint dress of white flounced chiffon, with a girdle of green, and a broad white hat with her old mignonette garland made into two little nosegays perched on either side of the transparent brim. She could not wear the mignonette that Appleton had sent to her dressing-room, because she would have been obscured by the size of the offering, but she carried as much of it as her strength permitted, and laid the fragrant bouquet on the piano as she passed it. A poem had come with it, but Tommy did not dare read it until the ordeal was over, for no one had ever written her a poem before. It had three long verses, and was signed "F. A."—that was all she had time to note.

A long-haired gentleman sitting beside Appleton remarked to his neighbor: "The girl looks like an apple-blossom; it's a pity she has such a heathenish name! Why didn't they call her Hope, or Flora, or Egeria, or Cecilia?"

"I know now who put in the sovereign!"—Page 150.

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When the audience found that Miss Tucker's singing did not belie her charming appearance they cast discretion to the winds and loved her. Appleton himself marvelled at the beauty of her performance as it budded and bloomed under the inspiration of her fellow artists and the favor of the audience, and the more he admired the more depressed he became.

"She may be on the threshold of a modest 'career,' of a sort, after all," he thought, "and she will never give it up for me. Would she be willing to combine me with the career, and how would it work? I shouldn't be churl enough to mind her singing now and then, but it seems to me I couldn't stand 'tours.' Besides, hers is such a childlike, winsome, fragrant little gift it ought not to be exploited like a great, booming talent!"

The audience went wild over Donald Tovey's songs. He played, and Tommy sang them from memory, and it seemed as if they had been written then and there, struck off at white heat; as if the composer happened to be at the piano, and the singer chanced with his help to be interpreting those particular verses for that particular moment.

His setting of "Jock o' Hazledean" proved irresistible:

"They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen."

And then with a swirl and a torrent of sound, a clangor of sword and a clatter of hoofs:

"She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazledean."

Appleton didn't see any valid reason why Tovey should kiss Tommy's hand in responding to the third recall, but supposed it must be a composer's privilege, and wished that he were one.

Then the crowd made its way into the brilliant Torquay sunshine, and Appleton lingered in the streets until the time came for the tea-party arranged for the artists at the hotel.

It was a gay little gathering, assisted by a charming lady of the town, who always knew the celebrated people who flock there in all seasons. Spalding and Tovey were the lions, but Miss Thomasina Tucker did not lack for compliments. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled under the white tulle brim of her hat. Her neck looked deliciously white and young, rising from its transparent chiffons, and her bunch of mignonette gave a note of delicate distinction. The long-haired gentleman was present, and turned out to be a local poet. He told Miss Tucker that she ought never to wear or to carry another flower. "Not, at all events, till you pass thirty!" he said. "You belong together—you, your songs, and the mignonette!" at which she flung a shy upward glance at Appleton, saying: "It is this American friend who has really established the connection, though I have always worn green and white and always loved the flower."

"You sent me some verses, Mr. Appleton," she said, as the poet moved away. "I have them safe" (and she touched her bodice), "but I haven't had a quiet moment to read them."

"Just a little tribute," Appleton answered carelessly. "Are you leaving? If so, I'll get your flowers into a cab and drive you on."

"No. I am going, quite unexpectedly, to Exeter to-night. Let us sit down in this corner a moment and I'll tell you. Mr. Tovey has asked me to substitute for a singer who is ill. The performance is on Monday and I chance to know the cantata. I shall not be paid, but it will be a fine audience and it may lead to something; after all, it's not out of my way in going to Wells."

"Aren't you overtired to travel any more to-night?"

"No, I am treading air! I have no sense of being in the body at all. Mrs. Cholmondeley, that dark-haired lady you were talking with a moment ago, lives in Exeter and will take me to her house. And how nice that I don't have to say good-by, for you still mean to go to Wells?"

"Oh, yes! I haven't nearly finished with the cathedral—I shall be there before you. Can I look up lodgings or do anything for you?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I shall go to the old place where Miss Markham and I lived before. The bishop and Mrs. Kennion sent us there because there is a piano, and the old ladies, being deaf, don't mind musical lodgers. Didn't the concert go off beautifully! Such artists, those two men; so easy to do one's best in such company."

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"It was a triumph! Doesn't it completely efface the memory of the plate and the pennies?"

"Yes," Tommy answered. "I bear no ill will to any living creature. The only flaw is my horrid name? Can't you think of another for me? I've just had an dear mother and father to Tucker, and to Thomas, should have made them saddle me with such a handicap! They might have known I was going to sing, for I bawled incessantly from birth to the age of twelve months. I shall have to change my name, and you must help me to choose.

The humor of this penetrated even to the remotest fastnesses of the staid cathedral circle.—Page 158.

anonymous note. Hear it!" (taking it from her glove):

"'DEAR MADAM:

"'The name of Thomasina Tucker is one of those bizarre Americanisms that pain us so frequently in England. I fancy you must have assumed it for public use, and if so, I beg you will change it now, before you become too famous. The grotesque name of Thomasina Tucker belittles your exquisite art.

"'Very truly yours,

"'A WELL WISHER.'

"What do you think of that?"

Appleton laughed heartily and scanned the note. "It is from some doddering old woman," he said. "The name given you by your sponsors in baptism to be condemned as a 'bizarre Americanism'!"

"I cannot think why the loyalty of my Au revoir!" and she darted away with a handshake and a friendly backward glance from the door.

"Can I think of another name for her?" apostrophized Appleton to himself. "Can feminine unconsciousness and cruelty go farther than that? Another name for her shrieks from the very housetops, and I agree with Well Wisher that she ought to take it before she becomes too famous; before it would be necessary, for instance, to describe her as Madame Tucker-Appleton!"

VI

THESE are the verses:

TO MISS TOMMY TUCKER
(WITH A BUNCH OF MIGNONETTE)

A garden and a yellow wedge
Of sunshine slipping through,
And there, beside a bit of hedge,
Forget-me-nots so blue,

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Bright four o'clocks and spicy pinks,
And sweet, old-fashioned roses,
With daffodils and crocuses,
And other fragrant posies,
And in a corner, 'neath the shade
By flowering apple branches made,
Grew mignonette.

I do not know, I cannot say,
Why, when I hear you sing,
Those by-gone days come back to me,
And in their long train bring
To mind that dear old garden, with
Its hovering honey-bees,
And liquid-throated songsters on
The blossom-laden trees;
Nor why a fragrance, fresh and rare,
Should on a sudden fill the air,
Of mignonette!

Your mem'ry seems a garden fair
Of old-time flowers of song.
There Annie Laurie lives and loves,
And Mary Morison,
And Black-eyed Susan, Alice Grey,
Phillida, with her frown—
And Barbara Allen, false and fair,
From famous Scarlet Town.
What marvel such a garland rare
Should breathe sweet odors on the air,
Like mignonette?

F. A.

VII

THERE was never such a summer of enchanting weather as that particular summer in Wells. The whole population of Somersetshire, save those who had crops requiring rain, were in a heaven of delight from morning till night. Miss Tommy Tucker was very busy with some girl pupils, and as accompanist for oratorio practise; but there were blissful hours when she "studied" the cathedral with Fergus Appleton, watching him sketch the stately Central Tower, or the Lady Chapel, or the Chain Gate. There were afternoon walks to Tor Hill, winding up almost daily with tea at the palace, for the bishop and his wife were miracles of hospitality to the two Americans.

Fergus Appleton had declared the state of his mind and heart to Mrs. Kennion a few days after his arrival, though after his confidence had been received she said that it was quite unnecessary, as she had guessed the entire situation the moment she saw them together.

"If you do, it is more than Miss Tucker does," said Appleton, "for I can't flatter myself that she suspects in the least what I am about."

"You haven't said anything yet?"

"My dear Mrs. Kennion, I've known her less than a fortnight! It's bad enough for a man to fall in love in that absurd length of time, but I wouldn't ask a girl to marry me on two weeks' acquaintance. It would simply be courting refusal."

"I am glad you feel that way about it, for we have grown greatly attached to Miss Tucker," said the bishop's wife. "She is so simple and unaffected, so lovable, and such good company! So alone in the world, yet so courageous and independent. I hope it will come out all right for your dear mother's son," she added affectionately, with a squeeze of her kind hand. "Miss Tucker is dining here tomorrow, and you must come, too, for she has offered to sing for our friends."

Everybody agreed that Mrs. Kennion's party for the young American singer was a delightful and memorable occasion. She gave them song after song, accompanying herself on the Erard grand piano, at which she always made such a pretty picture. It drifted into a request programme and Tommy, whose memory was inexhaustible, seemed always to have the wished-for song at the tip of her tongue, were it English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh. There was general laughter and surprise when Madame Eriksson, a Norwegian lady who was among the guests, asked her for a certain song of Halfdan Kjerulf's.

"I only know it in its English translation," Tommy said, "and I haven't sung it for a year, but I think I remember it. Forgive me if I halt in the words:

"I hardly know, my darling,
What mostly took my heart,
Unless perhaps your singing
Has done the greater part.
I've thrilled to many voices,
The passionate, the strong,
But I forgot the singer,
And I forgot the song.
But there's one song, my darling,
That I can ne'er forget,
I listened and I trembled,
And felt my cheek was wet;
It seemed my heart within me
Gave answer clear and low.
When first I heard you sing, dear,
Then first I loved you so!"

Tommy had sung the song hundreds of times in earlier years, and she had not the slightest self-consciousness when she began it; but just as she reached the last

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"I don't care tuppence about the afterglow."—Page 162.

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four lines her eyes met Fergus Appleton's. He was seated in a far corner of the room, leaning eagerly forward, with one arm on the back of a chair in front of him. She was singing the words to the company, but if ever a man was uttering and confirming them it was Fergus Appleton at that moment. The blindest woman could see, the deafest could hear, the avowal.

Tommy caught her breath quickly, looked away, braced her memory, and finished, to the keen delight of old Madame Eriksson, who rose and kissed her on both cheeks.

Tommy was glad that her part of the evening was over, and to cover her confusion offered to sing something of her own composing, the Mother Goose rhyme of "Little Tommy Tucker Sings for His Supper," arranged as an operatic recitative and aria. The humor of this penetrated even to the remotest fastnesses of the staid cathedral circle, and the palace party ended in something that positively resembled merriment, a consummation not always to be reached in gatherings exclusively clerical in character.

The bishop's coachman always drove Miss Tucker home, and Appleton always walked to his lodgings, which were in the opposite direction, so nothing could be done that night, but he determined that another sun should not go down before he put his fate to the touch.

How could he foresee what the morning post would bring and deposit, like an unwelcome bomb, upon his breakfast tray?

His London publishers wanted to see him at once, not only on a multitude of details concerning his forthcoming book, but on a subject, as they hoped, of great interest and importance to him.

Thinking it a matter of a day or so, Appleton scribbled notes to Mrs. Kennion and Miss Tucker, with whom he was to go on an excursion, and departed forthwith to London.

Everything happened in London. The American publishers wanted a different title for the book and four more chapters to lengthen it to a size selling (at a profit) for two dollars and a half. The proofreader found that he had alluded to Thomas à Kempis once as Thomasina and once as Tommy. The English publishers thought he had dealt rather slightingly with a certain very interesting period, and he remembered, guiltily, that he had been at Bexley Sands when he wrote the chapters in question. It would take three days' labor to fill up those gaps, he calculated, and how fortunate that Miss Thomasina Tucker was safely intrenched in the heart of an ecclesiastical stronghold for the next month or two; a town where he had not, so far as he knew, a single formidable rival. He wrote her regarding his unexpected engagements, adding with legitimate pride that one of England's foremost critics had offered to write a preface for his book; then he settled to his desk and slaved at his task until it was accomplished, when he departed with a beating heart for the town and county that held Miss Thomasina Tucker in their keeping. Alighting at the familiar railway station, he took a hansom, intending to drop his portmanteau at his lodgings and go on to the palace for news, but as he was driving by the deanery on the north side of Cathedral Green, he encountered Mrs. Kennion in her victoria. She signalled him with her hand and spoke to her coachman, who drew up his horses. Alighting from his hansom, he strode forward to take her welcoming hand, his face radiating the pleasure of a home-coming traveller.

"If you'll let the cabman take your luggage, I'd like to drive you home myself. I have something to tell you," said Mrs. Kennion, making room for him by her side.

"Nothing has happened, I hope?" he asked, anxiously.

"Miss Tucker is leaving for America to-morrow morning."

"Going away?" Appleton's tone was one of positive dismay.

"Yes. It is all very sudden and unexpected."

"Sailing to-morrow?" exclaimed Appleton, taking out his watch. "From where? How can I get there?"

"Not sailing to-morrow—leaving Wells to-morrow on an early train and sailing Saturday from Southampton."

"Oh, the world is not lost entirely, then!" and Appleton leaned back and wiped his forehead. "What has happened? I ought never to have gone to London."

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"She had a cable yesterday from her Brooklyn church, offering her her old position in the choir, but saying they could hold it only ten days. By post on the same day she received a letter from a New York friend——"

"Was it a Carl Bishop?"

"No, a Miss Macleod, who said that a much better position was in the market in a church where Miss Tucker had influential friends. She was sure that if Miss Tucker returned immediately to sing for the committee she could secure a thousand-dollar salary. We could do nothing but advise her to make the effort, you see."

"Did she seem determined to go?"

"No, she appeared a little undecided and timid. However, she said frankly that, though she had earned enough in England to pay her steamer passage to America, and a month's expenses afterward, she could not be certain of continuing to do so much through a London winter. 'If I only had a little more time to think it out,' she kept saying, 'but I haven't, so I must go!'"

"Where is she now?"

"At her lodgings. The bishop is detained in Bath and I am dining with friends in his stead. I thought you might go and take her to dinner at the Swan, so that she shouldn't be alone, and then bring her to the palace afterward—if, if all is well."

"If I have any luck two churches will be lamenting her loss to-morrow morning," said Fergus gloomily; "but she wouldn't have consented to go if she cared anything about me!"

"Nonsense, my dear boy! You were away. No self-respecting girl would wire you to come back. She was helpless even if she did care. Here we are! Shall I send a hansom back in half an hour?"

"Twenty-five minutes will do it," Appleton answered briskly. "You are an angel, dear lady!"

"Keep your blarney! I hope you'll need it all for somebody else to-night! Good luck, dear boy!"

VIII

Appleton flung the contents of his portmanteau into his closet, rid himself of the dust of travel, made a quick change, and in less than forty minutes was at the door of Miss Tucker's lodgings. She had a little sitting-room on the first floor, and his loud rat-a-tat brought her to the door instead of the parlor-maid.

At the unexpected sight of him she turned pale.

"Why, why, I thought it was the luggage-man. Where did you come from?" she stammered.

"From London, an hour ago. I met Mrs. Kennion on my way from the station."

"Oh! Then she told you I am going home?"

"Yes, she told me. How could you go to America without saying good-by, Miss Tommy?"

She flushed and looked perilously near tears.

"I wrote to you this morning as soon as I had decided," she said. "I don't like to dart off in this way, you can imagine, but it's a question of must."

He did not argue this with her, that was a bridge to be crossed when a better understanding had been reached; so, as if taking the journey as an inexorable fact, he said: "Come out and dine with me somewhere, and let us have a good talk."

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm eating now on a tray in my sitting-room," and she waved a table napkin she was holding in her hand. "I am rather tired, and Miss Scattergood gave me some bacon and an egg from the nest."

"Give the bacon to the cat and put back the egg in the nest," he said coaxingly. "Mrs. Kennion said: 'Don't let her eat her last dinner alone. Take her to the Swan.'"

"Oh, I am only in my travelling-clothes and the Swan is full of strangers to-night."

"The Green Dragon, then, near the cathedral. You look dressed for Buckingham Palace."

She hesitated a moment, and then melted at the eagerness of his wish. "Well, then, if you'll wait five minutes."

"Of course; I'll go along to the corner and whistle a hansom from the stand. Don't hurry!"

The mental processes of Miss Thomasina Tucker had been very confused during the excitements of the last twenty-four hours.

That she loved Fergus Appleton she

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was well aware since the arrival of the cablegram calling her back to America. Up to that time she had fenced with her love—parried it, pricked it, thrust it off, drawn it back, telling herself that she had plenty of time to meet the issue if it came. That Fergus Appleton loved her she was also fairly well convinced, but that fact did not always mean—everything—she told herself, with a pitiful little attempt at worldly wisdom. Perhaps he preferred his liberty to any woman; perhaps he did not want to settle down; perhaps he was engaged to some one whom he didn't care for now, but would have to marry; perhaps he hadn't money enough to share with a wife; perhaps he was a flirt—no, she would not admit that for an instant. Anyway, she was alone in the world, and the guardian of her own dignity. If she could have allowed matters to drift along in the heavenly uncertainty of these last days, there would have been no problem; but when she was forced to wake from her delicious dream and fly from everything that held her close and warm, fly during Fergus Appleton's absence, without his knowledge or consent—that indeed was heart-breaking. And still her pride showed her but the one course. She was alone in the world and without means save those earned by her own exertions. A living income was offered her in America and she must take it or leave it on the instant. She could not telegraph Fergus Appleton in London and acquaint him with her plans, as if they depended on him for solution; she could only write him a warm and friendly good-by. If he loved her as much as a man ought who loved at all, he had time to follow her to Southampton before her ship sailed. If business kept him from such a hurried journey, he could ask her to marry him in a sixpenny wire, reply paid. If he neither came nor wired, but sent a box of mignonette to the steamer with his card and "Bon voyage" written on it, she would bury something unspeakably dear and precious that had only just been born—bury it, and plant mignonette over it. And she could always sing! Thank Heaven for the gift of song!

This was Tommy's mood when she was packing her belongings, after hearing the bishop say that Appleton could not return till noon next day. It had changed a trifle by the time that Fergus had gone to the corner to whistle for a hansom. Her gray frieze jacket and skirt were right enough when she hastily slipped on a better blouse with a deep embroidered collar, pinned with Helena Markham's parting gift of an emerald clover-leaf. Her gray straw hat had a becoming band of flat green leaves, and she had a tinge of color. (Nothing better for roses in the cheeks than hurrying to be ready for the right man.) Anyway, such beauty as Tommy had was always there, and when she came to the door she smote Appleton's eyes as if she were "the first beam from the springing east."

Once in the hansom, they talked gayly. They dared not stop, indeed, for when they kept on whipping the stream they forgot the depth of the waters underneath.

Meantime the Green Dragon had great need of their lavish and interesting patronage.

The Swiss head waiter, who was new to Wells, was a man of waxed mustaches and sleepless ambitions. The other hotels had most of the tourists, but he intended to retrieve the fortunes of his employer, and bring prosperity back to the side streets. He adored his vocation, and would have shed his heart's blood on the altar of any dining-room of which he had charge.

There were nine tables placed about the large room, though not more than three had been occupied in his tenure of office; but all were beautifully set with flowers and bright silver and napkins in complicated foldings. Pasteboard cards with large black numbers from one to eight stood erect on eight of the tables, and on the ninth an imposing placard bore the sign:

ENGAGED

in letters two inches high, giving the idea that a hungry crowd was waiting to surge in and take the seats.

The second man, trained within an inch of his life, had been already kindled by the enthusiasm of his superior, and shared his vigils.

This very evening there had been hopes deferred and sickened hearts over the in-

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difference of the public to a menu fit for a king. Were there not consommé royale, filet of sole maître d'hôtel, poulet en casserole, pommes de terres sautés, haricots verts, and a wonderful Camembert? A savory could be inserted in an instant, and a sweet arranged in the twinkling of an eye.

"A carriage, Walter! Prepare!"

Both flew silently to the window.

"Two ladies; ah, they are not alighting! They wish to know if there is evening service in the cathedral."

"A gentleman, Walter! In a four-wheeler!"

"No, he dines not. He has come to request his umbrella of the porter."

"A hansom, Walter!"

"Ah, they alight. She is of an elegance unmistakable. They are young married ones, and will dine well. Hasten, Walter, and order both sweet and savory!"

Fergus and Tommy looked about the cosey room with pleasure as they entered, receiving the salute of Gustave and the English bow of Walter as tributes to their deep, unspoken hopes.

"Where will you sit, Miss Tucker?" asked Appleton, and as he spoke his quick eye observed the "Engaged" placard, and with lightning dexterity he steered his guest toward that table. (There *was* an opening, if you like!) Not quick enough for Tommy, though, for she had seen it and dropped into a seat several feet away, declaring it was perfect. Gustave put menus before his distinguished clients with a flourish, and indicated the wine-card as conspicuously as was consistent with good form. Then he paused and made mental notes of the situation.

"Ah, very good, very good," murmured Appleton. "You might move the flowers, please; they're rather—high; and bring the soup, please."

"*Not* young married ones!" thought Gustave, summoning his slave and retiring to a point where he could watch the wine-card. Walter brought the consommé, and then busied himself at the other tables. They would never be occupied, but it was just as well to pretend, so he set hideous colored wine-glasses, red, green, and amber, at the various places, and polished them ostentatiously with a clean napkin in the hope that the gentleman would experience a desire for liquid refreshment.

"This is very jolly, and very unexpected," said Appleton.

"It is indeed."

"I hope you don't miss the nest-egg."

"You mustn't call it a nest-egg! That's a stale thing, or a china one that they leave in, I don't know why—for an example, or a pattern, or a suggestion," said Tommy, laughing. "An egg from the nest is Miss Scattergood's phrase, and it means a new-laid one."

"Oh!—well, do you regret it?"

"Certainly not, with this sumptuous repast just beginning!"

"You always give me an appetite," exclaimed Appleton.

"It's a humble function, but not one to be despised," Tommy answered mischievously, fencing, fencing every minute, with her heart beating against her ribs like a sledge-hammer.

Walter brought the fish and solicitously freed the wine-card that had somehow crept under a cover of knives and forks.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. What will you drink, Miss Tucker? We must have a drop of something to cheer us at a farewell dinner. Here is a vintage champagne, a good honest wine that will hearten us up and leave no headache in its train."

"I couldn't to-night, Mr. Appleton, I really couldn't."

"Then I refuse to be exhilarated alone," said Fergus gallantly; "and you always have the effect of champagne on me anyway. I decline to say good-by. I can't even believe it is 'au revoir' between us. We had such delightful days ahead, and so many plans."

"Yes, it isn't nice to make up your mind so suddenly that it turns everything topsy-turvy," sighed Tommy—"I won't have any meat, thank you."

Walter looked distinctly grieved. "I can recommend the pulley-ong-cazzerole, miss, and there's potatoes sortey with it."

Tommy's appetite kindled at the sound of his accent, and she relented. "Yes, I'll have a small portion, please, after all."

"When friends are together the world seems very small, and when they are separated it becomes a space too vast for human comprehension—I think I've heard

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that before, but it's true," said Appleton.

"Yes," Tommy answered, for lack of anything better to say.

"It seems as if we had known each other for years."

"And it is less than three weeks," was Tommy's contribution to the lagging conversation.

"The bishop offered me a letter of introduction to you when he wrote me at the Bexley Sands Hotel, you remember, but he added in a postscript that in case of accident he was not to be held responsible. Rather cryptic, I thought—at the time."

"A little Commonburg, sir?" asked Walter. "It is a very fine ripe one, and we have some fresh water-cress."

"'Commonburg'? Miss Tucker? No? Then bring the coffee, please."

A desperate silence fell between them, they who had talked unendingly for days and evenings!

When Walter brought the tray with the coffee-pot and the two little cups, Appleton suddenly pushed his chair back, saying: "Let us take our coffee over by the window, shall we, and perhaps I may have a cigarette later? Don't light the gas, waiter—we want to see the hills and the afterglow."

There was no avoiding it; Appleton and the waiter conveyed Tommy helplessly over to a table commanding the view and the sunset, and it was the one on which the huge "Engaged" placard reared itself persuasively and suggestively.

"We shall need nothing more, waiter, you may go; I think this will cover the bill," and scorning the chair opposite Tommy, Appleton seated himself beside her.

"You have turned your back to the afterglow," she said, as she reached forward to move "Engaged" to a position a trifle less obvious.

"I don't care tuppence about the afterglow," and Appleton covered her hand with his own. "Make it come true, dear, dear Tommy! Make it come true!"

"What?" she asked, between a smile and a tear.

"The placard, dear, the placard! If you should travel the world over, you couldn't find a man who loves you as I do, and oh! Tommy, I want you and I need you so!"

"I like to be needed better than anything in the world and to have *you* need me—*oh!*" sighed Tommy eloquently.

"My dearest dear!"

"And what would be the use in my travelling about to find another man when I am so satisfied with this one?" whispered Tommy. "Oh, remember! they may come back at any moment!"

"I will, I will, if only I may have the comfort of touching your hand after all my miserable doubts! I never knew what companionship meant before I met you! I never really cared about life until now."

"I have always cared about it, but never like this," confessed Tommy. "You see, I have always been alone, ever since I grew up."

"And I! How wonderful of Fate to bring us together! And will you let me cable to the churches that you cannot come home just yet?"

"You think I'd better not go—so soon?"

"Without me? Never! You shall go anywhere you like, any time you like, so long as you take me with you. We'll settle all those things to-morrow—the blessedest day that ever dawned, that's what to-morrow will be! Couldn't you marry me to-morrow, Tommy?"

"Certainly not! At any rate—not in the morning!" said Tommy mischievously, withdrawing her hand and moving out of the danger zone.

"And you must remember that your talent is your own, to use as you like!" Appleton continued after a well-filled pause. "Your voice is a unique and precious gift. I'll try not to be selfish with it, or jealous of it, though if it had half the effect on other men that it has upon me, the floor would be strewn with broken hearts every time you sing!" and he hummed under his breath:

> "I hardly know, my darling,
> What mostly took my heart,
> Unless perhaps your singing
> Has done the greater part."

"Oh, you dear absurdity!" said Tommy, twinkling and sparkling enchantingly.—"I wish that man wouldn't come in every time I want to say something especially private!"

"'Confound his politics, frustrate his

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knavish tricks,' but we shall soon be out of his reach, spinning along to the palace."

"Are we going there? Oh! I shall be afraid to tell the bishop and Mrs. Kennion!"

"You needn't be. I told Mrs. Kennion this afternoon that I loved you to distraction. If the bishop is back from Bath, she'll have passed on the information by now."

"I was just going to say, when the waiter came so near, that it isn't the public I love, it's the singing! Just to sing and sing, that's what I long to do!"

"And what you shall, so help me! You know you wanted me to find a new name for you? Wasn't I clever to think of Appleton?"

"Very! And you're kindly freeing me of half of my 'bizarre Americanism,' as my Torquay correspondent called it. How shall we deal with Thomasina?"

"We'll call her Tommy. A darling, kissable little name, Tommy!—No, I'm not going to do anything!"

"You don't think it's cowardly of me to marry you?"

"Cowardly?"

"Yes, when I haven't actually proved that I can earn my living; at least, I haven't done it long enough, or well enough, yet."

"I think it's brave of you to marry me."

"Brave?"

"To turn your back on a possible career."

"It's not the 'careering' that I love; though it will seem very strange when Tommy Tucker doesn't have to sing for her supper!—Shall we go? The waiter is coming in again. I believe he thinks we are going to run off with the spoons!"

"So we are! At least, when we go, the spoons will go! I know it's a poor joke, but I am too happy to be brilliant. Call the head waiter, please," this to Walter, who despaired of ever getting rid of his guests, and was agreeably disappointed that a gentleman who had not ordered wine should ask for Gustave.

Appleton took the "Engaged" placard off the table and used it nonchalantly as a fan in crossing the room. Then as he drew near the men he slipped two gold pieces into Tommy's hand.

"May I carry away this placard, waiter?" he asked, as if it were quite a sane request. "I've taken a fancy to it as a souvenir of a most delightful and memorable dinner."

"Assuredly, assuredly!" murmured Gustave. He knew that there was romance in the air, although he did not perceive the exact point of Appleton's request.

"The young lady will reward you for your courtesy. No, I'll help her with her jacket, thank you."

Tommy, overcome with laughter and confusion and blushes, pressed the gold pieces into the hands of the astonished waiters, who bowed almost to the floor.

"You are always giving me sovereigns, dear Fergus," she whispered with a laugh and something like a sob, as they drove along in the delicious nearness provided by the hansom.

"Never mind," said Fergus. "You will be giving me one when you marry me!"

IDEALS

By William H. Hayne

After the death-blow to some brave ideal—
Strangled by too close contact with the real—
We get disheartened and reject with scorn
Rose-leaves of hope, because they hold the thorn;—
Yet if we shed this mood of dark distrust,
And gaze above the confines of the dust,
Oft we behold, soft-pulsing, silvery-clear,
The hosts of heaven that seem so strangely near—
And in the morning, from night-mist withdrawn,
The pure refulgent miracle of dawn.

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MOTHER MACHREE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

'TWAS when the black smallpox swept over the islands from the mainland he died, and not long after my father was lost in the great gale that destroyed all before it on the west coast that was. In from the western ocean came the wild wind, and my father that was out in his fine, stout yawl ran before it for shelter. But the men that were out in their poor little curraghs, they couldn't run without smothering before it, so he stopped to take them with him.

And, taking the last of them, his yawl was borne by a sea to the sky and a roaring of wind that dashed back the wild gulls themselves before ever their beating wings could take them from out of their nests in the side of the cliff. And my mother and my one brother and myself, we stood together atop of that same cliff and watched the great wave when it rolled in, and when it rolled back I thought my mother would go with it, she with her hands stretched out over the edge of the cliff, looking down while the yawl and all were in it were dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks below.

"Mother, mother," I said, taking hold of her hand, "don't let you be going, too!"

"God in heaven," says my mother, "but 'tis the cruel blow! O my Jimmie, my little Jimmie, 'tis only you is left me now!" 'Twasn't of me she thought at all that day, as why should she?—me with my own husband and my own cabin and my own baby at the time to my breast.

No fine, stout yawl of his father's had Jimmie then, to be making a living for his mother. Hard work it was, but 'twasn't him would let on that 'twasn't a joy to be pulling and hauling through all the day long and sometimes half the night again all by himself in his little boat.

A straight, slim, hardy, grown boy was Jimmie then, the spit of his father. "Jimmie, my little lad, have a care o' yourself now," my mother would say, "for let you go and they might as well be laying me down in the grave along with you."

"Mother astore," Jimmie would say, "sure after taking father from you, and him for no fault of his own, 'tisn't God would be taking me, too."

Whistling he would go and whistling he would return. To cheer her up that was, for by nature his ways were his father's ways, and 'twas his father's way to be quiet and thinking-like always, unless 'twould be at a christening or a wedding, when the holy Pope himself would be expected to smile.

And never a time that Jimmie passed out the door but she would be looking after him and his curragh from the little cove till it was gone from sight in the big bay; and if while he was gone the gale would rise, not a moan of it but would stir a moan of her own. "God forgive me for a weak woman," she would say then, "but 'tis like the hand o' death itself is making a harp of my heart-strings!"

And then the black smallpox I was speaking of came, and first one and then another it took, and then by twos and threes they went. And the crown doctor came out in his boat from the mainland and set up a pest-house on the side of a hill. And it was winter-time, with the cold snow to the height of a man's knee.

"'Tis to no pest-house they would take one o' mine," said my mother; and 'twas to no pest-house they carried Jimmie when he was taken down. With the door barred against the doctors, crown or no crown, we nursed him, my mother by night and myself by day, and little Gerald not weaned of my breast at the time.

And 'twas terrible to see my mother then. Down on her two knees she would go in prayer for him then, if it wasn't making the broth or wiping the face of him she was at the moment, and the tears coming

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slow and heavy from her eyes she'd say: "O God that loves us all, spare my little lad to me! Or, if you must take him, take me along with him!" And Jimmie would lie there, the poor blackened face of him looking into his mother's, and he'd say: "I'm striving, mother—God knows I'm striving not to be leaving you!"

And I saw how it would be with my mother if Jimmie died. And there was a holy well in the island named after Saint Ann, who was a great saint in those parts, and my own name was Ann. And with never a word to my mother of what I had in mind, I went to where by the highroad was the holy well, with a great cross made of cement and smooth, round little sea stones above it. And beside that cross I knelt to Saint Ann, that my mother had named me for, to ask for courage for what I was about to do. And then I prayed, and the words do whisper in my ears now of how I prayed to our Father in heaven that if it was his will for one of our family to die, that it would be my child he would take, for my husband and myself we were young and other children would not be denied us, but if Jimmie died my mother would have none she could call her own all the long years before her, if so it wouldn't be she would die along with him.

And it was dark, with never a moon or a star in the sky to show me the way home again, but no light did I need, when from the holy well straight across the snowy fields I flew to my little Gerald that I thought I could hear in the dark night calling me: and there he was that never since the hour he was born having an ache or a pain—with eyes weeping up to me when in my arms I had him again, like a child beyond his age, to ask me what strange thing was it was ailing him. And there was Jimmie, that had been rolling in agony, now wide awake in the sweat of health and saying: "Mother, mother, 'tis come like a prayer within me that I'm to be cured at last."

All that night I crooned little Gerald in my bosom, never for a breath leaving him go of my arms, for the truth of what was before me was by then deep in my heart. And the yellow sun rising up over the hills of the mainland shone on Jimmie sitting up and cured of his illness; but that selfsame sun falling down that same night below the western ocean left only my dead baby and a great blackness to me.

And I carried him to my own cabin, and the little face and body of him—once so lovely and white, but now all black like—I laid him in among the snow-white sheets of his own cradle; and on the low settle before the fire, keeping my deathwatch of him till his father would come in from the sea, my thoughts went back to the hour when I heard his first little cry.

And a woman may bear twenty children again, or she may listen to all the cries of all the little children born into the world for as long as her life shall last, but the first cry of her first-born, she will know that little cry from out of them all. Sixty years and more that was, and 'tis singing again in my ears. And always it will. And from that first cry my mind went on—every hour of his growth to the last day I had nursed him on the cliff in the sun, he looking up from my breast to my face and then wisely out over the sea, as if himself, too, was waiting the sight of the brown yawl of his father sailing in from the west.

And the nights I would sit as I was sitting then before the blue smoke of the fire, planning against the day he would go out in the world and make his gallant way! No dragging and hauling of nets and trawls did I have in mind for him, but a captain to lead great fleets before the kings of the world he was to be. And now all my high hopes of him—gone like a wind in the night they were.

'Twas the long, long wait before I heard his father's step on the lintel and his voice from where by the door he was hanging up his wet sea things. "And where's me little sailorman at all?" he asked when he didn't hear him cooing and toddling from some corner across the floor to him; and when he stepped within—his head lowered and one shoulder before the other the way he was compelled to, he was that tall and broad, to let himself in through the door—and near to me I saw his face that for two days had been hard set again the wind and the spray, but now all soft and bright-like in the way it would be when home he would come from the sea—'twas then for the first time I doubted did I do well.

He bent over the cradle and drew back

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the coverlet, after the way of him, to see the face of his boy. And not for a little time did he have a notion of how it was. When he did he took him up to see him better, and then he looked at me, and "'Tis so," I said.

"And for what black sin o' mine did you go and leave me—myself and your poor mother, acushla?" he said, and drew him—oh, so close and tender to him.

And he came and sat by me on the settle before the fire and held the little body at arm's length before him; and by and by he spoke.

"'Twill be like beating into harbor of a wild night and finding no beacon light before me from now on, Gerald avick. 'Twas when I would be to the tiller of the yawl, miles before ever I would raise the high cliff itself, I could see the little cabin and you, the little lad, rolling fat and laughing on the floor. And the great thoughts I had of you, from the day you were born till the day I'd go to my grave—deep in the sea or high on the land, wherever that grave might be—thoughts of how when for the first time I would take you with me in the yawl and you would look out on the wide ocean, myself standing beside you, to watch the blue eyes of you grow big and dark if 'twas the great roll of that same ocean would be growing in your mind, or deep and slim, with your little eyebrows lowering down when 'twas a far-away ship you would be wishful to make out. And I would curl my hand to the tiller, the way I would be one day curling your little hand within my own to hold it and telling you of the ways of the high sea and the tall ships. 'A great sailor I'll be making of you,' I would say to myself. 'Master of the sea and whatever class of ship it is you'll choose to sail in when 'tis a fine big man you've grown to be.' And now, God help me, 'tisn't the bright sun is shining down on God's blue sea, but the black night that's on me and yourself, acushla, laying dead across my two knees!"

'Twas wrung from me aloud. "O John, John," I said, "to be denying the like of you the living joy of your own child! But it wasn't from want of love of the lad or you that I wished it!" I told him then.

And no word of blame did he have for me.

"'Tisn't for you or for me to question the ways o' God, Nanna Wan," he said. "If it wasn't God's will, 'tisn't God would take him."

But he cried as if himself was a little child, and 'tis right and natural that women should cry,—but a strong man to cry—no, no. "God spare me," I said that night, "from ever again to have the hearing of it."

And we carried him high up on the side of the hill where I did be going until I was ten years of age to look for the fairy queen on Christmas eve. I would lie there in the cold twilight behind a flat rock to see her unbeknownst when she would come walking atop of the waves with the golden crown on her golden head and her blue-and-silver robes trailing in the sea behind her. 'Tis the foolish child's mind I had that time, believing everything was told me till long past my child's days. And there we buried him; and to no fishing would John go again until he had carved a little headstone, myself on the settle before the peat fire beside him to tell him the better how to fashion the letters that sometimes he would be doubtful of.

The black plague passed, but a long, hard year it was after the little lad was gone, with not a night that I wasn't weeping myself to sleep for the want of his little hands reaching up to me in the dark. And then came the black famine on the mainland and the failure of fishing in the islands, and it came to me then that the dreams I did have for our children would never come to be anything more than the light talk of young girls on the rocks in the sun, if we lived longer there. And so I spoke to John about going to America.

"Is it leave here," he said, "where for all the long years since farther back than the parish records go my fathers and forefathers and your own before them have followed the sea?"

"It is," I said.

"And where our fathers and forefathers, yours and mine, from first to last, except such as are deep in the ocean, do lie buried?"

"It is," I said.

And we sold our little cabin and John gave over his fine, stout yawl to Jimmie, and we said good-by to everybody and sailed on a ship was leaving for America;

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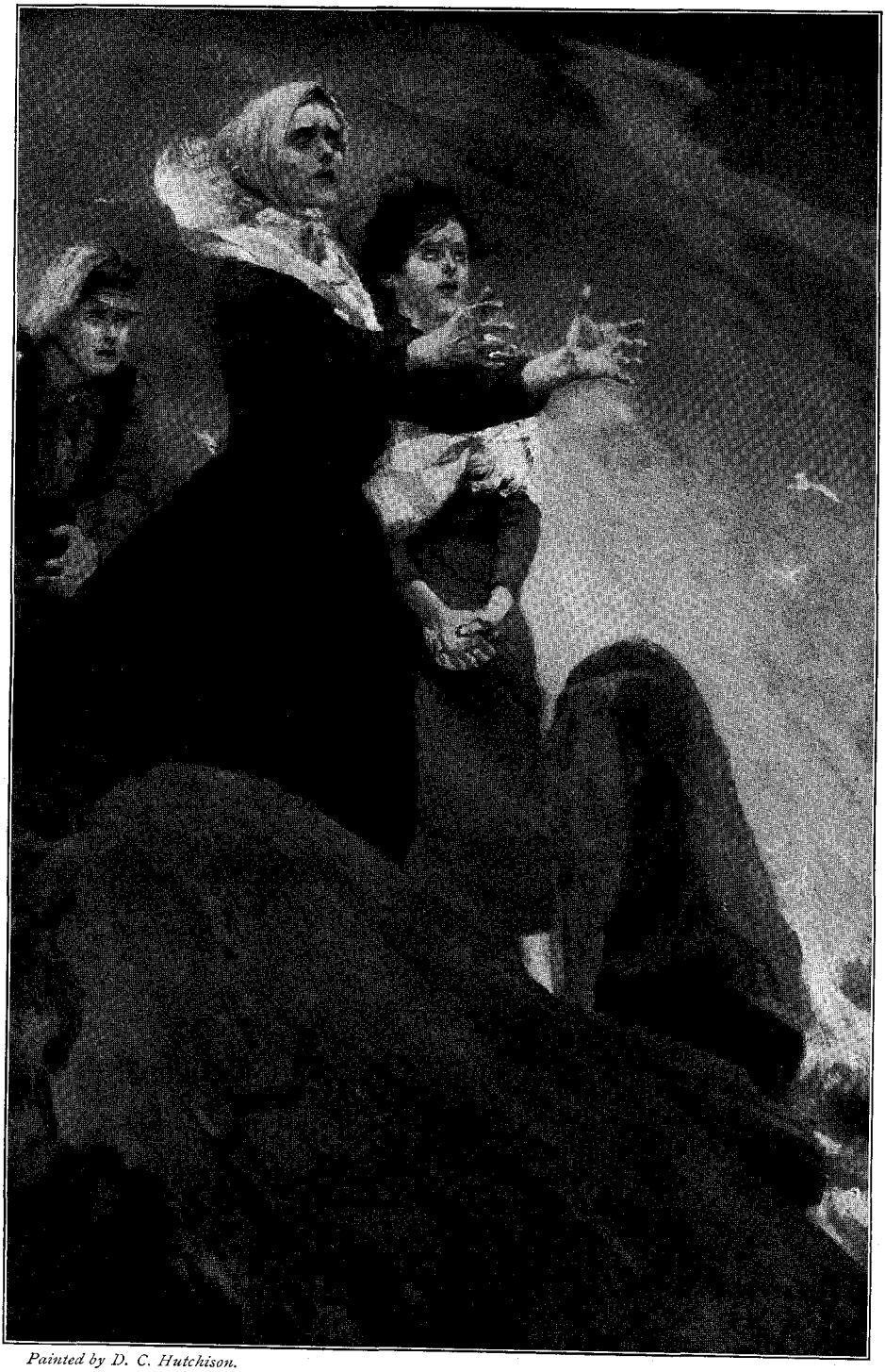

Painted by D. C. Hutchison.

My mother and my one brother and myself, we stood together atop of that same cliff and watched the great wave when it rolled in.—Page 164.

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and sailing out past the island it was hard enough it was to be looking back on my mother and Jimmie and the little grave where Gerald was. "There 'tis," said John, "high up where no sand from the sea will ever wash up to hide it, and there 'twill be, his little grave, for the light of the sun and the blue heaven to fall upon till the island is sunk in the sea or judgment-day itself will come."

Nine weeks we were out on that ship, a weak-made, leaky ship with sails that were not able to withstand the force of the wind, and after a great storm they put us into boats, John and I in the long-boat with the captain and the second mate. A terrible, huge man the second mate was.

And we rowed and sailed on the wide ocean two days and two nights, until the captain said 'twould be bad weather again. And I asked John and he said yes, 'twould be moderately bad weather again. And the captain had a great fear, and he says to the second mate: "We'll have to begin to lighten this boat or she will founder." Before this there had been a whispering between them and a looking over the passengers in the boat. "To your work!" the captain said now. "You know what to do."

And the huge mate steps over to the nearest man passenger and picks him up in his arms and throws him into the sea. And from one to the other he went. "You next!" and "Your turn now!" he would say, till he had thrown over all the single men in the boat—six in all. Two he dragged shrieking from their seats, and another was good as dead before ever he threw him over, in terror at the thought of the poor mother he was leaving friendless in a strange world behind him.

Still the boat wasn't light enough, and "The married men now!" says the captain, and the big mate turns to a young fellow that reminded me something in his ways of my own brother Jimmie. And his young wife had been listening to some talk between myself and John, so in the terror of her husband being torn from her she leaps up and said: "Captain, there's a man here is wise in the ways of the sea, and he is saying there is a way to save the boat and all is in it."

"He does, does he!" says the captain. "Let him stand up, this wise man, till I see him!" And the young wife turns to John, and in all innocence he stands up.

And the captain looks him up and looks him down, and he says: "So, 'tis you, you big lummox, who knows more of the sea than the master of the ship, is it?" And he turns to the big mate. "Take him next, instead," he says.

And John says: "But 'tis foolish and cruel to be casting poor, innocent men in fear like this into the sea."

"You next, I said!" calls out the captain, and nods his head to the huge, big mate, who steps over the seats in the boat, crowding men and women to one side to reach John.

I was cold with the fear of it, for I knew John wasn't one to go against the captain's word on a ship at sea, where it was as much law as a judge's itself in a grand court on the mainland back home. And up to that time I hadn't told him that God had listened to my prayers and was to give me a child to take the place of the little lad was dead. And I stood up beside him and said: "And is it you, John Lacy, will let yourself be sacrificed by a fear-stricken man and your unborn baby go fatherless all the days of his life?"

And with that John turns to me with one arm stretched out to hold the mate from him, and "Nanna Wan, Nanna Wan," he says, "do you tell me that?"

And I said, "'Tis true, John," and John says over the mate's shoulder: "Listen to me, will you, captain? 'Tis well I know what a terrible thing it is to go again the master of a ship at sea, but 'tis a foolish, cruel thing you have your mind set on."

"Are you going to attend to that man or not?" says the captain.

And then I stood up, knowing John was no one to speak for himself, and I said: "Captain, if you will give me a moment to tell it—my husband has a wonderful skill in the management of small boats."

And an old fisherman from the Claddagh was there with his old wife stood up then and said: "'Tis true, sir, what this young woman says—all from our place knows it. The fishermen of all Galway Bay speak so of him."

At that the captain drew a pistol with two long barrels from his bosom, and "What did I order you to do?" he roars at the mate.

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The mate, without more delay, grappled with John and John grappled with him, and 'twas a terrible time they had of it wrestling among the seats, though small fear I had of the huge mate overcoming John. But the captain, half rising from his seat from time to time, his pistol held before him—that he would come to the help of the mate I did have fear.

"You are not striving as you should, John Lacy," I said.

"'Tis true, I'm not, Nanna Wan, but 'tisn't for me to gainsay a ship's captain."

"When he is a captain," I said. "But 'twas the way of captains in your family and my family, where we've had captains back to the French and Spanish trading days, to be guarding their passengers' lives before their own; and have heed you of the child in my womb and what will become of us when you are cast into the sea."

'Twas then he lifted the mate above his head, meaning no more harm than to throw him into the stern of the boat, but the mate made one clutch of John going, and together they fell sidewise from the boat. The mate did not rise out of the sea again, but John did, and gripped the rail in the stern of the boat doing so, and as he did so the captain with his long pistol shot at him, but, what with John and the boat bouncing up and down on the waves, he did but hardly hit him through his thick pea jacket in the shoulder, and before he could fire the second shot John reached up with his free hand and pulled the captain down into the sea and left him there. After John had climbed safe up into the boat the women among us said a prayer for their souls, but it was a long while before the men had any but black words for them.

By that time the wind was wailing, and the ocean all about us was growing white under our eyes; so without more delay John took two small casks that had been emptied of fresh water, and with them and the mast and the sails and a small anchor that was in the boat he makes a cunning drogue, and all that day and night we lay there with that dragging ahead of one bow, the boat bobbing high up and down with the waves, but no more harm coming to us than to a sea-gull itself.

Next day the sea calmed, but there was yet some wind. "But no more than will make a good sailing breeze for the boat," said John. "And from the east, too, it is—a fine, fair, fresh wind to hurry us on to America." And himself sitting in the captain's seat in the stern of the boat, he sailed her, with no other help, to land.

When the law-officers came down to the boat and every one pointed out John as their leader, he told them what had happened, and many in the boat was vexed for the simple way he told it.

"Tell them," says they, "the terrible, huge man the mate was."

"'Tis no little dwarf I am myself," was all he said to that.

"And the black hate shining out from the face of that black-hearted captain—tell them that," said they.

And John only said to that: "'Tis only natural he would be vexed at one would take his place from him."

They took him to the prison and held him there; and after many months they tried him before a high court. The other people in the boat were by then scattered far and wide. For twenty years of his life they sentenced him, to make an example, they said, of the man who would make way with his lawful commander on the high seas. The law was there, and clear enough.

And hatred of such laws—no more to be altered than marble—was in me all the months my child was coming to life. And Jerome I named him when he was born; and when I could no longer deny his father—nor myself—the joy of a sight of his child, I took the few pounds we had landed with and paid my way with it to the far-away prison. And in the prison was an officer that was harsh to John, setting him down as a black murderer; but he saw the little child I was holding so his father could kiss him between the prison bars, and from then on he was milder to John. And that in itself was a great comfort to be thinking of.

'Twas that same prison officer told a great man in the community, a great barrister in that day, of John, and of a winter's night that man came to see me, a thick-set man with a head like a gray rock on his shoulders, in the little attic room where I was meshing nets by the light of the tin lamp for the bit of rent and the

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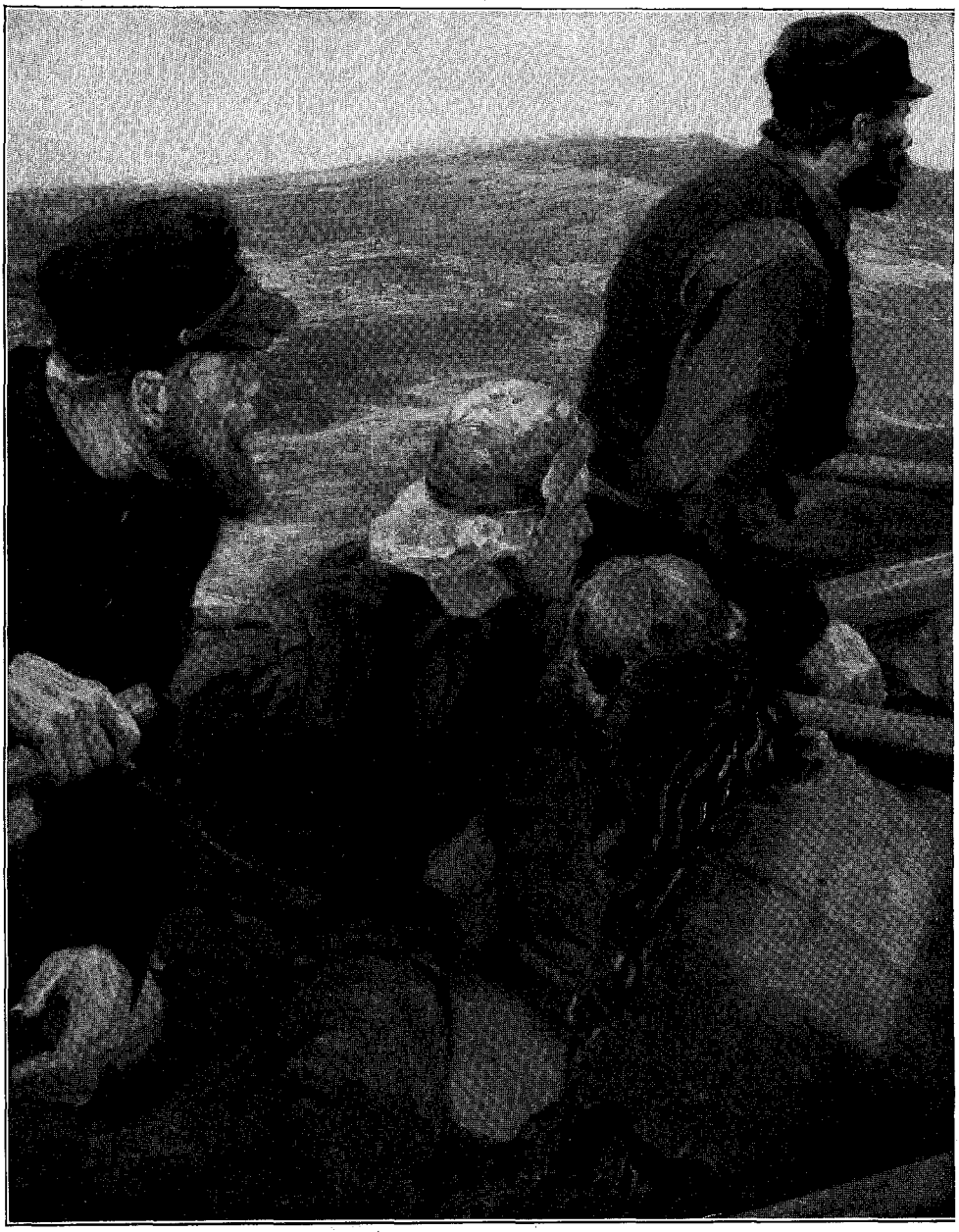

And with that John turns to me with one arm stretched out to hold the mate from

bite was nourishing myself and Jerome that was at that moment asleep in a basket by the little stove with the few little sticks of wood in it that kept us from freezing in the cold night. Mr. Ladfrey was his name, and he questioned me at great length, the while a young fellow was with him set down the answers in a slim black book he had. And going away Mr. Ladfrey said: "Law is law, Mrs. Lacy, and if sometimes one fails of its intent, law was never meant to destroy honest people. A great blunder was made, Mrs. Lacy, in not drawing your full story from

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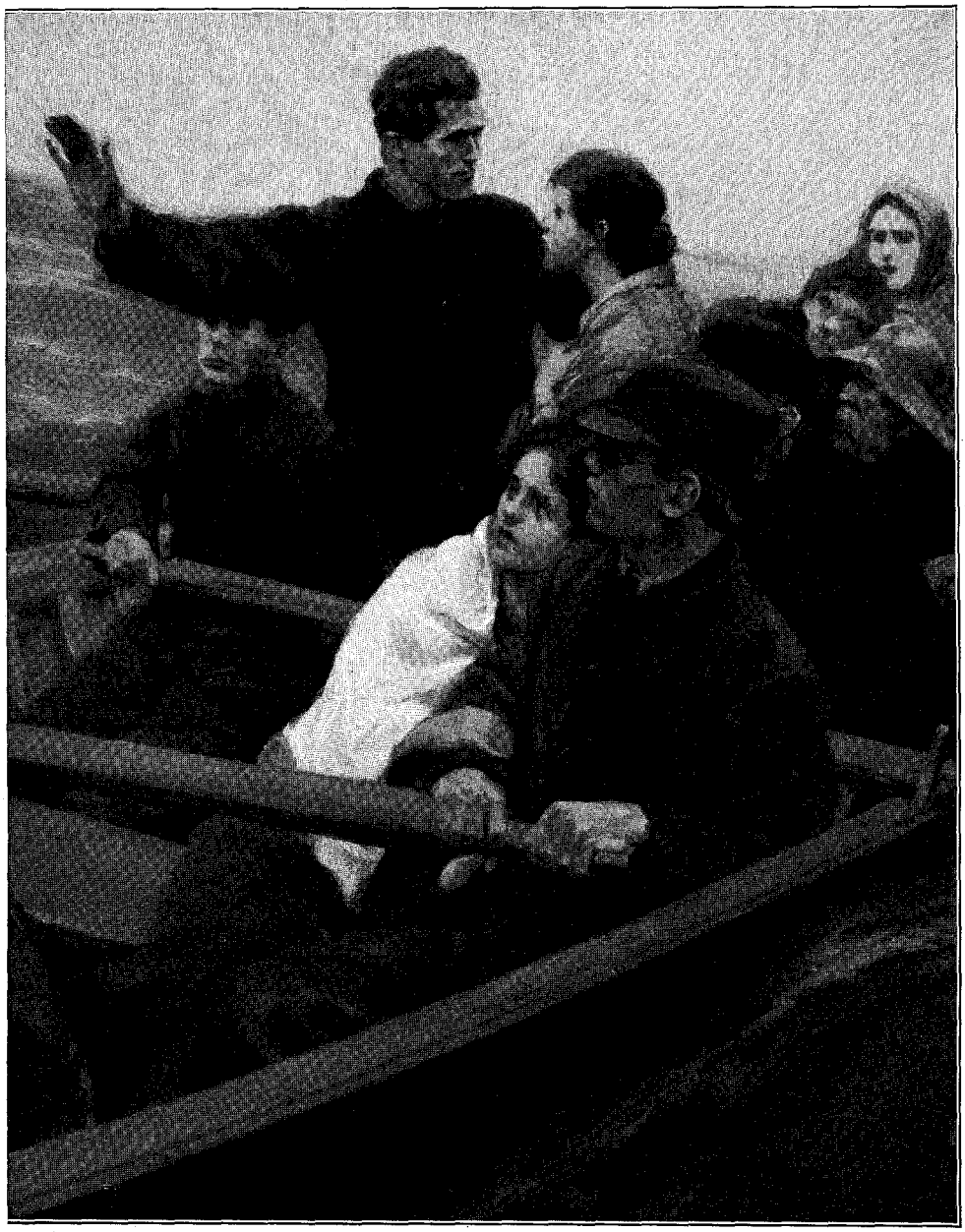

him, and "Nanna Wan, Nanna Wan," he says, "do you tell me that?"—Page 168.

you and your husband on the witness stand. I will see what I can do."

And 'twas he that in good time brought John his freedom, against the wishes of the friends of the captain and of many that knew no more of John than of the moon in the sky, beyond the belief, not to be shaken out of them, that he was a destroying villain. "And mark him well," I said to Jerome—"the man who came to save the poor stranger in a strange land. 'Tis on the likes o' him the grace o' God should fall. And if ever the day comes you can do him or his a good turn and you

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fail in doing it, I'll die of shame of you." A hundred times I said that to him growing up and to whoever else had time to hear me out.

Jerome growing up was like no child ever I had after him. Not a child ever I had but hated what was evil, but in Jerome it was a religion like, and if the evil was protected by laws, then "Do away with such laws!" he would say. For me to chide him for that I could not; for in the months when he was yet unborn, and after, 'twas the same thoughts were in me. What comes with our mother's milk, 'tis never fair gone from us till down in our graves we are laid—that I know.

To be roving strange countries and fighting for people he thought was wronged—that was his wish growing up. And wandering he went when he was old enough. And what with my not knowing where on the face of the world he might be, and too well knowing where his father was—out in the wild sea in his little boat—no night ever did I go to bed without a long prayer it wouldn't be at the bottom of the sea or beside the boreen of some black forest the one or the other would find his grave at last.

But God's eye was on him, as it had been on his father when in the navy he went to fight for his new country, when Jerome was yet no more than a child. Safe back his father came then, as always did Jerome now. And to see Jerome, the wild soldier, come home, you would think to be rolling on the kitchen floor with his little nieces or nephews was his most daring wish. Stories he would charm them with, and when they would fall asleep on his breast he would take them up and lay them in their little beds as gentle and soft as their own mothers would.

Innocent and simple he was in many ways, and yet to grown people he would talk of things would make them curl up in their chairs with horror, or of things would send them in gales of laughter or drive strong men to cross the floor with tears in their eyes to shake hands with him and to be saying: "God save you, Jerome, but the heart is like a warm fire within you!" A pure delight and terror he was in the free days of his roving manhood.

And so it was until the day he told me he would rove no more for a time. "And is it that you've destroyed all the evil in the world, Jerome?" I said to him.

"Mother machree," he said, and looked at me the way he had—his sea-blue eyes and every white tooth in his head smiling at me—"if maybe I fought now and again on a side that had its share of tricksters, bear in mind 'twas the youthful innocence of me that took every man on his own word."

"And are you so much wiser now, Jerome, avick, after all your travels?"

"I'm no wiser than ever I was, mother; although surely a knowledge of evil has been driven into me, and in high places no less than low. And there is the pain of too much knowledge when 'tis of evil, mother—when a shining robe is, by accident it might be, blown away, to learn what a corruption of a carcass is too often lying beneath it. There's a man in this city—" He named him then and questioned me did I know him.

"Who does not?" I said. "A man of high station, no less, and great things to be read in the papers about him."

"And yet greater things you would read of him, mother, if he could find a yet cleverer man to write them."

"'Tis a common human vanity, Jerome," I said to that, "and in itself no great villainy, to be wanting to shine great in the eyes of the world."

"But to be shining great that their own pleasures may be greater—'tis no simple vanity is there. No, no, mother. Many queer corners of this world I've travelled and many kinds of villains I've known at close grips—thieves, cutthroats, robbers, murderers, and so on—and no wonderful harm in many of them beyond the evil of their calling. Some, indeed, there were of likable ways—some such I have been beholden to, now and again, for a kindness. But"—and I grew cold with the chill was in his voice and his eyes—"there are creatures of a sort of villainy that these I've spoken of are white-robed saints beside."

"Jerome, Jerome," I said, "you talk strangely!"

"Let it rest there, then—at strange talk—for 'tisn't me, mother, would wish the innocence of you to understand, beyond knowing from me that the grandson of

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that great and good man who saved father from prison is in the way of being drawn to his ruination. And with no full notion of it himself."

I knew 'twas not in Jerome to lie. ten to no words," said Jerome. "But I will prove to him before his own sight with what manner of villainy he is faced."

And as all men know now, Jerome killed the man he had in mind, meaning not to.

"I'm no wiser than ever I was, mother; although surely a knowledge of evil has been driven into me, and in high places no less than low."—Page 172.

"What a terrible thing," I said, "that a man may strive to be all that is good himself and still no telling will the people after him be good, too!"

"Like many another heir to a fair name, 'tis enmeshed in flattery he is and will lis-

With his two bare hands and never a notion of the terrible strength that was in him in his rages, he squeezed the thick neck till the breath was no longer coming from the vile body. And it was like him then to say no word for himself. "If I

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say a word at all I will say too much," he said. "After all, the manner of a man's death, so he should have death, is a small matter."

Years ago that was; and Jerome still in prison for it when his father lay on his dying bed, and he was saying: "Nanna Wan, 'tis come to me that my time is short and there is three, or maybe four, things I would like to have hope of before I go."

"And what are they, Shaun?" I asked.

"To be seeing first of all that will be there the face of little Gerald that we buried long ago in Aran, when my time in purgatory I've served for my sins and into the next world I have passed."

"That will be as God wills, John," I said; "but surely he won't deny you that after your more than eighty years of hard life. But would you know him, John," I said, "after sixty-two years?" saying that to save myself saying something sadder.

"Know him?" he said, "know him?"—vexed like with me. "My own first-born that I held dead across my two knees through all the black night he died?"

"Don't I know you would know him, John! And what else?"

"I was thinking of my days in the navy in the war, and how when the war was over the captain said to me: 'John Lacy, you should stay in the navy and have a fine pension against your old age.'"

"'But what of my young age, sir?' I said—'and my family, it might be, on the one side of the world and myself in China or elsewhere on the other? What comfort would I have of them or they of me?' And others on the ship were of my mind. And I was thinking the while I was lying here, Nanna Wan, of what few shipmates is left living of my old ship in the war—and how it would be a grand sight to be having them at my grave and folding the flag about my coffin.'"

"They will, Shaun," I says. "They have spoke of it, two or three, to me before this."

"And that my own son, Father Tom, will say the dead mass for me from the high altar, Nanna Wan?"

"Though his heart will be breaking, 'tis promised already to me, Shaun—to say the mass over his father."

"I see," he says, with the sly little smile would come to him sometimes, "I see that my death will be taking no one unbeknownst, Nanna Wan?"

"'Tis no secret, John, that only the strength of the granite rock itself is in you 'tis dead and buried weeks ago you would be."

"'Tis maybe"—with a little roll of pride in the bed he said it—"a moderately strong man I was in my day, though, as to that, never half the equal, I've often thought, of my own father, God rest his soul, or his father before him. There was a huge, strong man came from the mainland to the outer isle, and myself a little boy at the time—" and he went on to tell of a great trial of strength this huge man and his grandfather had, and by that I knew he was near to his end, for 'twas often he'd said that a man's strength was something given him of God, and why should a man be vain of it any more than if it was a red or a black beard, or no beard at all, he had?

"What else have you in mind, John?" I said, when he had done telling how his grandfather had conquered the man from the mainland.

"Whisper, Nanna Wan," and I saw 'twasn't of pride in his past great strength he had now in mind. "Whisper, Nanna Wan, but 'twould be a great comfort to me"—and he wistful as a little child saying it—"to have the hope of seeing Jerome saying a prayer beside the coffin of me before 'tis laid in my grave I am."

"'Tis only the governor of the State can pass on that, John," I said.

"I know, but will you go to him, Nanna Wan—you that did always do the talking for the two of us—and say the poor boy's father on his dying bed did ask it. He will listen to you."

"I will go to him," I said, which pleased him.

And within the hour, with the grace of God in his heart and the praise of God on his lips, I was helping him to fold his hands across his breast the while the bells from his own church were calling the parish to Sunday vespers. He knew then for what they were. "The holy bells!" he whispered when I bent down to him, and smiled like and died.

And I called on the governor next morning in his grand office. "Mrs. Lacy?" he said, by way of asking who I could be.

"The mother of Brian Lacy," I said,

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knowing how every one knew of him—"and of Maurice and Michael Lacy."

"Oh-h!" he said, and I sat in the chair he placed for me, and told the story, every word as I've told it here, from the beginning of the plague in the islands to John's dying words. And all kindness and gentleness he was, pacing to the wide window that looked over the fresh, green lawn and back again the while he was wiping his glasses and myself telling my long story.

"I remember the case, Mrs. Lacy," he said. "The man had powerful friends. They had to stand by him—to save themselves, some of them. I'll see that your son Jerome is given liberty to attend the funeral."

He asked after Brian then, and I told him how never did Brian find himself near the city but he would come to see us, and how his father would, the first thing, fill an old black pipe for him and another for himself, and how he would sit and chat, and how 'twas my delight to watch the pair of them blowing great gobs of smoke to the ceiling and gossiping like two chums across the kitchen table, and how the last time he was in the city he said he would paint a picture of me some day. "Some day?" I said. "And haven't you seen the face of me often enough yet to make a picture of me?"

"'Ah, but mother,' he says, 'it is more than your face I want to put into it.'"

"I saw a painting of your son's the other day," said the governor then—"of a great wave rolling down, and before I knew it I found myself turning my ear to hear the rush of it. You've given gifted sons to the world, Mrs. Lacy. You should be a proud woman."

"Gifted, sir?" I says. "If one of mine has a greater gift than another, 'tis a matter less of pride to me or to them it should be than of debt to some great nature gone before us. When I was a growing girl and would sit with my father, God rest his soul, before the fire of a winter's night, or on the rocks outside of a summer's evening, he would talk to me of many things, and when he would speak of the sea 'twould be like the voice of the sea itself was speaking. Great gentlemen would come from far places to see him on their holidays, and some of the things he would say they would write down. And one of them said to him one time: 'You could bring great fame to yourself in the great world, Mr. Lacy.'

"'And a great desolation, doubtless, to my family!' said my father to that.

"'A great gift will die with you,' said the gentleman.

"'It may be,' said my father, 'but come here, Anneen,' he says to me. 'Fine sons and daughters of your own you'll be having some day, Anneen acushla, and who knows that of them will not be one or two to tell the great world of the things your people before you have been feeling within them for ages past. And if it ever comes to pass to a child of yours, Anneen, then do you tell him that if he will some day come out of his way and look out from the top of the cliff here and say: "If I know more than another of any one thing on this earth, 'tis you and yours and the grace o' God that I have to thank for it." If he will but say that, then I for one, if 'tis in the sea I'm resting, will promise now that what the crawling crabs have left of me will roll over in the tide on the kelp o' the ocean's bed and say: "God speed you, boy, but it's you that's welcome!"' He laughed at his great visitor and then down on me when he said that, but 'twasn't always a joke with him when he laughed."

"And did any of your sons ever go back there, Mrs. Lacy?" the governor said to me then.

"The day came, sir," I said, "when the three sons you've named stood on that cliff and cast the wild flowers that they had gathered from between the rocks down on the sea at the foot of the cliff where their grandfather was lost. And one after the other they went to lay a blue flower, or a red one it might be, on the grave of their brother Gerald; and they would have taken up the grave and all was in it and brought it to be laid in a grave here, but I said no. 'Let the lovely body of him fall to dry dust,' I said, 'beside the sea where his father's father gave up his life for others. 'Tis there he was born and 'tis there he should lie,' I told them, 'in the place where people believe in the power of holy wells, and where children up to ten years of age do walk to the high hill to see the fairy queen on Christmas eve.'

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"No, sir," I said to the governor, "seven sons and four daughters do call me mother, and no day but their children, one or more of them, do come in loving-kindness to my knee. Not all of my eleven living children may have a great gift, but as my father, God love his memory, would say: 'You can spend your gift and never any one have it again, or you can cherish it to pass it on, in greater strength it may be, to some one to come after you.' And who knows, sir," I said, "that many another the world will never hear of may not be passing the gift along to some one that will make fuller use of it? No, no, sir, seven good sons and four good daughters I have living, and not one would I place before the other. Still less would I put any one of them all before the poor lad that's now within the prison walls."

It was two mornings ago when I saw the governor, and this morning before the coffin left the house for the church Jerome came to me from the prison.

"Jerome avick, let me see you in the free light of the sun, for free you are to be all the days of your life, the governor said." And he stood before me; and his hair, that used to be black as a shining black rock under a running tide, it was white as the same tide running white before the gale; and his face, that was one time brown as the brown sail of his father's yawl, 'twas gray as a gray rock now, and thin like the two sides of a fish dried in the sun—oh, old and worn he was beyond his years—never again would he be the roving soldier, but it wasn't for his mother to tell him that.

"Jerome," I said, "they will soon be taking the body of your father to where the solemn mass will be said for him by a holy priest o' God, his own son. And his voice rolling out the terrible lamentations from the high altar will fill the minds and hearts of all there with the wonder of death and judgment, and they will be giving him great praise for it, when 'tisn't him they should be praising, priest o' God though he is—'tis never his own voice it will be, but the voice of his people dead and gone before him chanting up through him from the depths of the deep, black sea, in sorrow from a grave that heard never a mass or a prayer when in it they were laid.

"And then down from the high altar he will come, Jerome," I said, "and say the blessed prayer for the dead above his coffin, and 'twill be full of the pain of death, but never a quiver of fear for it he will be feeling the while he is saying them, for 'tis in his blood to feel death but never to fear it. And after it will come the holy sprinkling water.

"And away from the altar-rail the black undertaker will roll the bier and the coffin on it, and then 'twill be you, Jerome, and myself beside you, will follow after."

"And 'tis then, mother," says Jerome, "that they will whisper all over the church: 'Is it the black murderer she is choosing to walk behind her dead husband?'"

"No, Jerome," I said, "but 'tis then that they will whisper all through the church: 'Tis the eldest son she has chosen to be with her, and herself as proud of him as a woman may be that walks behind her husband's coffin.'"

And so it was—six tall sons and four good daughters—and their grown children after them—to follow his bier out the middle aisle, but before them all was Jerome; and 'twas Jerome was by my side when down into the black earth the coffin was lowered. And 'twas then, when the first sod was thrown on his body, I needed him. 'Twas like something striking me a blow inside, the sound of that first sod on the coffin.

"Mother machree," he said, "'tis worn and torn your heart is for love of us all."

"Jerome avick," I said to that, "'tis worn and torn the hearts of mothers were before me and will be again—God help their children if they're not. I go to no more funerals, Jerome, till I go to my own—stay by me you till then."

"'Tis myself, mother," he says, "will lay you down in the earth with my own hands."

And so he will, though his heart will burst apart the while he will be doing it. And seven sons and four daughters I have, and not one would I set before the other in the eyes of the world, but in Jerome is the gift I chose, the best gift of all for him before ever he was born.

"Father in heaven," I prayed before he came to me, "make him one will feel for others' pain the longest day he lives!" And that He did; so prison or no prison it's my own boy he is.

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PERDITA

[IN THE WINTER'S TALE]

By Marguerite Merington

WHEN you pass I'd have you rather
Violet or primrose fair,
Marybud that I might gather,
Ever on my heart to wear.

When you speak I'd have you stay so
Speaking, till I hear you sing;
Then I'd have you buy so, pray so,
So give alms and ordering.

When you move, a spirit, dancing,
Sets its footstep on the sea:
Wind and wave, and sunbeam glancing
Always I would have you be.

When you flout me, high above me
I would set you, like a star:
When you love me . . . since you love me
I will keep you as you are!

LETITIA

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I

WHEN Samuel Dent, wealthy malefactor, had, at the age of fifty-five, ground a fortune out of high-grade soap and the sweat of the poor laboring man, he sat back, rested on his laurels, and had a slight paralytic stroke. Although his doctor, a famous New York specialist called Haven, assured him that there was no immediate danger, Samuel Dent, greatly frightened, was convinced that he was about to die. With this conviction came fear; and with fear came remorse; and with remorse came a frantic clutching for spiritual salvation. He "got religion"—and in a very malignant, Presbyterian form.

Just as he had called in the best physician to heal his body, so did he now summon the best clergyman to ease his soul. The Reverend Mr. Thane had the reputation and the manner of being very influential in high circles. But the task that Samuel Dent's conscience set him to do involved not only repentance, confession, and reformation, but also material restitution; so, with this last in mind, he was forced to add his attorney, Rutherford Wilkins, to the staff of advisers. Equipped, then, with a physician, a clergyman, and a lawyer, he seemed to be in a fair way to triumph over his offenses against nature and God and man.

The four men met in solemn conclave in Samuel Dent's high-ceilinged library on a late February afternoon. Dent himself, cadaverous and brooding, sat in a great leather armchair by the open fire. The others ranged themselves opposite him: Haven, stately, uninterested, and fingering his watch; Thane, eager, acquiescent, yet trying hard to be a man among men; Wilkins, dry, restless, disconcertingly plain-spoken.

"Gentlemen," began Samuel Dent, "thank you for coming to-day."

They made some unanimous deprecative noise at the end of which Thane's voice could be heard trailing off into: "Not at all, my dear sir, not at all."

"You, Mr. Thane"—Dent turned to the clergyman—"you know that I am a very wretched man. I am an old man and a sick man—and I am a sinful man. The health of God is not in me. But now, before it is too late, before I die, I want to lay hold of life so that when the awful day arrives I'll be able to face the Almighty Judge and say: 'Lo, I have strayed from the fold, but have mercy, for I have returned repentant!' "

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Mr. Thane looked very solemn at this, as if weighing the efficacy of such a plea; Doctor Haven appeared slightly embarrassed; and Mr. Wilkins, the attorney, grunted enigmatically.

But Samuel Dent, greatly moved, continued to a climax, his voice sometimes shrill with fear, sometimes shaken with awe, sometimes, when he permitted himself a ray of hope, hushed to a tense, trembling whisper. Thus might Jeremiah have spoken.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dent," ventured the doctor, "but you must not work yourself up to such a nervous pitch. I cannot allow you to proceed unless you can control yourself," and he crossed over to feel the patient's pulse. "As I thought—rapid and irregular."

"Perhaps," suggested Wilkins, "Mr. Dent will come to the point where *I* can help him. So far I see no call for my services."

But Mr. Thane said reprovingly: "Mr. Dent needs the services of all men."

"Now," said the doctor, returning to his chair, "proceed, Mr. Dent, but more calmly, and, if I may suggest it, more—er, concisely."

Samuel Dent passed a scrawny hand across his eyes as if to shut out their prophetic vision. Then he sat up erect in his chair and said in a voice of doom: "Gentlemen, I am a married man."

This, though obviously unexpected, failed to excite any deep consternation. Mr. Thane raised sympathetic eyebrows; the doctor said, "Ah," as if he were showing his tonsils; and Wilkins remarked that he, himself, was too.

"I am a married man," repeated Samuel Dent—"that is to say, I believe I am a widower. But somewhere there is a child. God save me from the torments of hell!—there is a child."

"Steady," interposed the doctor, for Dent threatened to become again unduly excited.

"Where is the child?" demanded Wilkins, plucking up interest.

Dent shrank down into his chair and shook his head gloomily.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know."

Wilkins drew a small leather-bound note-book from his breast-pocket, detached a gold pencil from his watch-chain, and prepared to make a memorandum.

"The child's name?" he inquired.

"Letitia," answered Dent mournfully. "We were going to call her Letty for short."

"Born?"

"Nineteen years ago."

"H'm—1893. Month and day?"

Mr. Thane held up an arm semaphorically.

"Would it not be better," he observed mildly, "for Mr. Dent to tell us the story in his own way? We ought to know exactly what his purpose is before we waste valuable time on unimportant details."

Samuel Dent started to speak, but Wilkins forestalled him.

"It is quite obvious, isn't it, what Mr. Dent's purpose is: deserted wife and young child—child named Letitia—born 1893—mother's maiden name so far unknown to us—mother supposedly dead. It's all quite clear, I think—or will be. Mr. Dent, of course, wishes to have his daughter traced and restored to him; isn't that so, Mr. Dent? Nothing simpler—if she's alive."

At this last Mr. Dent shuddered and gasped in his chair.

"Don't—don't," he faltered. "If she is dead, my soul is lost—condemned forever to the tortures of hell-fire—thrown into the black abyss—hurled to the red, leaping flames!"

"Easy, now," said the doctor. "Of course she's alive. We'll find her for you all right."

"We'll find her all right," agreed Wilkins, "if I may be allowed to procure some more data," and he glanced rather severely at Mr. Thane.

"Month and day?" he proceeded.

"May—I think May," answered Samuel Dent. "Yes; the 4th of May."

"Place of birth?"

"Green Lake, Montana."

"That's bad—very bad," said Wilkins. "Should have been born in a city."

"And why, pray?" inquired Mr. Thane acidly.

"Make it easier to trace her," explained Wilkins. "As it is, we can be sure of only one thing—that she is *not* at Green Lake, Montana. I dare say people are born there, but nobody would stay there. Now,

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Mr. Dent, her mother's maiden name, please?"

Samuel Dent groaned.

"Lucy—Lucy Baxter," he said weakly.

"Last heard of?" The attorney was relentless.

"I read of her death fifteen years ago, in a Helena newspaper. I always take a Helena paper. I was married in Helena."

"H'm. Nothing said about the child, I suppose?"

Dent shook his head.

"H'm. Can you describe the child?"

"How can I? She was only a year old when I saw her last. You can't describe a year-old baby."

"No scar—or a birthmark, perhaps?" suggested the doctor.

"Had she been baptized?" asked Mr. Thane.

"Useless question," commented Wilkins. "Wouldn't show if she had."

"She hadn't been baptized and she had no birthmark—at least, I don't know of any," said Dent miserably. "She looked just like an ordinary baby. She had a good deal of hair—would that help? Dark hair. And—oh, yes—blue eyes."

"Useless—useless," said Wilkins. "Hair and eyes are not permanent at one year."

"Hair *never* is," murmured the doctor, who was becoming very bored.

After a few more questions, the lawyer put away his note-book and rose to go. Samuel Dent, exhausted, lay crumpled up in the big chair, and the doctor was feeling his pulse. Mr. Thane stood by the fire, shifting from one foot to the other, reluctant to leave. He rather hoped that Dent would urge him to stay after the others had gone, for he felt that he had not appeared to very brilliant advantage in the presence of Wilkins and Doctor Haven. Besides, there was the matter of the new organ. . . .

"Good-by, Mr. Dent," said Wilkins to the pitiful figure in the chair. "We shall do everything possible with so little to go on. Advertisements in all the papers, of course—Montana papers especially. Sorry the girl didn't have a harelip or a finger missing or something like that to identify her unmistakably. Still, it can't be helped. We'll do our best. Good-day."

When the lawyer had gone, Doctor Haven rang for the valet.

"Bagby," he said, "help me get Mr. Dent up-stairs and to bed. He's had a very painful half-hour—very painful indeed. Mr. Thane, I think you had better leave me—my patient must have absolute quiet. Er—good-by; you have been of great assistance—great assistance."

Then the doctor and Bagby, the valet, carried Samuel Dent up to bed.

II

Now Bagby, the valet, occupied a peculiar position in Samuel Dent's household. When Dent had determined to sell out the soap business in Saint Louis and assault New York and Wall Street, Bagby had followed him East to take care of him. While Dent had been making money, Bagby had been making observations. He had learned how the right people dressed; what they ate, and at what hours; how they furnished their houses; what brands of automobiles they bought; what wines they drank; what oaths they used; what jewelry they permitted themselves; and what god they believed in. Thus Bagby had become a sort of social mentor to Dent—a position that made for intimacy and bred confidences. Bagby knew not whence his master derived his income, but he did know where he bought his waistcoats; he cared not whether Dent was a bull or a bear, but he saw to it that his coat-collar was of seal. And it was, metaphorically, over Bagby's dead body that Samuel Dent joined the Presbyterian Church: Bagby had had his name on the list for a pew at St. Thomas's.

Incidentally, Bagby's name was not Bagby at all—it was Ephraim Bunny. But Bagby pointed out that Bunny was no name for a gentleman's man, and it was Bagby himself that suggested, very respectfully, that he (Bunny) be rechristened.

It followed logically, then, that Samuel Dent's fervid and unexpected attack of religion greatly upset Bagby. Obviously it was not the thing—it was plebeian, it smacked of the sudden conversions brought about by vulgar revivalists. Whenever Samuel Dent called loudly on his Lord (which was often) Bagby felt

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humiliated; and he blushed for his employer when he heard him screaming of hell-fire and brimstone and the black abyss and the tortures of the damned. Bagby knew that no Christian gentleman gave such things a thought.

Night after night Samuel Dent poured out the tale of his sins to Bagby.

"Think of it, Bagby," he would cry, shivering, "think of it—the wife left alone, perhaps to starve—and the baby, my little girl, my little Letitia! I turned my back on them—I listened to the voice of the Evil One, miserable sinner that I am. My soul is black—black, I tell you, Bagby, and nothing can cleanse it. Oh, if I could but make my peace with the Lord before I die!"

"I understand," Bagby would answer, busying himself with Dent's clothes—"I understand that they are not wearing four-button dress waistcoats any more, sir. I'll put these old ones of yours away, sir, if you'll allow me. And I think, sir, that I'll have to send back that colored silk underwear you ordered. No colors, sir—leastwise not for a gentleman of your years."

Thus Bagby endeavored discreetly to turn the painful trend of Samuel Dent's thoughts. But as time went on and there came no results from Wilkins's advertising campaign, no Letitia to soothe Dent's soul, no prospect of his securing a heavenly pardon by means of an earthly one, Bagby found that it became more and more difficult to divert his employer's harrowed mind. And Bagby became sincerely alarmed.

He intercepted Wilkins in the front hall each time the attorney came to report progress or lack of progress.

"No news from Miss Letitia, sir?" Bagby would inquire wistfully.

"Not yet."

Then Bagby would shake his head dolorously and help Wilkins into his overcoat.

Finally, in despair, Wilkins made a flying trip to Montana, where he spent three busy days at Green Lake. During his absence Samuel Dent's condition became very precarious indeed, and Doctor Haven was in constant attendance at the bedside.

"Unless Wilkins comes back leading Letitia by the hand," said the doctor to Bagby, "I cannot hold out much hope for Mr. Dent's life. He is worrying himself into the grave. I have always been told that religion was a comfort—a staff to lean upon. Humph! Mr. Dent's religion is killing him. The fear of hell is propelling him toward—er, heaven."

When Wilkins returned from Montana, he summoned Doctor Haven, the Reverend Mr. Thane, and Bagby to his office; and the four of them talked for an hour behind closed doors. When they came out it was noticed that Wilkins was disturbed, Haven was insistent, Thane was expostulatory, and Bagby was more cheerful than he had been for weeks. But they all bore themselves like men who have shouldered great responsibilities.

Two days later Samuel Dent had a relapse—so serious that Doctor Haven, fearing a second stroke for him, took a room next to the patient and remained in the house constantly for seventy-two hours at the rate of fifty dollars an hour.

While the flame of Dent's life was still flickering like a candle in a draught, there came to pass an event as fortunate as it was unexpected. One afternoon Wilkins, nervous and excited, came up the front steps of the Madison Avenue house with a young girl on his arm. Thane and Haven were present in the sick-room, listening to Dent's vague, rambling mutterings from the book of Lamentations; for Dent, in his wretchedness, clung to the Old Testament, feeling, doubtless, a certain kinship with the soul-racked prophets.

"'Behold,'" he wailed with Jeremiah, "'behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger. From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevaileth against them: he hath spread a net for my feet, he hath turned me back: he hath made me desolate and faint all the day. The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand: they are wreathed and come upon my neck: he hath made my strength to fall——'"

It was at this point that Wilkins, announced by the tremulous Bagby, entered the room. He nodded to Haven and Thane and immediately crossed over to the bed.

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"Good news, Mr. Dent," said he.

Dent stared at him vacantly.

"There can be no good news for such as me," he groaned. "I am an outcast, a pariah, a sinner in the nethermost gloom. Woe unto me that I have sinned! I shall die and be consumed in the fires of hell—I shall——"

"If you would listen to me," interrupted the lawyer, "you wouldn't perhaps be so sure of those fires of hell. I tell you I have good news—I have found Letitia."

"No!" exclaimed Haven. "You don't say!"

"The Lord's name be praised!" said Thane.

Samuel Dent sat up in bed; and he pointed a shaking finger at Wilkins, as if he were aiming a revolver at him.

"You aren't fooling me, Wilkins?" he said. "You aren't fooling me?"

"Have her up," replied Wilkins imperturbably, "and see for yourself."

"I shouldn't know her," groaned Dent. But he added eagerly: "She says she's Letitia—she remembers?"

"Ask her," recommended Wilkins.

He went to the door, opened it, and called: "Bagby!"

The response was almost immediate.

"Bagby, bring up the young lady that is waiting in the hall."

There was a minute of silent suspense. You could hear the four men breathing; and Dent, with flushed face and an uncanny light in his eyes, was sitting up rigidly straight, forgetful of his weakness.

Then a girl came into the room, a little awkwardly, a little hesitatingly.

She was dressed in a dark-green suit, with some black furs at her neck and a black muff, and she wore a small round hat with a single white goose feather and a gold tassel. She was slender and straight and dark and red-lipped and wide-eyed; but her coloring was so vivid that it hinted of rouge and the black crayon.

"She is made up," said Mr. Thane to himself, and couldn't take his pale eyes off her.

"What a superb young female!" thought Haven, and adjusted his eyeglasses.

Wilkins, by right of discovery, took her white-gloved hand and led her to the bed.

"Mr. Dent," said he very gravely, "unless I am mistaken this is your daughter."

"Father!" she cried, and went gracefully to her knees.

Dent reached out to touch her hair, but the goose feather interfered. She must have sensed the trouble, for she looked up and said: "Wait a second and I'll take the old hat off."

True to her word, she had it off in a second, and, after tossing it carelessly into a corner, resumed her position on her knees.

"There; that's better, ain't it?" said she.

"Letitia—my little Letty," whispered Dent. "Are you truly my little Letty, come to save and forgive me?"

"Sure, I'm your little Letty, dad," she said soothingly.

He lifted her chin with his hand and looked deep into her eyes, searching in them, perhaps, for something of himself, something of her mother.

"Lord God," he cried, "let me be certain!"

Then he lay back on the pillows with a sigh.

"Tell me," he said more calmly, "tell me about yourself—all you can remember. And about your mother, if you can."

Letitia drew a long breath and began.

"I was born," she said, "in 1893, in the little village of Green Lake, Montana."

"Yes," said Dent encouragingly, "go on—that's right—go on."

Wilkins, turning his back, looked out of the window. He had heard this before. Thane and Haven exchanged glances and then each looked hastily away.

"My mother's name," the girl continued, "was Lucy Baxter—before she married you."

"Ah!" breathed Dent, with a sigh that was cousin to a sob. "Poor, poor Lucy!"

"She died," said Letitia simply.

"You remember—her death?"

"No; not very well. I wasn't nothing but a kid. I was four years old. Mrs. Dent—mother—died in 1897."

"Of course—you were too young."

"She died in Helena," added the girl.

"Yes," said Dent sadly, "I read the death notice in the paper. And you—when she died, what became of you?"

"I lived with some people that had a

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farm in the country. They was—they were very kind. They raised pigs and—and things. But I guess there weren't much money in it, because they were always poor."

"'Blessed are the poor!'" murmured Dent. "You will tell me their names some day, my dear, and they'll be repaid seventy times over."

"All right," she agreed, "only they've moved."

"We'll go out into the highways and hedges and seek them," said Dent in a sort of ecstasy.

"Sure," she nodded; "we'll have 'em paged."

Wilkins, by the window, cleared his throat.

"How long did you live with them?" asked Dent.

"Well, I beat it when I was eight. I got a job playing *Little Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—on the road, you know—one-night stands. We played Kansas and Nebraska and God knows what. I was the little traveller, I can tell you, at the age of eight."

"My poor girl," sighed Dent. "What a life, what a hard, cruel life!—and all my fault. Can you ever forgive me, Letty? I'll try to make it up to you. Now that I've found you, you'll never have to struggle and starve again. . . . What have you been doing recently?"

"Vawdvil," said Letty.

"What?"

"Vawdvil," she repeated—"two a day on the big time."

"Just what do you do?"

"Don't you never go the theatre, dad? Why, I'm Vonnie Lesley of 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' That's how our act's billed. See, it rhymes: 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' Good, isn't it? That was Tim's idea—Tim MacGee. Say, it's some act, too. Come and see it sometime—we're headliners out on the road, but here in New York, what with Sarah Burnhard and Lady Constantly Stewed-Richards and the Dolly Sisters, they've stuck us in just ahead of the acrobats. Competition's something fierce in this burg."

"My dear Letty," said Samuel Dent, "you needn't worry any more about competition. From now on my money is yours. You need not toil and slave for your bread any longer. Wilkins"—he turned to the lawyer—"arrange that my daughter shall be free from any further obligations to appear on the stage. I don't know much about such things, but do what is necessary and pay what is necessary."

Letitia half-rose to her feet.

"Hold on," she said; "not so fast. This ain't the speedway. I can't leave Tim in the lurch like that, and I wouldn't if I could. What do you suppose Tim would think of me, leaving him cold! No, sir. I'm Letitia Dent—but first, last, and all the time I'm Vonnie Lesley of 'Lesley and MacGee—songs, dances, and repartee.' And, besides, there's other reasons."

"What are the other reasons, Miss Dent?" asked Wilkins, with raised eyebrows.

She seemed about to retort a little angrily; her eyes were not so wide, her lips not quite so full. But she evidently thought better of it, for a smile twitched the corners of her mouth as she answered very gently: "The other reasons, Mr. Wilkins, is that I'm engaged to be married to Tim MacGee. So you see it ain't likely that I'd quit the act, is it?"

This announcement called forth protest and ejaculation.

"Won't do at all—not at all," said Wilkins.

"Think of your new position in society," urged Haven.

"My dear young lady," said Thane, "this is very disturbing indeed, and if I may say so, unfortunate."

Samuel Dent, alone, said nothing.

Letitia pointed directly at Thane, who stirred uneasily in his chair.

"You can marry us—Tim and me—if you want," she said. "You're a minister, ain't you?"

Mr. Thane murmured that he was, but added that he thought the marriage undesirable.

"What!" she exclaimed, misunderstanding him, "you don't believe in marriage? You're a funny minister, you are. What *do* you believe in—free love?"

"Hush," said Wilkins; and Mr. Thane, very uncomfortable under her scrutiny, explained.

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At last Samuel Dent spoke.

"We will do nothing hastily," said he. "Letty, you'll bring Mr. MacGee to the house soon, and we'll talk it over quietly and reasonably. I'm so glad to get you back, my dear little girl, that I don't ask anything more, and I certainly won't begin by making you unhappy. Before long, when I'm entirely well again, we'll have a long talk, you and I, and we'll decide what's best. Meanwhile you can do just exactly as you please about keeping on with your work on the stage. There, now, is that all right?"

He cared not whether Dent was a bull or a bear, but he saw to it that his coat-collar was of seal.—Page 179.

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She leaned over and kissed him loudly and enthusiastically.

"Fine!" she said. "That's the sort of stuff that gets over. And you're sure to like Tim, dad: he's just like you—he's a regular fellow."

III

THE next day Letty moved over from her West Side boarding-house, bringing with her a derelict of a hamper, two suitcases, and a globe of goldfish. A maid showed her to her room—one of the many hitherto unoccupied guest-rooms in the big house. It was furnished with white-painted wicker and blue cretonne, and was spotlessly clean and restfully bare.

"Needs a little livening up, I guess," was Letty's comment. "It's pretty, though—awful pretty, and the bathroom's just grand. When I get my photos stuck around it'll look very cosey and home-like."

She unpacked a most amazing collection of photographs, mostly of women in costume, smirking behind fans, or sitting stiffly in Gothic chairs, or emerging bare-shouldered and smiling from white fur rugs. There were some, too, of men in dress clothes, with varnished hair and large noses and small chins; and there were group pictures, snap-shots from Coney and Atlantic City, of giggling girls and their affectionate escorts. Then, too, there were half a dozen pictures of Tim MacGee, all inscribed to "my dear little Vonnie, from Tim."

With all these Letty indubitably succeeded in livening up the room. When she had finished, every mirror was bordered with photographs, the bureau was covered with them; they dominated the mantelpiece, they almost papered the walls. They, and an indescribable assortment of crêpe-paper cotillon favors, wrought an abrupt and decisive transformation.

She entered into her new life with great zest: each day brought some delightful surprise that called from her little exclamations of pleasure. Chocolate and rolls served to her in bed in the morning, for instance; the use of the limousine with two men on the box; the Niagara that ensued when she turned on the hot water in the bathtub; the liveried footman that said, "Thank you, miss," when she gave him an order; and the chimes that that same liveried footman struck to announce luncheon or dinner.

"Say," she remarked, "this is like living in the Waldorf. Don't wake me up."

She saw a great deal of Samuel Dent, who had thriven mentally, physically, and spiritually since her arrival. His efforts to make her happy and comfortable were prodigious and pathetic; and in working for her happiness he seemed, in a measure, to forget his own former wretchedness and to throw off some of his religious fanaticism. She had assured him from the first that, so far as she was concerned, he was forgiven. She bore him no grudge; on the contrary, she grew to feel a sincere affection for him, for he continued to prove to her that he was a "regular fellow."

At the end of the first week she introduced Tim MacGee. Tim was a tall, lanky, smooth-shaven, serious-minded boy, with a quiet sense of humor, and the shy, retiring manner of an assistant rector that was hard to reconcile with the exuberant, slap-stick confidence he displayed on the vaudeville stage.

"Honest to God, Mr. Dent," he said, "I'm tickled to death that Vonnie's landed soft, and I don't want to butt in and break up her party."

"Letitia seems quite willing to have you butt in, Mr. MacGee; she is very fond of you."

"Letitia?—oh, I see—Vonnie. Well, Mr. Dent, I'm nuts about her, just simply nuts. Of course, I'm not worth a wad of money yet, and perhaps I oughtn't—well, perhaps I oughtn't to stick around and expect her to marry me. But, say, Mr. Dent, we've got a swell act now, and it's getting across fine. I'd hate to lose Vonnie, Mr. Dent. She'd be a big loss to vawdvil—and a bigger loss to me, honest she would."

"I'm not going to interfere," Samuel Dent assured him. "I didn't bring Letitia here in order to thwart her in anything she has her heart set on; and as well as I can make out she has her heart set on vaudeville and you. You are a lucky man, Mr. MacGee."

"Gee, don't I know it!" he exclaimed. "I'm the human horseshoe!"

"Exactly," said Mr. Dent.

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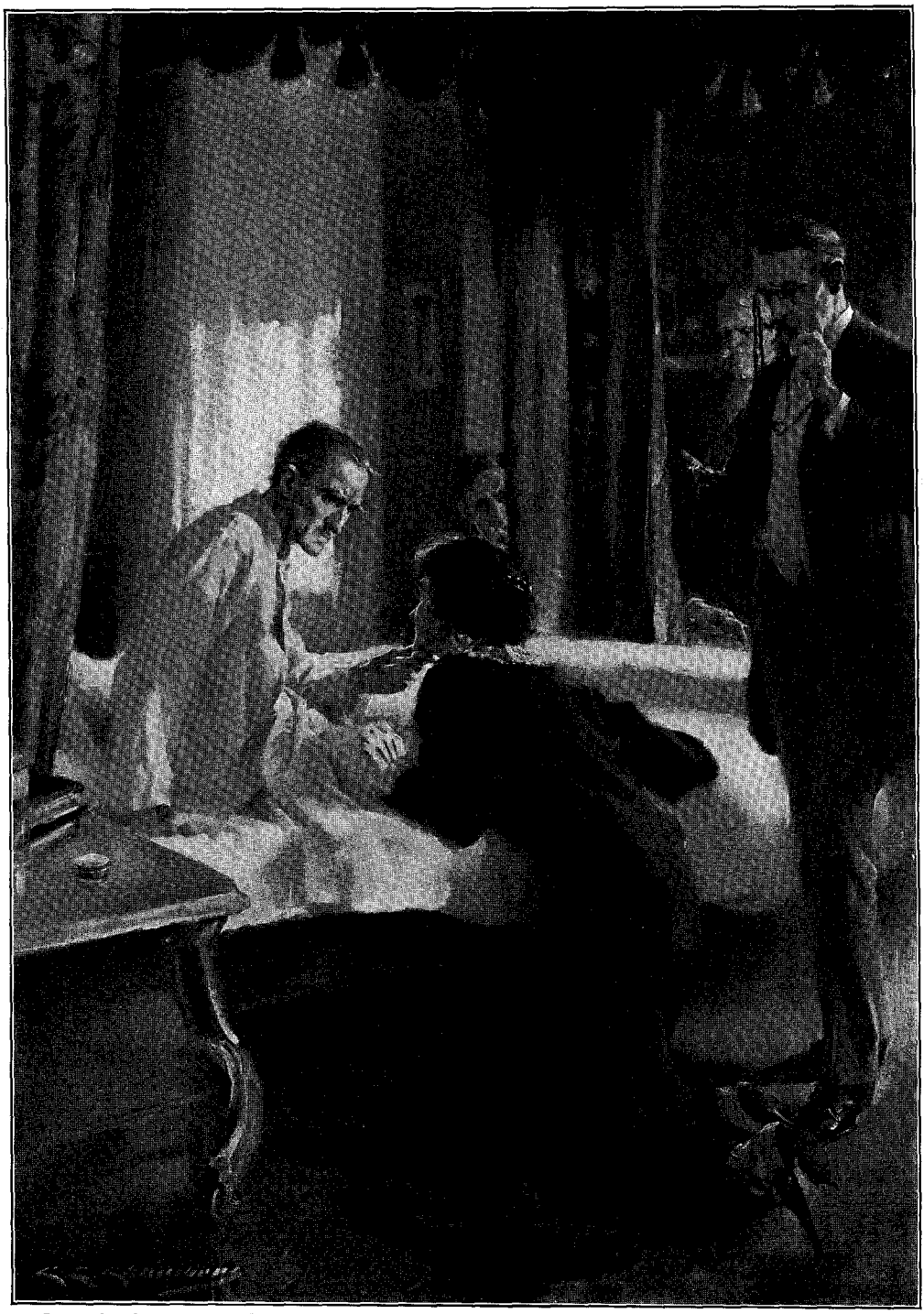

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

He looked deep into her eyes, searching in them, perhaps, for something of himself, something of her mother.—Page 181.

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There was a short silence, during which you could almost hear Tim MacGee glow with pleasure.

"I want to ask you something, Mr. MacGee," said Dent at length.

"Shoot—I mean please do."

"Oh—er, first will you have some refreshment, perhaps?"

"I don't mind," said Tim.

Bagby brought Scotch and siphon and a tall glass with ice.

"I don't drink," explained Dent. "Doctor won't permit it."

"You ain't against it on principles," said Tim, hesitating; "because if you are, I can wait."

"No," said Dent smiling. "I was, once—but I believe I am getting more tolerant. Letitia has changed me a great deal."

"Well," said Tim cordially, "here's how."

"What I want to know," said Dent, after an interval, "is whether you think I am making Letitia completely happy. You see that is, at present, my sole object in life. Now, you understand her probably much better than I do—you have her confidence and you know what she enjoys. Is there anything you can suggest that I might do to give her pleasure?"

Tim meditated deeply.

"There's one thing," he said rather reluctantly—"one thing that I've heard her wish for a whole lot of times. But I don't know whether you'd do it."

"What is it?" asked Dent eagerly. "Of course I'd do it—anything at all in my power."

"Well," continued Tim, "it seems like asking royalty to drive in a hack, but, anyhow, I know it would just tickle Vonnie crazy if you'd do it—she's simply mad, Mr. Dent, to have you see our act from out front. Honest, Mr. Dent, she's got her heart set on it. Would you come some night?"

"My dear boy," said Samuel Dent, "I'll come to-night."

"Cheers!" cried Tim MacGee.

IV

Dent, from that day on, attended twice a week the vaudeville houses in New York and its near vicinity where the team of Lesley and MacGee were billed to dance, sing, and exchange repartee. Fortunately, at that particular season, he was never forced to travel further afield than Brooklyn or Jersey City; later, when the team should leave for New England, he foresaw a more difficult problem to face.

But it happened that they never went to New England; and this was due partly to Samuel Dent's generosity, partly to the leaping ambition of Lesley and MacGee, and partly to the turkey-trot. I say turkey-trot advisedly, in lieu of fox-trot or maxixe or lulu-fado, for, remember, this was in 1912.

The project of starting a combination restaurant and dance-hall emanated from MacGee's agile brain. He broached it to Letitia one evening at the Palatial Theatre, while they were waiting to go on after the trained guinea pig.

"Honest to God," he concluded, "New York's got the dancing bug. They all want to die dancing, and they're willing to pay good coin for the kind permission. All we need is a floor and a booze license and the kopecks are ours. Then it'll be *our* turn to sit back and watch other folks make fools of themselves in public."

They put it to Samuel Dent as a strictly business proposition; they asked no favors. They would do the work; would he provide the money?

"We'll split the dividends fifty-fifty," explained MacGee. "And, at that, we'll all get rich."

Samuel Dent assented without a murmur, for he knew that it would keep his Letitia near him in New York. And thus was launched the now famous Carnival Garden.

Those were wonderful, glittering months in the spring and summer of 1912. Carnival Garden was a success from its inception—an unprecedented success—and Tim and Letitia were jubilant. Dent's health became so excellent that he resumed his operations in Wall Street with something of his old-time carefully planned recklessness; and almost every evening he went to the Carnival Garden for a sandwich and a glass of milk. He was the only patron of the establishment permitted to drink anything but champagne. Between her

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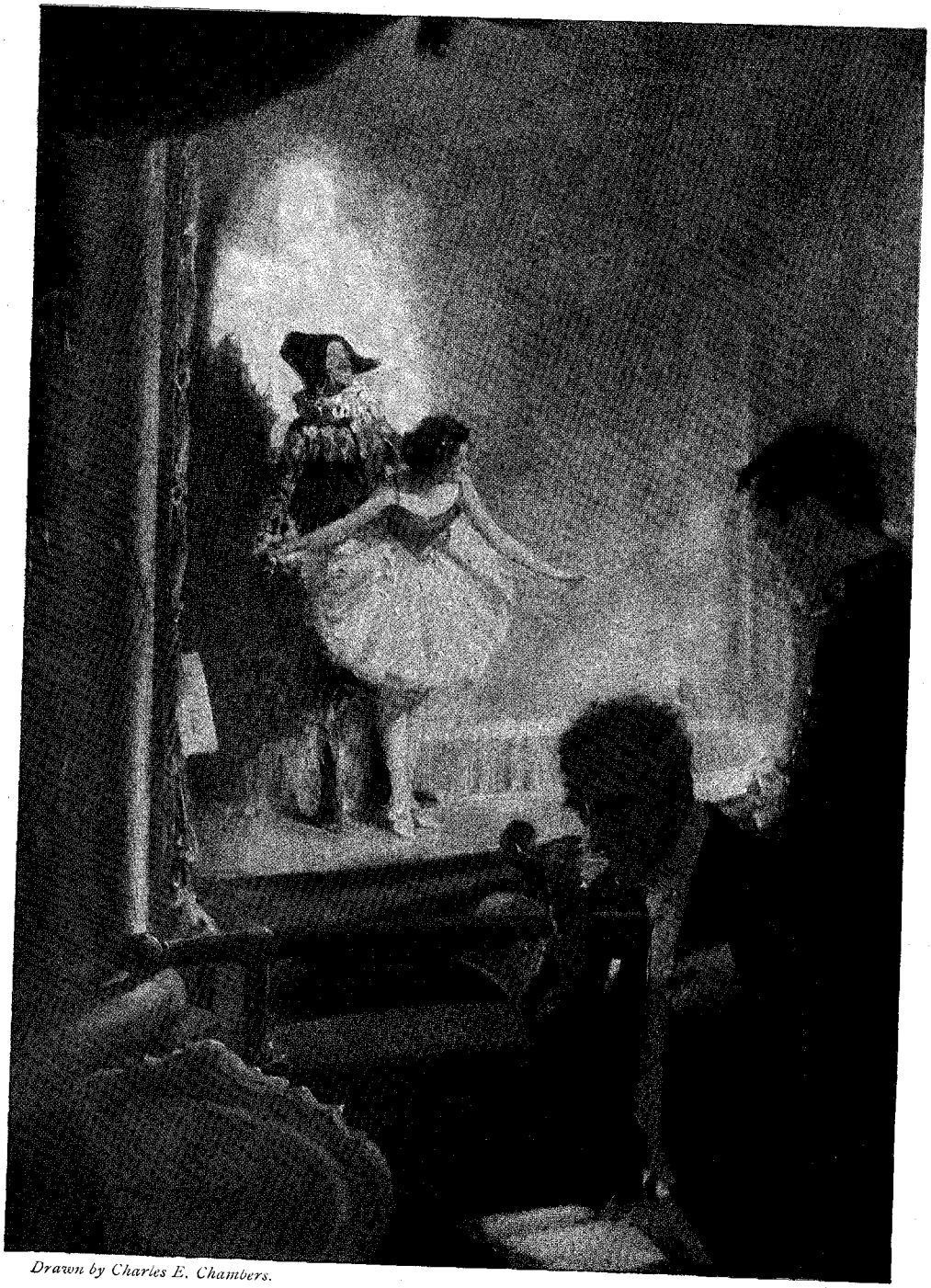

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

Dent attended twice a week the vaudeville houses where Lesley and MacGee were billed to dance.—Page 186.

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dances Letitia would join him as often as possible—Letitia very lovely in a filmy, plaited scarlet gown, with a Dutch cap over her black hair and little black slippers on her nervous feet. And Samuel Dent would gaze at her out of tired, adoring eyes over his glass of milk; and he would assure himself that God had been very good to him in giving him such a daughter.

Something of Dent's new optimism may be inferred from the fact that in August he went heavily long of the market. But do you remember what happened to stocks during that fall and winter? For once Samuel Dent had chosen the wrong side—for once his judgment had been at fault. The ruin was ghastly and complete.

When the smoke of the disaster lifted somewhat, and it was possible to see just how much damage had been done, just what smouldering ashes of his once great fortune remained, there ensued a panic among his creditors. It was doubtful if Samuel Dent could meet his obligations. But he did meet them; he sacrificed everything that he owned to meet them, and the effort left him shaken and shivering, too weak to begin again at the beginning, too old to venture into new fields.

When the Madison Avenue house with all its contents was sold at public auction, Samuel Dent and his daughter moved into a tiny apartment west of Seventh Avenue. Carnival Garden went merrily on with unflagging spirits, but Samuel Dent no longer sat at his table and sipped his milk. Instead Samuel Dent lay crumpled up on his bed—at home. Home! Oh, the irony of the word!

Letitia, with nothing to do until evening, was with him all day, and Bagby obstinately refused to be discharged. Bagby cooked the meals over the gas-stove in the kitchenette and Letitia served them; and every afternoon Tim MacGee came in for an hour to inquire how every little thing was. And, lo, Samuel Dent found that he was not unhappy, or, if he was unhappy, it was for Letitia's sake.

"I hoped to be able to give you so much," he said, "and this is what I have left to give. I don't see, even, how we can pay for this."

"You forget the Carnival Garden," answered Letitia. "It's bringing us in six thousand perfectly good dollars a year."

He laughed bitterly.

"I am living on my daughter," he said.

"Rats!" said she inelegantly; "if it hadn't been for you there wouldn't be any Carnival Garden—except in my mind's eye."

About this time Wilkins, the attorney, wrote to her asking her if she would see him at his office. She went wonderingly but calmly, and she came away flushed with indignation.

"You great boob," she exclaimed in farewell, "do you think I bite off more than I can chew? Not Vonnie! *I'm* going to stick—see?"

Wilkins, it is to be presumed, saw.

V

In January Samuel Dent suffered a second and last stroke of paralysis. Doctor Haven battled in vain; the combination against him and his medicines was too strong. Even Mr. Thane, whose visits had become less frequent and whose hopes of the new organ had been shattered, proved powerless; Samuel Dent died.

He died tranquilly, with no soul-searing lamentations on his lips, no fear of hell-fire in his eyes; and he died clinging to Letitia's hand.

"This has been a very happy year for me, Letty," he whispered.

"You bet it has, dad—for all of us."

"I'm leaving you nothing, Letty—nothing."

"You're leaving me your love," she said, and she bent and kissed him.

VI

When it was over, Haven and Thane joined Wilkins at the club. Haven took a stiff drink and Thane ordered a milk and vichy.

"Well?" inquired Wilkins sympathetically.

"He's dead," said Haven with more feeling than he usually cared to reveal.

"He has departed this life," supplemented Thane.

"And Letitia?" asked Wilkins.

"She was with him," said Haven. "We

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left her praying at the bed. I wonder where she learned how to pray."

No one of them volunteered an answer.

"Well," said Wilkins after a silence, "I am convinced that we did the right thing. It did Dent a world of good——"

"It added a year to his life," interposed Haven, "and a very happy year, I think, in spite of everything. Dent would have died in torture had you told him that his daughter had died a month after her mother."

Wilkins nodded.

"And it certainly did Letitia no harm," he said. "She's a wonderful girl—wonderful. Don't see them like her often. You know, when Dent went smash I had her come down to the office and told her that, of course, he couldn't do much more for her—didn't have a cent left. I suggested that she was at liberty to call the whole thing off, but—well, I offered to give her a little something out of my own pocket if she'd keep on playing the part. I felt sorry for Dent—knew that he had come to lean on her."

"What did she say?" demanded Thane.

Wilkins smiled slowly and meditatively.

"She said: 'You great boob, do you think I bite off more than I can chew? Not Vonnie! *I'm* going to stick—see?' And she wouldn't touch my money."

"No," said Haven; "she's a thoroughbred. I wonder where old Bagby produced her from."

"God bless her," said Wilkins huskily, and drained his glass.

"Amen," said Thane.

But in the little apartment west of Seventh Avenue, Bagby and Letitia sat watching over the dead. And suddenly Letitia threw her arms around Bagby's neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, dad," she sobbed, "do you think we made him happy?"

"I'm sure we did, dear," answered Bagby; "I'm sure we did."

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LISBON AND CINTRA

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE had left New York for Lisbon expecting to make good connections via Gibraltar and Tangiers. On the seventh morning, however, upon awakening very early, I made out through the porthole the high cliffs of Madeira—great, purple, wall-like headlands bearing upon their summits innumerable terraces of vineyards mounting one upon another high up to the big mountains inland. Thin columns of blue smoke rose straight in the still morning air, hundreds of them, from tiny cottages scarcely visible to the eye or from brush-fires in the fields.

The land looked peaceful and calm as the sea, as our great steamer cut her path silently to the harbor of Funchal. As we entered this, I descried two big liners lying at anchor, one of which proved to be the *Cap Trafalgar* on her maiden voyage from South America carrying as her honored guest Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite.

I saw the agent as soon as he came aboard, found she was to sail before noon, bound direct to Lisbon; went ashore, engaged passage (the last cabin on the ship), and returned in a boat with two brawny oarsmen, together with a man from the company and a custom-house official to transfer our baggage. So that before eleven o'clock we were pacing the broad decks of this new ocean giant, watching the wealthy Brazilians and Argentinos, Europe bound, to spend their summer holidays.

It was a gay ship's company indeed after thirteen drowsy days together on tropic seas. By chance we met some friends from Chile and had a merry time that evening at the captain's dinner where every one, including the prince, made speeches and danced afterward at a costume ball, very jolly and animated, given in the huge white-and-gold saloon.

Next afternoon (a record trip, I believe) we raised land at about four o'clock, and I heard some Brazilians near me murmur, "tierra Portoguese"—their motherland.

First faint and blue on the brilliant water, this land gradually took shape and became a definite hill, nay, a mountain, a jagged, purple silhouette against the sky—a shape that has guided many a weary mariner safe to port and many an intrepid discoverer home from visions of new lands beyond the sea. And mingled with thoughts of such adventures crowd memories of Southey and of Byron and Childe Harold when

"Cintra's mountain guides them on their way."

Ships and fishing-smacks with strange jibs and queer rigs came and went upon the shimmering sea as we skirted the bright sandy shores of the Alemtejo. Two old forts reared their casemates on rocky promontories; then, in a green dimple by the sea, the gay houses of Cascaes and Mont' Estoril clustered among gardens, while upon a long sand-spit to the right Bugio's lighthouse guided us up the channel.

The sun was nearing the horizon as the sea narrowed to a strait, and to the left the old Tower of Belem again awoke memories of Vasco da Gama and his glorious return. Now, as we threaded the narrows, the pale houses of Lisbon, clustered thick as eggs in a basket, pink, blue, ochre, and white, piled up the hills to the Ajuda Palace and we entered the broad bay formed by the Tagus just as it empties into the sea—one of the largest harbors in Europe, that, however, with its sparse shipping, now seems like a frame too large for its picture.

Amid great bustle and confusion we were landed in a tender at the Alfándega, took a cab with a pair of rattling ponies, sped through the hilly streets of the city, and then the broad Avenida opened before us, and we drew up at our hotel.

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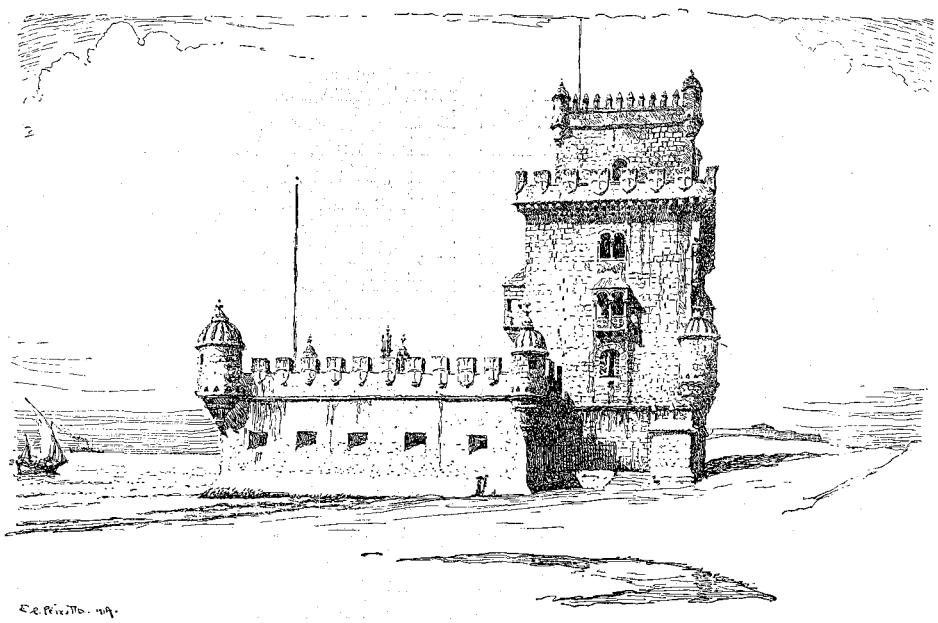
The first impression from our window next morning was a most pleasant one. And indeed Lisbon leaves the definite impression of a gay, bright capital, if not of a truly beautiful city. Beautiful it certainly is by nature, seated on its lofty



The Torre de Belem.

hills overlooking the Tagus and interspersed everywhere with semitropic gardens and *largos*, but its newer houses are too rectangular, too lacking in imagination to make anything but rather monotonous streets. Even the Praça do Commercio, though laid out upon a truly magnificent scale, fails to arouse enthusiasm.

This is the city's aspect to the casual visitor who devotes but a day or two to its sights. But to one who is willing to give it a week or more, it holds many attractions.

The seeker for the picturesque will delight in the water-front in the morning hours and in the fisherfolk—the men in black bag-caps and knee-breeches; the women, barefoot, setting out with basket on head to trot the city streets. These fishwives are the most picturesque of the Lisbon types and most of them are really beautiful, the fine ovals of their faces, their smooth complexions, and lustrous, almond-shaped eyes recalling the Mauresques and clearly bespeaking their Oriental origin.

Then, too, he will explore the older quarters of the city, spared by the terrific earthquake of 1755, that lie to the westward under the shadow of the old Moorish castle walls: a labyrinth of steep, narrow thoroughfares that recall Algiers and the slopes that lead to the Kasbah. The houses are faced with blue and brown tiles and take their air from the patio rather than from the street. No wagon ever passes. The poor carry their burdens upon their heads; the well-to-do hustle a patient donkey before them laden with panniers.

Pedlers' shrill cries fill the air. The fine strong fishwife, the water-carrier with his earthen jars, the vegetable-vender swinging his baskets across his shoulder on a long stick, call their wares from house to house, while shrillest of all and most noticeable the hawker of lottery tickets shouts numbers one after another in hopes of tempting some housewife with the sound of a lucky combination.

At the portal of this old town stands the Sé, the rugged old cathedral that dates from the time of Affonso Henriques,

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battlemented and castlelike as befits a church built in the time of the Crusades, when Lisbon had just been wrested from the Moors. At present it is undergoing restoration, especially in the ambulatory and cloister, where the fine sturdy architecture of its original form is emerging from the bubble arches and coats of whitewash that were put upon it during the Roman revival.

Upon the other edge of the old town looms the huge gray bulk of São Vicente, a Renaissance church of noble proportions. St. Vincent is the patron saint of the city and also of the House of Braganza, which reigned uninterruptedly in Portugal for almost three centuries until King Manoel was deposed a few years ago by the present new republic.

The edifice contains little of interest, but the kings of this house are buried in a vault in the cloisters. Expecting to see some pompous marble sarcophagi, we called the guardian, who unlocked the door. What was our surprise, however, to enter a vaulted stone chamber with a sort of deep shelf running all about it. Disposed upon this shelf and piled upon the floor rested a great number of caskets, some draped with velvet palls, others covered only with brocades or stamped leathers such as were used upon the marriage chests of Spain.

Not a statue nor an urn anywhere. In the centre a huge black catafalque reared itself, hung with memorial wreaths and tokens, that shaded the coffin of the unfortunate Dom Carlos assassinated in the last revolution. At its foot lay another casket.

Before I realized what he was doing our complaisant guide had drawn back the pall of this one and exposed to view the body of the Crown Prince, dressed in full uniform. Not content with this, he urged me to mount some steps and showed me, one after another, other royal personages with star and plaque upon their breasts and ermine-trimmed cloaks enveloping their poor shrunken bodies. It was the first time I had looked dead royalty in the face, and, though I have seen grewsome catacombs, especially in Palermo, I confess that this one seemed the worst of all—a strange sort of desecration or sacrilege, yet bringing home with terrifying force the eternal truth that a king in death is no better than his humblest vassal.

Lisbon's chief sight lies beyond the town proper in one of its immediate suburbs called Belem, a corruption of Bethlehem. To reach it you must take one of the busy electric cars that serve the traveller so well in all his joggings about the town (and that have a strangely familiar look, by the way, to Americans, for all of them were built in Philadelphia) and ride far out along the water-front.

On the way you may alight at the Quinta de Baixo and visit the Royal Museum of Coaches, a remarkable group of some twenty or more state carriages—gorgeous vehicles, dating mostly from the eighteenth century, carved, gilded, and painted with allegorical figures and lined with magnificent brocades and velvets, even their floors being finished in ivory or buhl. Next to the collection at Madrid I think that it is the handsomest that I have seen and, in connection with the cabriolets and *seges* and cases of harness and rich livery up-stairs, gives a compelling picture of the *apparat* and splendor of the showy court of the Braganzas.

A few minutes' walk beyond this palace brings you to the great church of Jeronymos and but a little farther on stands the old Torre de Belem—St. Vincent's Tower, that has for hundreds of years guarded the mouth of the Tagus.

At this spot, in the fifteenth century, there lived some fishermen and sailors in a little community called Restello. For their comfort, solace, and shelter, Prince Henry the Navigator, friend and patron of seafarers and promoter of all the great voyages of the Portuguese discoverers, that ended by giving man full possession of the globe, had built a refuge church, about which grew up a hermitage for aged mariners with gardens and orchards, birds and flowers.

The little *ermida* had witnessed the departure of many a caravel and of many a navigator like Zarco and Perestrello, who first landed in Madeira and the Canaries, and Cabral, who discovered the Azores and reached far Brazil, and of those other hardy mariners—Gil Eannes, Baldaya, and Nuno Tristão—who, step by step, had crept down the west coast of Africa

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through tropical seas "always kept boiling by the sun," according to popular belief, as far as Cape Bojador and farther, finally reaching the redoubtable Cabo Tormentoso that was to open the route to India and become in consequence the Cape of Good Hope.

It had always been Prince Henry's dream to double this mythical cape and reach the Indies by the direct sea route, thus bringing the wealth of the rajahs in Portuguese boats direct to Lisbon harbor. After many vain attempts he fitted out the expedition intrusted to Vasco da Gama, who spent his last night ashore praying in this little church of Restello. Two years later he returned to the very same spot, having landed in Malabar and completely fulfilled his mission.

King Manoel "the Fortunate" welcomed him and, to commemorate his happy return, according to a vow, began to build the great convent of the Jeronymos and a few years later erected this watch-tower overlooking the mouth of the Tagus. The wealth that now poured into Lisbon, making it the richest city in Europe and the successor of Venice as maritime queen of the Western world, enabled him to carry out this scheme upon a scale of unprecedented magnificence, as both monuments still testify.

St. Vincent's Tower is a splendid specimen of the military architecture of its day—rather more florid than such a work would be in the North, but sturdy and strong despite its fretted surfaces. Until fifty years ago it stood quite surrounded by water, but sand-bars have gradually encompassed it on one side and it now forms part of a shore battery.

With a little persuasion I induced a kindly sergeant to show me through it. He first led me to the great bastion that projects seaward like the prow of a ship and that is still mounted with its antiquated artillery thrusting their black noses through deep embrasures. This battery surrounds an open courtyard beneath which, on a level with the water, lie the prisons.

The great tower itself contains three superposed chambers with massive vaults and walls ten feet in thickness. Its exterior is richly ornamented, its battlements emblazoned with the crosses of the Military Order of Christ, its sea face enriched with a charming loggia, and its angle turrets surmounted by curious melon-shaped domes. Despite the sordid gas-works near by, the place is redolent of other days and impregnated with the tang and smell of the sea and alive with memories of the Portuguese mariners.

But the real temple of their glory is the vast church and monastery near by, to the building of which Dom Manoel devoted his greatest zeal. He employed the most renowned architects to carry out his dream and an army of sculptors and carvers to chisel and fret the beautiful limestone of Alcantara. The cold purist may scoff at the result, but no one with warm artistic perceptions can fail to withstand the fascination of these fretted surfaces, alive with ornaments that, in the hot southern sunlight, fleck the glaring stones with a thousand delicate shadows.

The long south front facing the avenue forms the principal façade, and is cut by a monumental doorway that, with its fantastic array of pinnacles and niches, peopled with bishops and cardinals, saints and kings, recalls many a late-Gothic entrance in the vicinity of Rouen.

On passing through this door, from the blinding sunlight of the avenue to the mysterious gloom of the interior, one's first impression is of space and loftiness. The vaults overhead, the deep, dark chapels, the great sustaining walls, are almost lost in the darkness. Eight slender columns, delicately proportioned and fretted with rich ornament, spring aloft like the boles of royal palms, up and up, until they burst like fronds into reticulated vaulting of most daring design, and as your eye grows accustomed to the gloom they take on mauve shadows, shading to amber as the light strikes upon them through the colored windows.

This church is the sanctuary of Portugal's glory, its Westminster Abbey, so to speak, the most evocative of its buildings; so it is fitting that her greatest sons here lie buried. In the transept, side by side, rest Vasco da Gama and Camões, her chief poet, author of her national epic, the immortal "Lusiadas." Near the high altar lie Manoel the Fortunate and various members of his family, and in a corner

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The Lisbon water-front.

of the cloisters stands the monumental tomb of Herculano the historian.

To enter these cloisters you must pass around by the west door, which in some ways, though less famous, is more interesting than that of the south façade. It is purely Portuguese and highly characteristic of the so-called Manuelino style, the most famous examples of which lie in other parts of the country.

This style has been variously estimated by architectural authorities. Some purists see in it nothing but a love of ornament gone wild, a needless exaggeration of detail; others find it an interesting grafting of Moorish design upon the Gothic; others still, a transitional form between the Gothic and the Renaissance. To me, however, it is a special style, the true expression of the very soul of a people, of their thoughts and aspirations, and, therefore, good art.

The cloister at Belem, forming part of the monument erected to commemorate Vasco da Gama's glorious voyages, fittingly exhibits the various characteristics of this style.

Each of its bays is divided into two arches and each of these again in half, while each archway is hung with elaborate cusps and medallions of openwork containing crosses and shells or caravels under full sail. Colonettes and cusped arches, the deep reveals of the great bays and their pilasters, the rich vaults of the cloisters, and the parapets and towers that cut against the sky are all frosted with elaborate details of mingled Gothic and Renaissance, but time has imparted to this wealth of sculptured ornament a wonderful patina that veils its exaggerations and merges its elaborations into a marvellously rich ensemble that quite disarms criticism by its sensuous appeal.

A similar sumptuous strain pervades the minor arts that furnished these churches. At the Bellas Artes have been gathered from suppressed convents and monasteries glittering arrays of monstrances and reliquaries, chalices and processional crosses, masterpieces of the goldsmith's art made of the first pale gold that came from the Indies.

And in this same museum, among a lot of rather dull pictures, you will find to your surprise some splendid panels by

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an old Portuguese painter (perhaps the only one worthy to rank as a master), one Nuno Gonçalves, who flourished in the fifteenth century. His best work is

The older quarters of the city, spared by the terrific earthquake of 1755.

embodied in two triptychs, "The Veneration of Saint Vincent," that show the undoubted influence of Jan van Eyck, who, when he visited the court of Portugal, exerted a great influence upon the painters working there.

The Sunday following our arrival in Lisbon we were awakened by the explosion of *foguetes*, or small bombs, almost directly under our window. Soon voices reached our ears, shrilly crying, "Sol e Sombra!" and we knew that a bull-fight was on for that afternoon.

I lost no time in going down and securing places, for I very much wanted to see a Portuguese bull-fight, which is a very different affair from its Spanish prototype. This happened to be an exceptionally good one, "dedicated to the Colonia Brazileira," as the programme stated, so the Brazilian ambassador occupied the box of honor, and of the ten thousand arena seats not a single one was empty. Lisbon's bull-ring is a very handsome affair, built in the Moorish style, with huge gray minaret domes facing the four points of the compass. The boxes upon this occa-

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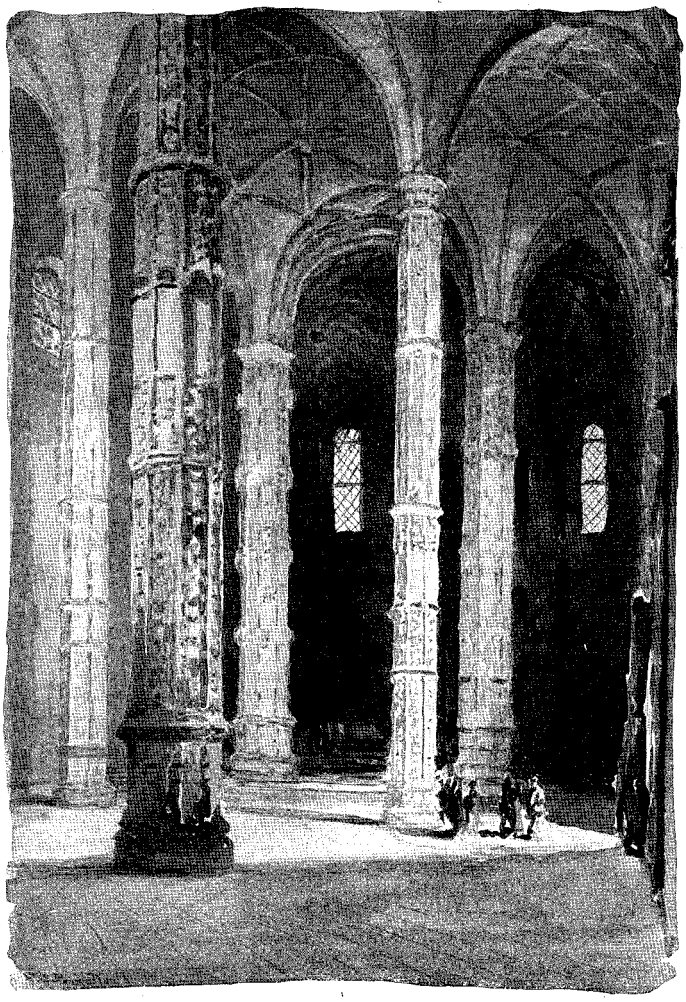
sion were hung with bright draperies, and the women in their gay spring attire made a brilliant scene indeed, with a cloudless vault of blue overhead.

dors. Then came a score of *moços de forcados*, whose antics I shall describe later; then the service men; and lastly, but by no means least, the two *cavalleiros*, the



Church of the Jeronymos, Belem.

As the band struck up the national anthem the various participants entered, for there are many more figurants than in Spain.

First came a mule covered with crimson velvet carrying the *banderilhas*, the *farpas*, and other implements to be used in the game. When it had been unloaded and led out, the *bandarilheiros* entered with the *capinhas*, eight or ten of them, in the brilliant costumes of Spanish torea-

famous Casimiros, father and son, the heroes of the occasion.

These *cavalleiros*, as their name implies, are horsemen, but in no way resemble the picador on his sorry nag. They are dressed as cavaliers of the eighteenth century, in velvet coats handsomely embroidered and trimmed at sleeve and throat with beautiful lace. Lace handkerchiefs protrude from their pockets and their high boots are of Russia leather. They

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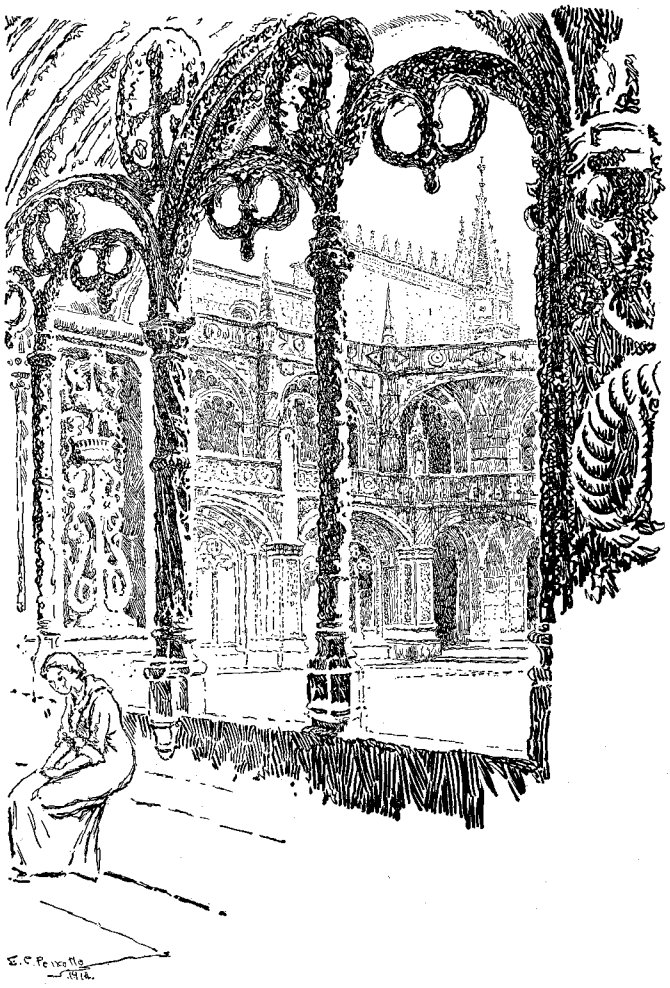
mount superb horses richly saddled and bridled, with nodding plumes upon their heads, that go through complicated paces as they circle the arena, while their riders bow gallantly and gracefully with their three-cornered hats to the wild plaudits of the crowd.



The cloister of the Jeronymos, Belem.

Then the ring is cleared, with the exception of a horseman and a single *capinha* with his red cape in hand. The horseman takes his first *farpa* (a long barbed dart), a gate is opened, and a big black bull enters.

A thrill runs up your spine as he sniffs the air and makes a wild charge at the brilliant cavalier. But the horse is fleet, the rider adept, and the bull slackens his pace.

Then the rider challenges him. Rising in his stirrups, he calls, "Eh, boi! Eh, boi!" ("Come, bull") until the great beast charges again, this time coming close enough to receive the dart directly in the shoulder-blade, where it breaks off, leaving one-half in the horseman's hand with a flag fluttering from it. A second barb is then implanted upon the other shoulder, and sometimes others still, until the cavalier takes a shorter dart amid great enthusiasm, and while his horse is galloping at full speed before the enraged bull, leans far enough out of his saddle to implant this also at the base of the animal's neck.

José Casimiro, the son, performed this feat with marvellous dexterity and address, and the salvos of the audience were deafening as he rode round the ring, his horse pacing high and arching its neck as if it, too, shared the applause. In the meantime the bull is taken out by a herd of trained oxen that surround it and by their peaceful influence allay its fury so that it meekly follows them.

In the Portuguese fights, barring accidents, which, of course, do happen, neither horses nor men are in real danger, for the bull's horns are padded so as to be quite harmless. The bull itself is never killed. So, having none of the cruelty

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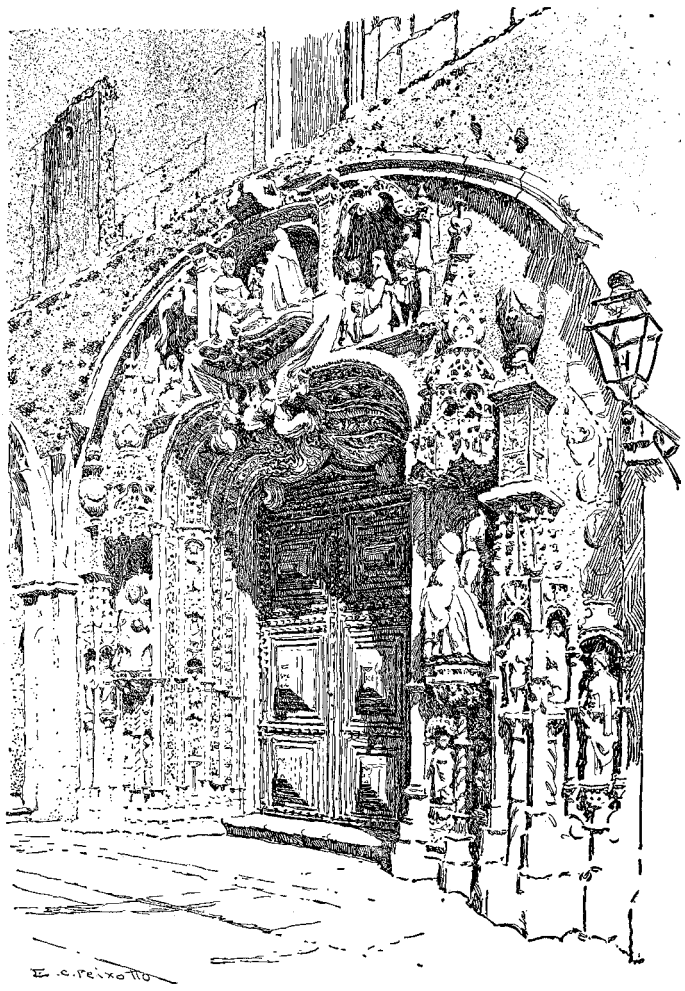
of the Spanish fight and all of its picturesqueness and a little more, it becomes a splendid national sport, the best game that I have seen, and as gallant a show as may be witnessed in this humdrum world of ours to-day.

According to the usual programme, five bulls are given to the *cavalleiros* and five to the *bandarilheiros*, who having placed their darts after the Spanish fashion, the animal is then given over to the *homens de forcados*, the boldest of whom literally "takes the bull by the horns." For he calmly stands before it with his hands behind his back, and when the animal tries to toss him he grabs it around the neck and swings upon its head up and down until his companions, rushing in from all sides, hold the beast and release him. It is a thankless task and, like that of the circus clown, rewarded with laughter rather than cheers.

These games are capable of infinite variety and often replete with thrilling incidents. Now and then, in quest of new sensations, members of the nobility of sporting proclivities enter the arena as *cavalleiros*.

Upon another occasion we saw a *ferro* or branding of wild cattle after the fashion of the Alemtejo—a most amusing spectacle, for the young animals cavorted about, leaped the barriers, and scattered the young *toreros* right and left until one by one they were thrown by the horns and tied for branding.

Afterward there is the drive home, toward evening, in a crush of vehicles down the beautiful Avenida shaded by its quadruple rows of stately trees under which



West door of the Jeronymos.

crowds of people, sitting or promenading in the bright spring weather, watch the gay cortège go by.

At the lower end of this splendid avenue, a sort of cog-wheel train, half street-car and half elevator, lifts one in a moment to an upper quarter of the town and to the little square of São Pedro d'Alcantara, commonly called the Gloria. Go there some evening toward sunset and from the parapet you will enjoy a lovely

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prospect of the city spread beneath you. The object upon which your eye first rests is the steep hill opposite, a huddle of houses, white and pink, standing upon each other's shoulders and crowned by the walls of the old Moorish stronghold, now the Castle of St. George. Halfway up the venerable Sé cuts its sturdy silhouette against the broad blue waters of the Tagus stretching off to the faint flat shores of the Alemtejo with Palmella's town and castle gleaming white upon her distant hill. At the bottom of the valley, near the railway-station, Dom Pedro, standing atop of his column, marks the Rocío, called Roly Poly Square by the English sailors because of the queer undulating pattern of its pavement. The press of houses in the nearer foreground is cut off by a second terrace below you, set out with gardens ornamented with busts on tall pedestals and with soaring palms that wave their rustling fronds high above your head.

But if in search of far horizons, it is to Cintra that you must go.

A short hour in the train and the engine puffs into the station tired with its constant climb. A drive through the rather dull town brings you to a little English hotel that for three generations has housed British visitors. Its little landlady, though she has spent some sixty years of her seventy-six under this roof in Portugal, is as English in her black bombazine and white bonnet as if she had but just landed from Southampton. When she leads you to your room and opens the casement you will fancy yourself in the terrestrial paradise.

Deep below, a tangled glen shelters a cascade whose music rises to your ear; the perfume of rose and white locust and heliotrope and jasmine is wafted by the gentle breeze, while the eternal mildness, the sifted sunlight over the far-reaching plains stretching to the broad blue ocean that bounds the horizon, make an impression that lives forever in the memory.

Tradition has it that in one of these rooms (the one in the corner where his bust stands upon a table and souvenirs of him hang framed upon the walls) Lord Byron wrote the opening chapters of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

> "Lo, Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
> In variegated maze of mount and glen."

His rhapsodies in this and other poems, and those of Southey, who called it "the most blessed spot in the habitable globe," have done much for Cintra's fame, but, except by the English, it is still but little visited.

Under the monarchy it was the summer residence of the royal family, the queen mother living at the Palacio Real in the town while the king stayed above at the Pena. The former palace is a strange mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture. Its dominant features externally are the two conical chimneys once covered with green tiles that rise above its great kitchens. They, of course, are Moorish, as are most of the exquisite tiles that ornament the various rooms and halls.

The palace, indeed, is a veritable museum of Portuguese *azulejos* from the earliest Arab styles, whose patterns were formed by slightly raised lines so as to prevent the color from running during the firing, through the later rich geometric patterns, to the many varieties of the Renaissance, both naturalistic and fanciful. In the royal dining-room and the Hall of the Sirens are beautiful tiles richly embossed with vine leaves and tendrils and crested with fleur-de-lis. In the cortilla of the unfortunate young Sebastian are his exquisite tiled throne and the bench for his ministers, and there is a cool Casa d'Agua, or House of the Moorish Baths, where showers gush from walls of tiles and plash upon the broad stone floor.

The older Christian portions of the palace date from the time of John the Great and his English wife Philippa of Lancaster. He it was who built the Swan Room, and the story goes that while it was building, ambassadors came from the Duke of Burgundy to ask the king for the hand of his daughter Isabel. Among the presents they brought were several swans, which delighted the princess so much that she asked to have the long basin fashioned for them along the windows that skirt the Moorish court. She made them collars of velvet and fed them with her own

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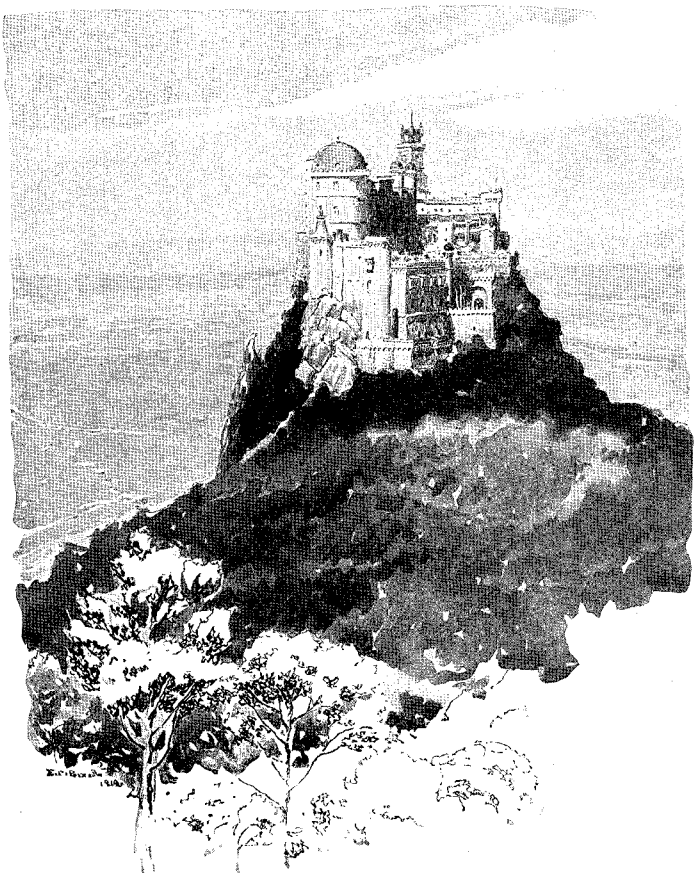
hands. Later, when she departed for far-off Flanders, King João, in memory of her, had her swans painted in the octagonal panels of the great ceiling, whence the name of the room.



Castello da Pena, Cintra.

Adjoining this hall is the Sala das Pegas, or Hall of the Magpies. Its name comes from another story connected with the same king. He is said to have been attracted by a certain pretty maid of honor and to have innocently kissed her when presenting her with a rose. Another maid carried the story about until it reached the ears of his English queen, who upbraided him. His reply was characteristic: "E por bem, minha senhora" ("Platonic, my lady"), and to rebuke the gossiping maids he had the ceiling of this room painted with chattering magpies each bearing in its beak his motto: "Por bem." These quaint rooms and the Sala das Escudos, or Hall of Shields, painted with the arms of the chief noble families of that time, each shield depending from a stag's neck, form the principal features of the palace, its later additions offering but little of interest.

The Serra de Cintra, that purple silhouette that we first beheld from the ocean, is an exceedingly beautiful succession of hills in whose dimples nestle glens of surpassing loveliness. In them you might fancy yourself in some tropic land —in Guatemala, for example—for tree-ferns spread their umbrella-like fronds over cascades and splashing waters; laurestinas and daturas grow in rich profusion, while roses and ferns cover the huge

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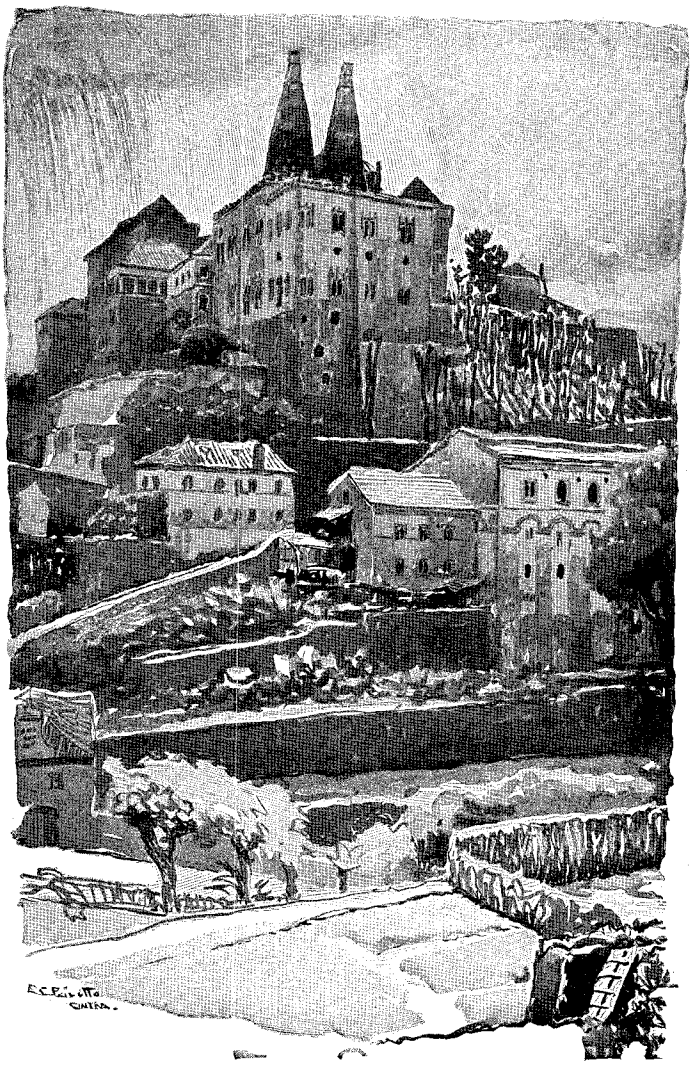

Old Royal Palace, Cintra.

oak and cork trees, and under your feet the petals of azaleas, magenta, pink, and gray, mingle with camellias and magnolias to form a carpet soft and rich in color as the weave of a Persian loom. Such a vale is lovely Monserrate, the princely *quinta* laid out by Beckford of Fonthill centuries ago, and still owned by an Englishman, Sir Francis Cook, who draws his Portuguese title of visconde therefrom.

I think I prefer, however, mysterious Penha Verde, once the home of Dom João de Castro, the honest man who died with but a single vintem in his coffers, though there had passed through his hands the untold wealth of India, of which he was governor for many years. All the reward he asked for his successful siege of Diu was the hill with the six trees, upon which a chapel now stands—a knoll overlooking the lovely valley of Collares, famed for its wines and a vast expanse of valley and glen and hillsides of dense pine woods mounting to rocky summits that touch the fleecy sea clouds. It is a sad, dark park, if you will, but filled with romantic charm—with mossy statues

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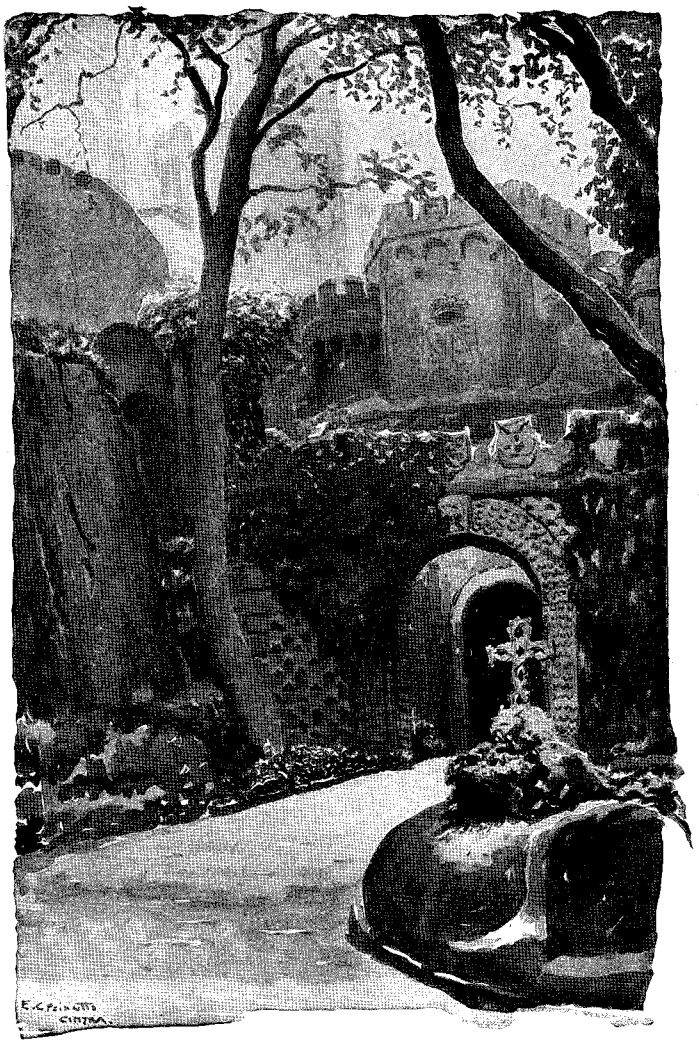

Entrance to the Pena, Cintra.

aligning green-carpeted pathways and, at unexpected corners, capillas and quaint fountains adorned with rare Talavera tiles depicting homely scenes of rustic beauty.

But Cintra's chief enchantment is the wonderful drive up the mountain to the two highest points in the range, one crowned by the old Moorish castle walls, hung in mid-air as it were above the abyss, the other by the Palace of the Pena.

While the road is undoubtedly beautiful upon a sunny morning, with the pungent odor of the pines in your nostrils and glimpses at each turn over plain and valley as you mount ever higher and higher, I shall never forget it on a certain forenoon when the sky was gray and leaden. During the night the sea-fog had driven in and blotted the hills from sight. We thought it would lift later, however, so called a coachman and started up.

First, the vapory clouds were well above our heads, but, as we mounted, the air freshened and the pines began to bend and their needles to hum in the gathering wind. Then all but the nearest objects vanished; then the vapors would lift again and dim silhouettes appear like

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prints on Japanese kakemonos: writhing tree-forms and great granite bowlders. Each twist of the road brought us more completely into a realm of dreams, of goblin-shapes and grotesque outlines, until we turned at last through a gate, a green-coated official saluted us, and we strained up to a massive portal—a fantastic creation in the dim light like the entrance to an enchanted castle.

Here I sketched for a while until patches of blue opened above my head and flecks of sunshine darted through the trees. The areas of clear sky grew larger, and then, as if with the wand of a magician, the sun dispersed the cohorts of the fogs and mists and the noonday burst serene.

I climbed to the aerial terraces of the castle and there below lay the great province of Estremadura spread out like a map in every direction. What a sense of space, of vision without limit! What exhilaration to stand in this proud eagle's nest and survey the unbroken stretch of land and sea!

Vast plains dotted with pink-roofed farms and villages stretched to the northward and to the eastward—to the spires of Mafra's convent as large as the Escurial; to the lines of Torres Vedras, where Wellington finally stopped the all-conquering march of the Napoleonic armies; to the faint blue mountains, one behind the other, that culminate at last in the Estrella, the Mountains of the Stars.

But the eye quickly turns from these and focuses upon the mouth of the Tagus, the source of Lisbon's beauty and of its wealth—its *raison d'être.* This, too, is the high light of the picture, though the city itself half-hides behind its hills. All lines lead to it: the glittering white roads drawn like ribbons over the green fields; the dazzling sickle of the white sand-bars that skirt the sea to the south; even the vessels that creep in and out from the broad blue Atlantic stretching forever to the westward.

And again I thought of the mariners that had set out upon this treacherous sea, so many of them never to return, and of their comrades who, even if they did survive, bronzed and grizzled by their buffets, were stricken with strange tropical fevers. Yet others persevered, with the indomitable spirit of their forebears, bringing home the first black men from Cabo Branco to work the fields of the Algarves, the spices and ivory from Guinea, and, finally, when the goal was reached, the wealth of Malabar and Burma to the gates of Lisbon. And yet in a single century after this golden age of achievement, sapped by corruption and enervated by its new-found wealth, shorn of its colonies, the little Portuguese nation had sunk from its position as the wealthiest and proudest in Europe to be a mere province of Spain. This is the lesson that its history teaches: that not upon its wealth and commercial prosperity does the greatness of a people depend, but upon the high ideals and the stout hearts and rugged sinews of its people.

Many times during our stay in Cintra did I walk these castle terraces, now, since the departure of the royal family, freely open to all, and always did I find new beauty in the changing moods of the picture.

TRADITION

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE old House on the Hill
Has harbored many a fire,—
Keen heart and young desire,—
All silent now and still!

The old House on the Hill
Behind its sheltering walls
Held Joy that Hope recalls,
And Love that hearts fulfil.

The old House on the Hill
Surmounts the flying years,
Fit frame for smiles, or tears,
Strong shield for good, or ill.

The old House on the Hill
Still harbors many a fire,—
New lives, but old desire—
Soon silent, too, and still!

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AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By Jennette Lee

Illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein

THE Island lay in darkness. Only an occasional flash of lightning revealed the great headlands to the east and the figure of a man busily at work. When the lightning came the man crouched a little toward a pile of loose earth at his feet. Then the shovel resumed its play, scooping the earth into the hole before him. Now and then he paused, leaning forward on his spade to listen. No sound came through the dark but the tide creeping on the rocks at the foot of the headland and a distant mutter of thunder to the east.

In a fitful flutter of lightning the Island stretched away, its dry grass and gaunt trees and half-shrubs leaping in a kind of sinister dance in the flickering light. Then darkness, and the muttered thunder rolling from the east—and the man bent again to his work, shovelling earth into the half-filled hole with grotesque, leaping haste. The moon that had glimmered faintly when the work began had disappeared; but the rhythmic throw of the shovel sent each shovelful skilfully to place till it lay heaped in the hole. Then the man leaped down and trod it with heavy, cautious feet. The thunder grew louder and the lightning broke through upon the great figure treading the earth.

He flung aside the shovel and dropped to his hands and knees, scraping the earth out of the grass and moss in swift handfuls and throwing it loosely on top of the hole. The lightning playing across the sky flickered on the dry grass and moss and over the great trees and bleak cliff and the figure in its clumsy garment, half cape, half coat, crawling about the hole like some huge insect surprised at its work.

His hands reached out for a great, shallow stone on the edge of the hole and tugged at it a moment, and he stood up, half swearing under his breath, his great-coat falling apart as he bent to the stone and flapping about his legs. Something fell from the folds and dropped among the loose dirt. A moment later his fingers,

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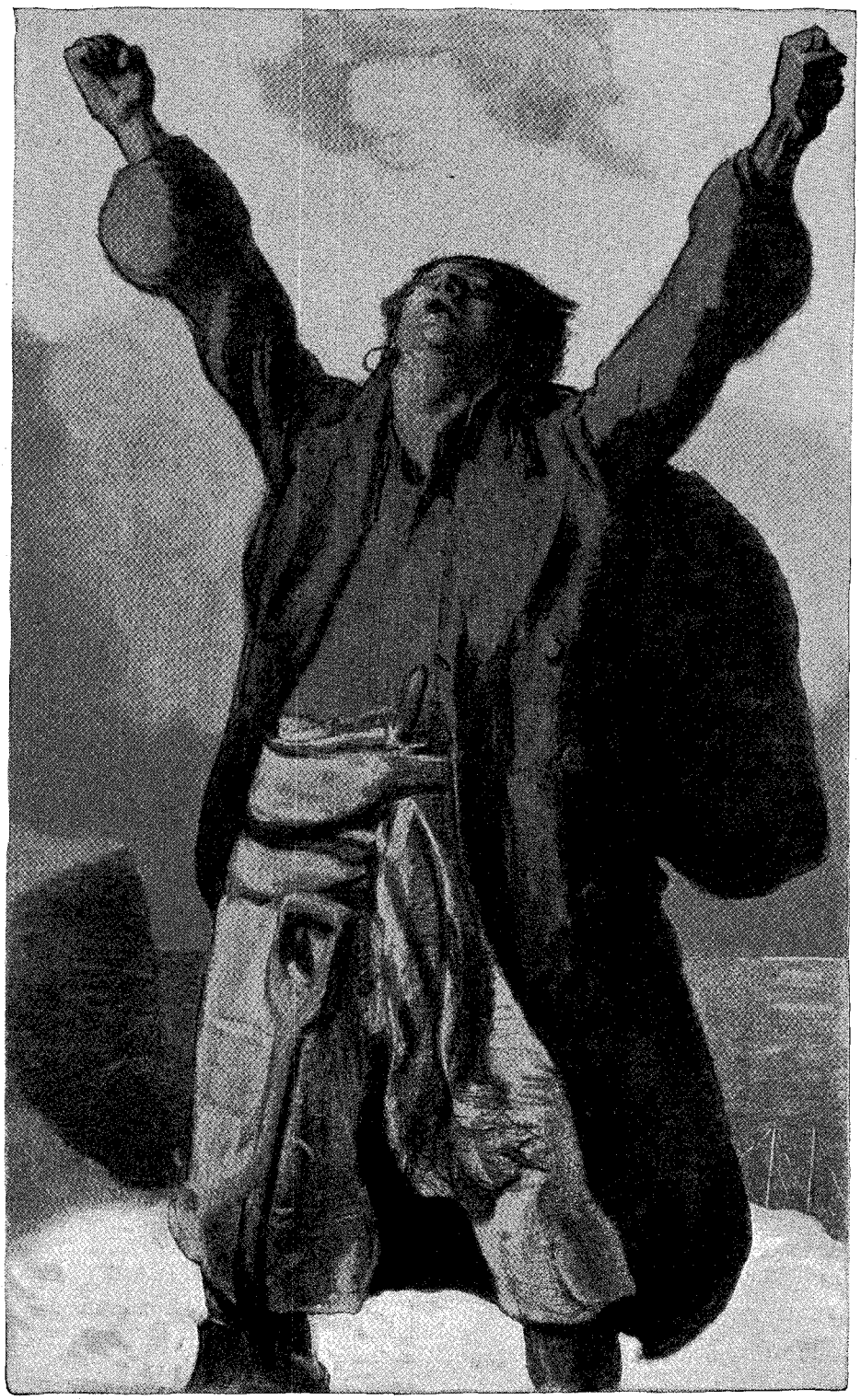

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

For a moment the great figure . . . loomed with arms outstretched on the night.—Page 207.

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groping for the shovel, encountered it, and he gave an exclamation of disgust, throwing it hastily into the hole.

He pried at the stone with the shovel and lifted it and rolled it skilfully into place over the shovelled dirt—not a crack or crevice left for prying eyes or curious fingers. And the rain would wash away all trace of his work. He shuffled a little with his feet, crouching in the grass and rubbing back and forth to erase the signs.

He got to his feet and stood erect and raised himself, stretching his arms high to free the muscles. There was a burst of thunder, a sharp flash that rent the air—and for a moment the great figure in its flopping coat loomed with arms outstretched on the night. Then darkness and the thunder rolling heavily away and swift drops of rain.

He seized the shovel and moved toward the sea, his greatcoat outspreading as he ran. With the falling of the rain the Island seemed to waken and stir. Lights flashed from the hamlet below and vague sounds of living came on the wind. The figure on the cliff paused a moment—then dropped cautiously over the edge; there was a low whistle, an answering sound from the water, and the muffled, even chug of oars moving in clumsy oarlocks. The wind had risen and swept up from the sea and across the headland, driving the rain that fell from a black sky over dry grass and moss and a great, shallow, rounded stone on the top of it.

II

Little breezes crept from the south. Sunlight flicked at lobster buoys and touched swift motor-boats and lingered on the great, shadowy, spreading sails. Everywhere was the tang of the June morning; and life on the Island ran to and fro, sniffing its freshness.

On a great headland to the east two people, a man and a woman, stood looking off at the water.

"I should like to stay all summer," said the man, "but—" He took a coin from his pocket and looked at it a minute, and tossed it in the air with a little twirling gesture and caught it.

The woman smiled back. There was a look of courage in the smile. But the little line between the eyes did not disappear. "No, of course we can't stay, only"—her glance sought the water and the glinting buoys and shadowy sails—"it would mean everything to you!"

"Sure thing!" said the man. "But"—he let his gaze sweep the horizon and come back to her—"I'll try black and white for a while," he said.

"Oh!" She sat down quickly on the nearest rock and looked at him. The little line between her eyes deepened. "You must not give up!"

"It isn't giving up—exactly." His voice fell on the word. "Better men than I am have done black and white," he finished cheerfully.

"Yes, I know." She was not looking at him. Her eyes were on a far-off fishing-boat that sailed back and forth, back and forth, waiting on its school of fish.

"I can't let you!" she said passionately. "Oh"—she turned to him swiftly—"you ought never to have married!"

A little boy came running over the rocks, his hands full of moss and shells. "See, mother, what I found!" He held them up. "Where did the shells come from, mother?" said the child. "How did they get way up here?"

She glanced overhead at the birds circling in wide flight above them.

"The gulls bring them," she said. "They fly over and drop them on the rocks to break open the shells; then they can eat them. See, here is a mussel—and a crab—and a sea-urchin—and this queer one that I don't know."

The child's eyes looked from the shells to the great, sailing wings overhead. "Does the mother gull teach the little ones how to do it?" he asked.

"Perhaps." Her face was lifted to the birds. "Or perhaps they always know how—and just do it. . . . We know a great many things that no one teaches us." The tone was not condescending. She was speaking to the child as if to an equal, and he nestled against her with a contented sigh as her voice went on talking of the gulls and the creatures of the sea.

The man near by watched the two with a little glint in his eye under the sombreness. . . . It was her face that haunted him always—the Botticelli face with wide, clear eyes, the reddish hair drawn close about the ears, and the little look of brood-

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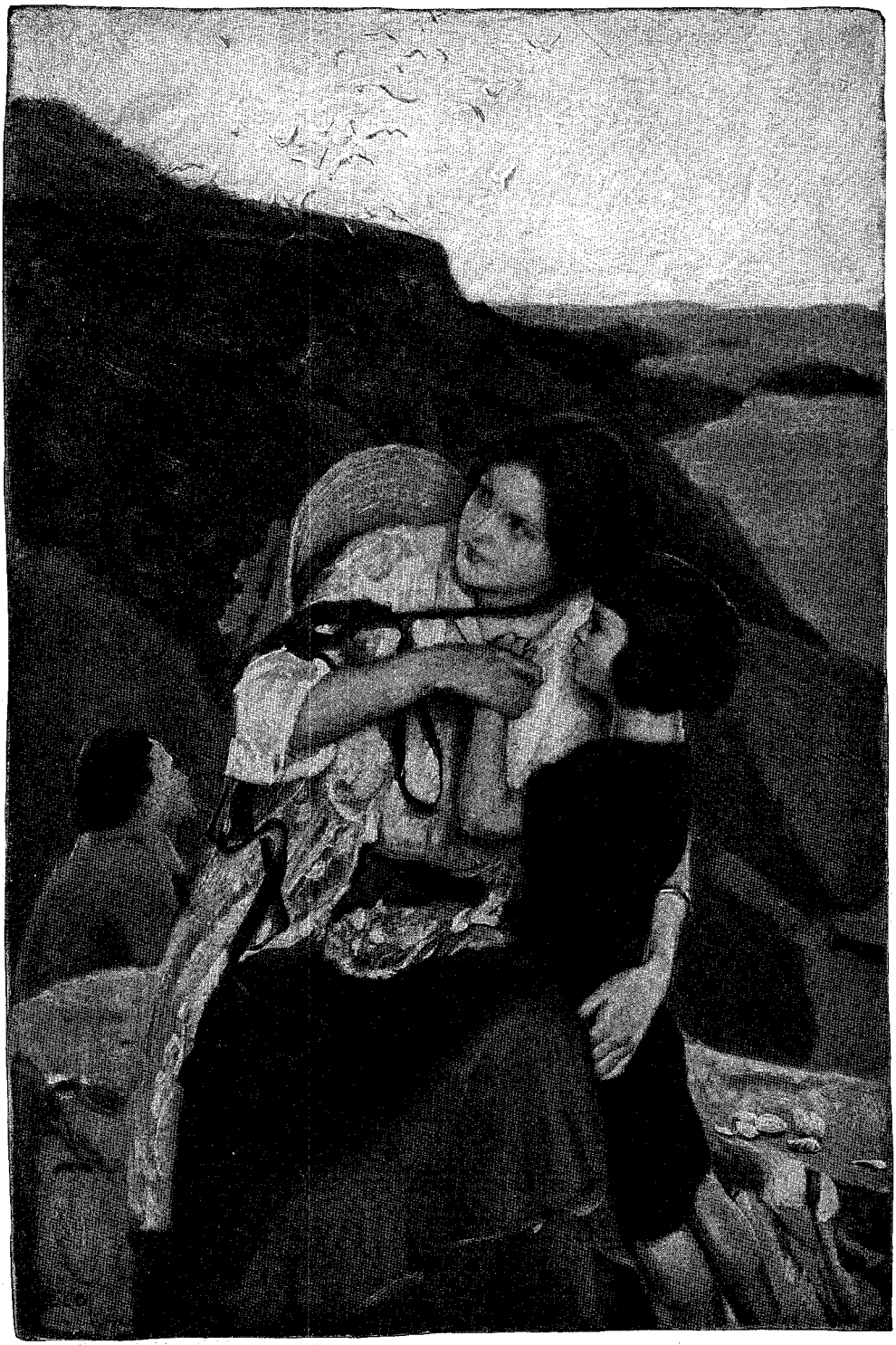

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

He nestled against her with a contented sigh as her voice went on talking of the gulls and the creatures of the sea.—Page 207.

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ing in the brows. He had painted it a hundred times—had tried to paint it—but always the same failure; and still it ensnared him; that look was the most beautiful thing in the world. And he should never be able to paint it—nor to paint anything else. He was only one more unfortunate devil born with an imperious fate, all his life, of painting one woman's look—he spread his long, thin fingers and looked at them—a longing to paint and no power or skill to see; the world was full of them—devils like that. . . . Well, he had his wife and child, and he would not shirk.

He stood up, and the woman glanced quickly from the bits of shell in her hand.

"I have thought of something," she said slowly. She looked at him—the useless, brooding Madonna look that always made his fingers instinctively grope for the brush—then the look broke into a smile. "I know you will call it foolish," she said. "But I could do it. *We* could do it!"

"No doubt we could—if it doesn't cost too much."

"That's it! It doesn't cost anything—to speak of. Why shouldn't we build us a little house right here—a tiny one—and I could cook and sweep and bake and take care of Phil." She drew the child closer to her. "It is the boarding that costs so much—boarding and washing and ironing—I could do it!" Her face had lost its pained look; it was almost radiant. "I could do it all!" she said happily. "And you could paint!"

The child's eyes were regarding her gravely.

"I suppose you know it costs something to build a house?" said the man. He spoke half-teasingly; but there was a note of seriousness in the words. After all—why not? There was a little money left. It would be a last throw. But living like that was cheap. And the house need not cost much——

"We could build it ourselves—almost!" she said, catching his look; and she laughed out, hugging the child to her.

He struggled a little in the tight grasp. "Can I build, too?" he demanded.

"Yes, darling—just as you build your blocks."

"And hammer—hard?" He brought his fists down in happy play on her breast.

She caught them with a little gasp and kissed them.

"It didn't hurt, mother?" He looked at her quickly.

"Not now, darling. Run and play while we talk."

"Give me my shells, then." He gathered them into his hands. "And I can help?" he said, looking back.

"Yes, darling. We couldn't build without you. Run and play."

He trotted contentedly off and her eyes followed him and came back to the man.

"We must do it," she said, "for him and for all of us."

The man did not answer. He had taken a tape measure from his pocket and his eye followed the line of rock.

"Hold this, Flora." He tossed it to her and moved along the ground, putting in a stake here and there and measuring the distance with swift eye.

He came back to her, his face aglow. "Do you know—we could do it—almost!"

She nodded slowly.

"Make this rock, where you are sitting, the corner-stone and run the line out there—twenty feet, perhaps. Just a shelter. It's all we need——"

"Just a shelter," she repeated. "And I could keep house then and save—oh, so much!"

"We could live on nothing!"

They caught each other's hands and stood for a moment swinging them between them. Then they laughed.

He watched her face in its happiness.

"I believe I could paint you if we lived here—up high, with the gulls about! . . . I could get the look."

She had seated herself again on the rock and he threw himself on the moss and studied the face that was watching the flight of gulls beyond the headland.

"It is so simple," he murmured.

"Yes?" A little smile curved the line of her lip.

"That's the trouble with it," went on the voice. "Everything there for every one to see; and yet, in behind, something big—something to guess at—and put in color, stroke by stroke. . . . I wish—I had—my brush!"

"Are you through? May I move?"

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"If I could hold it just long enough to see—what it is. It's as if you had a secret, Flora—not yours, you know, but a secret of the ages, something that some one else had learned, through suffering, and hidden in your eyes——"

"That's very pretty!" said the woman softly.

He did not heed her. "The world is seeking it; it needs it, running here and there, seeking—seeking; and all it seeks is hidden in your face!"

"Dear boy!" She half-bent to him and put out a hand. "You shall paint it and the world shall call you great!"

He raised himself on his elbow. "There! That is it!" He spoke quickly, with a half-blind look. "And now it goes! P-u-ff!" He fell back on the moss, his hands clasped behind his head, and stared up at the sweeping, easy-pinioned gulls flying overhead.

"As easy as that!" he murmured to himself.

III

The carpenter whom they had brought to help lay out the foundation looked at the ground thoughtfully. "Best take out this rock." He touched it with his foot.

"We thought that would make a good corner-stone," said the artist.

The man smiled—a slow, gentle, fatherly smile—as if they were boy and girl planning a playhouse. "You won't need such terribly heavy foundations for your house," he said. "And you'll get your level pretty easy if this comes out." He struck it with the crowbar he carried. "It's not so heavy as it looks."

He thrust the crowbar under the side and pried a little. The stone stirred in its place—a skilful twist and it lay upturned.

They peered into the shallow hole. "How strange—and it looked so firm!"

"There's a good deal of that kind on the Island," said the man. "Sort of surface rock that looks as if it might go deep." He had bent over the hole and was throwing out the dirt lightly.

"I'll dig a little here and set your posts for you. You want good cedar posts that'll stand the frost. Hullo!"

He stooped and picked up something that the shovel had thrown out.

He rubbed it a little on his overalls and handed it to the artist with a smile. "There's a good-luck piece for you," he said good-naturedly."

They turned it in curious palms—a huge copper coin with half-effaced inscription and date—1808.

They rubbed its dimness and studied it with happy eyes.

"We'll build it into the fireplace," said the artist. "It will bring us luck, you think——?"

The man nodded. "Shouldn't wonder. That's what they say. They find 'em on the Island here sometimes—old pieces like that."

"But how could it have got under there?" said the woman. She was looking at the place with wide eyes.

The digger's glance followed hers reflectively. "Well, you can't tell. Maybe a house stood there once—some of the children might 'a' lost it——"

He was moving slowly among the rocks, measuring the site. "How far does your land go, Mr. Collins?" he asked.

"We bought the headland," said the artist. "We didn't mean to buy it all; but Richards wouldn't sell a part. He didn't ask much."

"No, he wouldn't ask much; it's worthless land. But I always liked it here." He straightened himself and looked out at the water. "It's a sightly place," he said. . . . "You'll need some things over to the store, Mr. Collins—nails and so on. I told 'em what you'd want. But you'll have to fetch 'em up yourself."

When he was gone the woman sat watching the man who was digging. A little smile had come to her face and her lips were very red. She leaned forward, pointing to the hole.

"You don't suppose somebody buried it—there!"

He looked up and shook his head slowly. "There's a good many stories; and folks have dug up pretty much the whole Island, I guess, first and last. But I never heard of their finding much—old teaspoons is about all, I guess." He struck the shovel into the ground. "I'll dig here, and put in the posts, and after dinner we'll get out the foundations. You can go ahead then all right by yourselves."

He threw out a few shovelfuls of earth. . . . Then he paused, leaning on his

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spade, and pushed back the hat from his forehead. "You see that big house over to the left—the square-roofed one—with green blinds?"

The woman nodded, looking toward it across the shimmering water of the bay.

"Well, they say that house was built with gold dug out of a hole—pirate's gold."

"Pirate's gold!" The eyes held a swift thought. "Is that what was buried here?"

The man laughed good-naturedly. "I don't feel so sure about it; but folks like to talk, you know. That house was built—let me see—eighty years ago—maybe more. My father helped dig the cellar—same as I am helping dig yours here." He nodded humorously toward the post-hole. "And he always told how one night they stopped work and the next morning the man they was digging for was gone and his boat was gone and the work stopped where it was for months—pretty near a year; and then the man—Fordham was his name—came back one day unexpected, and his boat was loaded down to the rail with lumber—stuff for a big house—all sawed and fitted and ready to go up. They wa'n't no time building it. He seemed to have gold and to spare——"

"Pirate's gold," said the woman softly, as if the words held an evil charm.

The man laughed and lifted the spade. "Gold is gold," he said quietly. "You can wash gold pretty clean, you know—soap and stuff." He thrust the spade into the ground.

The woman's eyes followed the motion. "It must be terrible," she said, "money like that!"

He looked up at her. His eyes were gray—the gray of the sea on dark days—and they watched the look in the woman's face with a quiet smile.

"You'd be afraid of it?" he said.

She gave a quick gesture. "There would be a curse on it!"

He nodded slowly. "I know—I feel it, too. . . . It came true with the Fordhams. They was always kind o' sickly and pindlin'—the children and them that lived to grow up—and now they've died out, root and branch. Some summer folks own the house—man by the name of Bridewell from Boston. I guess that's deep enough—" He looked down at the hole. "Unless you want me to go deeper." He held his shovel over the hole, looking at her significantly.

She returned the look, and the little balance swung for a moment between them. She drew a quick breath. "No—no—I don't want it," she said.

The man laughed out and picked up a long cedar post, squinting at it. "Like enough there is nothing there," he said dryly.

He measured a length on the post and placed it ready to saw; and the sound of the saw made music about them. The severed stick fell to the ground and rolled a little way. He picked it up, balancing it in his hands. "That's good timber," he said. "It will last you a lifetime."

He carried it to the hole. "We've got some things down to the house," he said, setting the post in place and stamping the earth about it, "—things that come from a pirate boat. There's quite a handful of buttons—belonged on an old coat. I've heard my grandfather tell the story a good many times. *His* father told it to him—how, when he was a boy, a pirate boat come ashore one night. There was an awful storm, and the next morning there she was on the rocks—down to Dead Man's Cove—not a soul on board."

The child, who had come running up and had heard the last words, looked out over the water. "Where were they gone?" he said.

"Drowned, sonny—every one of 'em. All there was left was their old black flag and some clothes."

The woman smiled at the child. "They were bad men," she said.

He nodded gravely. "I think I'll play I am a pirate." He trotted off.

The man watched him running over the rocks. "He's a lively one," he said. "I had a little suit, when I wa'n't any bigger'n him, made out of the old coat. That's how we came to have the buttons. It had been hanging around years, and finally my mother made it up. But I never felt very good in it. I was a kind o' queer little chap, I guess." He smiled gently.

"How cruel," said the woman, "to make you wear it—a little child!"

"Oh, that was all right—I outgrew it pretty fast. I didn't mind so much—only the other boys, they called me 'Dead-Eyed Pete.' That was the name of the

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man that run her—the pirate boat. . . . The Island hasn't ever forgot him nor his boat."

"That's one reason folks have dug so much," he added. "They would have it that the pirate must 'a' had gold aboard her and that she put in here to bury it, and got caught. But they've never found it——"

"There—there's your post!" He stood up and glanced at the sun and then at the watch that he drew from his pocket. "I'll have to be getting home now. You tell Mr. Collins I'll be back after dinner to finish up."

Long after he was gone the woman sat looking off at the water. There were blue veins in the thin hands clasped in her lap—the hands that were to wash and iron and bake and scrub for the little house that was to be built. But the look in her eyes saw beyond the cooking and the scrubbing. And when the child came running up she clasped him to her in a kind of happy play.

He struggled from her and slid down into the hole, stamping the earth with eager feet. "I'm going to help build," he said, looking up with happy eyes.

"Yes, dear. You're going to help. We couldn't build without you to help," she said.

IV

She murmured in her sleep and turned a little and sat up, rubbing her eyes; but before the eyes had opened, her feet had crossed the room and her hands were groping toward the little cot across the room—something wrong with Phil!

And even while her hands encountered the empty blankets and she drew back in the moonlit room, the hands had gathered up her hair and were coiling it about her head and she was dressing in swift haste, throwing on a kimono and taking the child's thick cape from its nail. She did not stop to question. Mothers do not question things that are important—and true.

The Island lay so quiet in the moonlight that it seemed enchanted. Nothing mattered but the great moon sailing overhead, so calm and unmoved, and little Phil waiting for her—if she should reach him in time.

She half-ran, half-flew, it seemed, across the beach, along the road and up the grassy path to the headland—and in the moonlight at the top she stopped.

Far out—on the very edge, it seemed to her—a small figure stood in the moonlight, its white garment blown a little in the wind. She clasped her hands to her and stood motionless—as still as the figure on the cliff—till it turned and seemed to spread its hands a little and came toward her—slowly at first—then hurrying, as if following some unseen guide. . . .

She stood awed with a sudden sense of the mystery of the child and of the great dream force that lifted and carried it over the rough ground; the bare feet did not flinch at the sharp rocks, and he moved as certainly as if a thousand unseen eyes guided him. Her breath came more easily now and she was moving toward him; but he swerved from her and ran to the hole where the foundation-post showed vaguely, and dangled his feet for a moment over the edge before he slid down into it and began to tread the earth with bare feet, singing a little to himself.

She watched him a minute—and moved forward, noiseless. She must not waken him or frighten him—and she dropped to her knees beside the hole, bending forward, crooning words of sleep and love as she gathered the little figure in her arms and lifted it. The head fell back on her shoulder, a smile on the dream lips, and she gathered him close, wrapping the cape about him.

For a long time she sat in quiet, watching the sleeping face and looking off to the water beyond the cliff.

The enchantment of the place grew about her—the Island, big and mysterious, off there in the moonlight, and beyond it, holding it close, the sea; and beyond the sea, the sky and circling stars and that great, quiet, careless moon riding aloft. . . . And little Phil asleep in her arms.

He stirred softly and she mothered him and gathered him close.

Then something whispered to her and she stared at it—and half-laughed—and got to her feet, with the child in her arms, and carried him to a sheltered place and laid him down on the moss, wrapping the cape close about him.

There was a half-broken shovel some-

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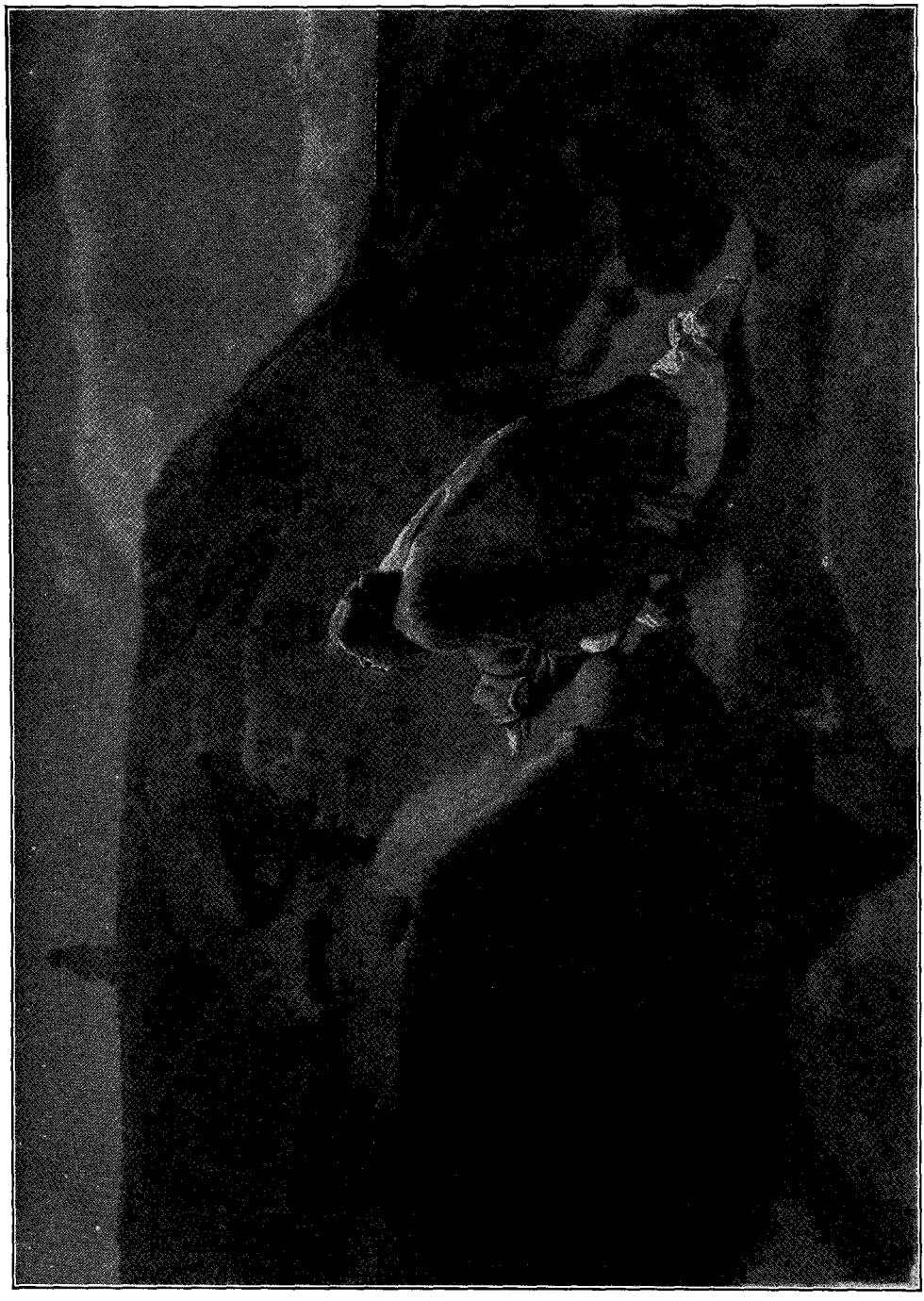

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Far out—on the very edge, it seemed to her—a small figure stood in the moonlight.—Page 212.

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where—? Yes, she had found it. She hurried to the hole and began digging with swift, clumsy strength.

She threw out the earth, smiling happily. . . . It was a foolish thing to do . . . the carpenter would be vexed in the morning when he found his cedar post uprooted. She tugged at it, swaying back and forth till it loosened and she lifted it from the hole.

The work could go faster now; the broken shovel moved up and down with its tiny load of earth under the high-riding moon. The kimono was in her way; it fell open and got underfoot and hindered her—till she gathered it around her waist, with a tough bit of vine, and tied it close under her breasts; her hair had loosened and straggled a little. She was a creature of the earth, age-old, tugging at some task too great for her that the gods had set her to do. . . .

The moon sagged and went down and shadows crept up on the cliff and drew in about her. The scraggy bushes and wind-blown trees stirred vaguely; something ran through the grass and rustled away.

A slow sound came out of the darkness, and she stopped her digging and leaned forward to listen, peering with intent eyes toward the path she had come.

A glow crept up over the edge and a great head shaped itself on the dark. . . . She gasped a little, holding her shovel close. Dancing thoughts of Dead-Eyed Pete played in the background of her mind—as the shadow grew and climbed to the figure of a man carrying a lantern in his hand and coming clumsily over the rocks.

She crouched a little in her hole. But the figure came straight toward her.

Then she saw it was the carpenter and she stood up with a little cry!

He leaned forward, swinging his lantern toward her. "Well, I'll be switched!" he said.

She laughed, breathless. "I was afraid *I* was going to be! I thought you were Dead-Eyed Pete."

He chuckled. "I reckon we've both got Peters on the brain to-night!" He set down the lantern and regarded her. "I hunted up them old buttons I was telling you about when I got home; and looking at 'em and handling 'em made me feel kind o' queer and creepy-like—I must 'a' slept over 'em, I guess—and next thing I knew I was gettin' ready to come up here and have a look at that hole."

She held up the bit of broken shovel. "I am glad you came."

"You couldn't get along very fast with that, could you? Well, you set there and we'll see—what we see!"

He got down into the hole, and the dirt came out in steady, rhythmic sweeps. Presently he bent forward and grunted.

She waited, intent.

There was silence and a cautious, scraping sound. He lifted his head.

"Well—I've struck—something! May be just another rock——"

She leaned forward. The light of the lantern threw yellow rays about them and over the loose dirt by the hole. He bent again and felt with his hands.

"Give me that shovel of yours," he said.

With the bit of iron as a lever he drove home a blow or two. Something gritted and broke and he lifted his face.

"You've found your treasure, all right!"

She gave a cry and sank to her knees, looking down. "Is it there?"

"Right there—whatever it is—I broke the hasp, snap-off, that last blow. Here, give me the lantern——"

There was a sudden cry—and a swift movement behind them, and they turned.

"Mother! Are you there, mother?" The voice came out of the dark and she ran toward it.

"Right here, Phil! Mother's here!" She gathered him up, half-asleep still.

"I thought you'd gone," he murmured.

"No, I'm here. We're right up here by the new house you're going to build—you know."

He raised himself sleepily. "That's all right. I thought you'd gone!" His hand stole up to her face.

"What's the light for?" he said.

She carried him to the hole.

The carpenter placed the lantern on the loose earth and held out his hands. "See here, youngster, you shall have first look." He glanced at the woman, over the child's head. "There's never a curse on what a child touches," he said.

He took the child in his arms and set him down gently. "Put your hand down there, sonny. That's right—right there! Now show your ma what you've found!"

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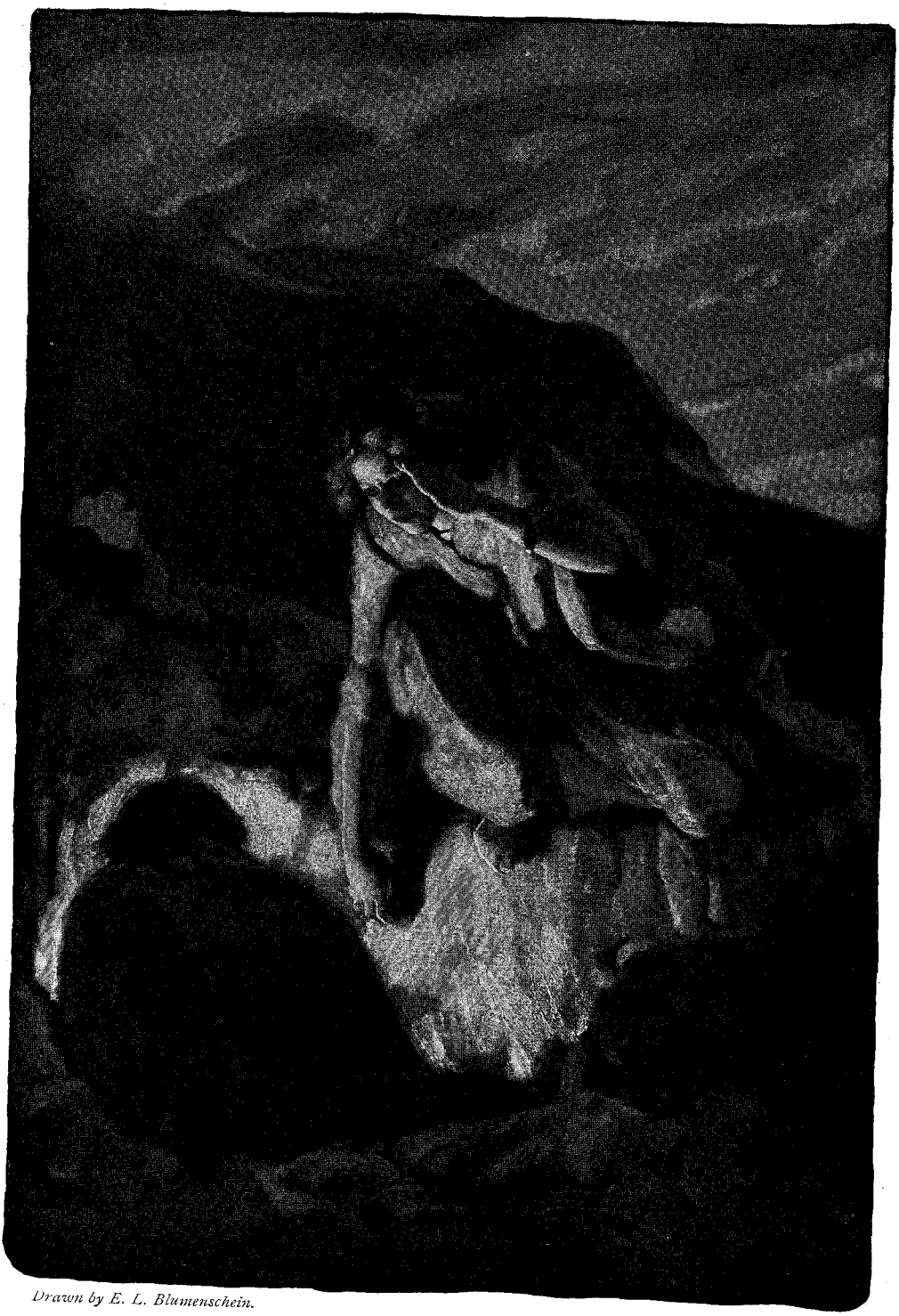

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

She gave a cry and sank to her knees, looking down. "Is it there?"—Page 214.

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The child stood up with awed face and lifted his hand into the light of the lantern. A shining yellow bit of something gleamed in the small palm.

He regarded it gravely. Then he looked overhead into the darkness. "Did the gulls drop it?" he said.

The man laughed out, lifting him from the hole. "The gulls! That's a good one. Yes, the gulls put it there a good many years ago, I reckon. A big black gull hid it there for you to find—some day."

"A big black gull hid it for me," said the child.

V

ONE picture of the exhibition was an unquestioned success. It hung on the east wall opposite the entrance. The crowd paused in front of it, with pleased or puzzled looks, and went on, and came back—for another look.

"I don't see why he calls it 'Pirate's Gold'!"

The young girl glanced at the catalogue in her hand and up again at the picture. "It's more like Correggio's 'Night,'" she said slowly, "or a 'Holy Family' by some old master . . . only it's too modern—and too—I don't know what!" She laughed and broke off.

"It's a ripping good piece of work!" said her companion. "I'd like to be the man that did it!"

He had an artist's face and he looked at the picture enviously as he spoke.

The crowd pressed in and they moved away. Two bankers regarded the picture tolerantly, over the heads of the crowd, and passed on—and turned back for another look.

"I wouldn't mind owning it," said one of them thoughtfully.

The crowd shifted and broke and a new one formed. And it was always the ones who came back that lingered longest, as if held by something—something that made them happy.

A dealer, across the room, studied the picture and studied the crowd. He slipped the catalogue into his pocket and strolled away.

A man and woman came through the west door of the gallery and stood a moment looking in on the walls of color and the drifting crowd.

"I'm over there," said the man.

He motioned to the picture where the group gathered and led her toward a bench a little distance off.

"Sit down," he said. "We can see from here. It's a good light!" he added with satisfaction.

She sat down and looked up at the picture.

He watched her face.

"Well—?" he said at last.

She did not speak. Her eyes were brooding on it.

"Well—?" he repeated.

She gave a little start. "Yes? Oh—yes. I like it. Do I look like that?"

"Very *much* like that!" he said contentedly. "I knew I should get it some day!"

"Yes." She smiled at the satisfaction in the tone.

"But how did you come to see us? I did not know——"

He laughed out. "I was afraid to tell you—afraid you would jog my elbow, I guess. I didn't tell any one. I worked—for that!" He lifted his hand to it.

"You always escaped so!" He was looking at the picture musingly.

"But when I saw you—with the darkness overhead and the light of the lantern coming up to you and the loose earth lying about—I knew you couldn't get away. And I knew for the first time what it was you needed—more earth!"

He laughed a little.

"More earth!—on your face, little streaks of it—and on your hair that is coming loose—and all through you—just more earth, my dear!"

He said it in a tone of quiet affection, and she turned to him and smiled.

"I could have told you that."

He nodded. "But I had to find it out myself. I had painted you too high—among the clouds; and so you escaped. But not this time!" He chuckled a little. "It is good work!" he said.

"But how did you come to see us there?" she persisted.

"It was simple. I missed you and Phil, and started out to look, and saw the lantern up the path and followed it. When I saw who it was and what was going on I didn't want to speak or break in. I knew I had found what I had been looking for all my life!"

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"And you didn't care what Phil and I had found?"

"It didn't matter so much, did it? It buys clothes—" He glanced at her with a little look of pride. "It buys clothes—But——"

"And things for Phil," she said eagerly.

"And things for Phil," he assented easily. "I don't mind. But—" He looked about him at the moving crowd and the little group before his picture. . . . "But it doesn't give things to everybody. . . . That's what your picture does!— Look at their faces, dear! They will carry it away. They can't wear it or eat it—but they will love it!"

"Yes, they will love it—always." She was watching the crowd and she spoke softly.

"But, all the same—" She looked across to the eyes of the picture—so like her own—and smiled to them. "But, all the same, I am glad that Phil will have enough to eat!" she said.

A LITTLE TRAGEDY AT COOCOOCACHE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE last rays of the June sun flashed from the dripping paddle of one who drove his birch-bark up the wild reaches of the wilderness river as though life itself were at stake. And it was.

All day and half the preceding night François Hertel had poled and paddled and portaged, putting mile after mile of the racing St. Maurice between his canoe and the railroad camp at Coocoocache. The long hours of pull and drag and thrust which his will forced upon the wire cables that were the muscles of his back and arms had long since left them numb to all sensation. Still, automatically, they drove pole and paddle.

On he crept up the river as the day died, now rising to thrust viciously through quick-water, again dropping to his knees to push stubbornly through the slower stretches. Once or twice, as the twilight slowly masked the stream behind him, the voyageur threw a quick look backward. But well he knew that with the six hours' start he had on his pursuers no crew from the railroad camp at Coocoocache could overhaul François Hertel, famed from Timiskaming to the Roberval as a canoeman. When once he reached the forks where the Manuan and the Ribbon met the main stream he could laugh at those behind. For there three roads led into the wide north, and the hopelessness of his pursuers' quest would turn them back.

Since midnight, when he had reached his canoe, cached in the brush above the camp of the Transcontinental contractors at the End-of-Steel, and pushed north, he had given little thought to the man lying back there in the shack with a knife in his heart. That had been the inevitable result of the dead man's infamy. He had paid in the coin of the north, and there was an end to it.

But the raw agony of his own homecoming would live with him by day and by night until the good God took what was left of François Hertel. The grief that had struck him from the blue sky on his return from his winter hunt to find his home a charred ruin and his wife Marie gone—drowned, or dead somewhere in the forest, no one knew which—would companion him into the gray years. Again and again as he drove his canoe up the long quick-water he had recalled the joy that had been his when he turned the bend above the Hudson's Bay Company post at Coocoocache—Cree, for Nest of the Gray Owl—and his glad eyes sought the cabin on the island he had built the previous summer for his young bride. How he and Philippe, his partner, had

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sung, thinking she might hear them before they came in sight around the bend, and then—the thrust of pain that reached his heart at the grim spectacle of his ruined home. Song there died on his lips, never to return.

They had hastened to the island, but nothing in the ruins enlightened them as to the fate of Marie. Hoping to find her safe at the post, they had crossed the river. There the frenzied husband listened as the factor told the pitiful tale.

A week before Hertel's arrival the yelping of the huskies had brought the post people from their beds to find the cabin across the narrows in flames. A canoe went over at once but found no traces of Marie Hertel or her husky dog. In the morning the factor discovered in the mud of the shore the deep imprint of boots. That was the only clew. They recalled, then, that twice during the spring Marie Hertel had told the factor's wife of the visit of a canoe from the railroad camp. But the sight of her rifle and the long fangs of the husky had driven off the drunken contractor, Walker.

Some days after the fire the body of the poisoned dog was found in the brush near the camp. But the ruins of the cabin gave up no further clew to the fate of Marie Hertel. Killed and thrown into the river to cover the crime, doubtless, the factor surmised.

It was a madman who listened with drawn face to the ghastly tale. At the end he shook off, like children, those who attempted to hold him back from starting for the camp across the river. Hertel had tossed his rifle into his canoe and was shoving off when the factor's warning checked him.

"Wait, François! We only suspect; we don't know. If you go over there now they might get you before you get Walker. Wait and see your friend Desaules upriver before you make yourself an outlaw."

So the desperate trapper had waited.

First he went down-stream with Philippe, searching the shores for the drowned body of his wife, but in a week returned from the hopeless quest. Up the Right-of-Way, at the gravel-pit, no one could give him any information, the Frenchmen in the contractor's gang meeting his inquiries with shrugs of the shoulders; but in their eyes was sympathy. Still, they knew nothing.

At the engineer's camp ten miles above he found his old friend Desaules, whom he had guided across to the Abitibi years before on the preliminary survey.

"Yes; he always had a streak of yellow, François; we've had plenty of trouble with him on this job, but he has political influence at Ottawa. Wait for the government police; they are due in a few days for the investigation."

"I will save dem de trouble. Au revoir!" And, gripping the hand of his friend, Hertel had started back to Coocoocache. There a Frenchman of Walker's gang came to him secretly at the post and told him that he had seen Walker's canoe returning from the island the night of the fire.

The contractor's fate was sealed.

That afternoon Hertel erected a cross of hewn spruce on the site of his ruined home and with a hardwood stick burned into the white wood the words: "Marie Hertel."

The following morning Walker was found dead in his bunk with a knife in his heart. Attached to the steel haft of the knife was a scrap of birch bark on which were written these words:

"For cross on islan I leeve dees cross.
"FRANÇOIS HERTEL."

When Hertel reached the forks the stars were out. Passing the mouths of the Manuan and the Ribbon, he chose the main stream, travelling far into the night. As the moon dipped into the blue-black silhouettes of the Laurentians he went ashore, carried his canoe and outfit into the forest, where he cooked some food and slept. In less than twenty-four hours he had fought his way up forty miles of the St. Maurice, much of it white water and poling current. But little it mattered to François Hertel that he had performed a feat few men in the north could equal, when far down the river, in some lonely backwater, the stricken body of her whom he cherished lay floating by the shore unburied.

One evening, a month later, two men sat in the trade-house of Lost Lake Post

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discussing a bottle of whiskey with the factor.

"Now, look here, McCready, you don't mean to tell us that Hertel didn't show up here after he murdered Walker?" said one of the strangers.

"I tell you," replied the fur-trader vehemently, "that I haven't seen François Hertel this year; but I warn you now that the luckiest thing that can happen to you two will be to never come up with him. He'll wipe you out if you do."

"Come, now, you don't suppose that any Frenchman in this province could get the best of us two?" answered the detective, bristling with anger. "We've run down too many of these bad men."

"I've advised you to start down-river; now, if you get hurt it's not my fault," growled McCready, his eyes glittering. "I know Hertel. If Walker had done to me what he did to François, I'd have killed Walker, and if you government people came trackin' me into the bush I'd kill you, too, before I'd stand trial. Now you know where I stand, Mr. Dobson."

"Well, I'll give you Hudson's Bay Company people fair warning that, if you intend to protect outlaws from justice when the government has ordered them held if they show up at a post, you're going to see some trouble with Ottawa. I'll take care, also, that the commissioner at Winnipeg hears of this."

"All right," returned the stubborn Scot; "make your complaint, but take your crew and start down-river to-morrow. This post is too small for us three; besides, you've been interfering with the trade. To-day you tried to take some of my Crees down to the railroad to get information out of them."

"That ain't so, McCready," broke in the third man, "the Crees are lying to you."

"My Crees don't lie; they have to learn that sort of thing from government detectives," replied McCready, making no effort to conceal his contempt. "I'm only sorry Hertel ain't here. He'd make the two of you take water right enough. There ain't an abler man or better rifle-shot in the north country than that Frenchman."

"Well, McCready," said Dobson, "he'll come back with us, nevertheless, if we fall in with him, or he'll lie where he's hit."

The factor laughed sarcastically as he said: "I guess you never heard of his fight at La Tuque with the lumberjacks. He licked a herd of 'em single-handed down there two years ago. You wouldn't start him sweatin' if he took hold of you with his hands, and with a knife——"

The door of the trade-room swung open with a crash. On the threshold stood a tall stranger. Beads of sweat trickling down his swart features and corded forearms, from which the sleeves of his shirt were rolled, together with his quick breathing, gave evidence of recent hard paddling. His deep-set eyes met the gaze of the government men, who faced the door at the interruption, with a challenging glitter.

McCready sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair. Then, recovering himself, he cried:

"Bonjour, Pierre! How are the people at Half-Way House?"

Ignoring the question, the voyageur strode toward the table where the government men exchanged furtive glances. But McCready, stepping in front of him, seized his hand, saying as he did: "What brings you from Half-Way House, Pierre?"

The set mouth of the stranger momentarily threatened a smile and the eyes softened.

"T'anks, ma fr'en', but eet ees not Pierre from Half-Way House." Then, addressing the men at the table, he said: "I am François Hertel from Coocoocache."

At the words Dobson got to his feet, turning to the wall where his revolver hung in its holster from a wooden peg. But Hertel was there before him, and, seizing the detective by the shoulders, with a quick wrench hurled him half-way across the room to the floor.

Dobson's mate, surprised by the suddenness of the movement, stared irresolutely at the Frenchman, who was now between the government men and the corner where their Winchesters stood.

Hertel smiled as he watched Dobson slowly regain his feet. Then he repeated:

"I am François Hertel. I hear you cum to Los' Lac to tak' me. You lose tam; here ees you' man. At you' plaisir!"

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McCready, leaning against the hewn spruce planking of his counter, laughed loudly at the discomfiture of his guests.

"Yes, Dobson, I was wrong; my eyes are growing weak. I can swear that this man is François Hertel. There he is! Take him!"

"Damn you, McCready," cried the exasperated and already cowed detective, "I'll bet you put this job up!" For an instant he looked longingly at the rifle out of his reach, then snarled at Hertel: "If you're François Hertel, you're under arrest for the murder of Walker at Coocoocache. You'd better give yourself up and come peaceably."

"Ah-hah! So dat ees de way de win' blow?" derisively rejoined Hertel, leaning carelessly, arms folded, against the wall in the manner of a cat baiting a mouse. "I t'o't you cum to tak' François Hertel wid you' han'. Now, w'en he travel long way to geeve you chance, you two beeg, strong man you try scare him wid beeg talk, but you 'fraid soil you' han' on François Hertel, eh?"

Hertel's white teeth flashed in a dangerous smile as he waited a movement from his enemies. As they made none, he took the pistols from the wall and flung them through an open window, while his erstwhile hunters helplessly bit their beards in their rage. With a few words the Frenchman had wrung the braggadocio from them as one wrings the water from a towel. They knew their master and made no move to interfere when Hertel took their Winchesters in his left arm and, shaking hands with McCready, turned sarcastically at the door.

"And dey sen' you to tak' me, François Hertel, down riviere? Tell dem dat François Hertel goes far into de nord w'ere leetle boy detect' will get los' on hees trail. Nex' tam sen' some men to fin' heem, not leetle boy wid heart of rabbit."

And with an "Au revoir, ma fr'en'," to McCready, he disappeared into the night.

"Well, you two are a fine pair of buckos to come up here into the bush after a man," sneered McCready as Dobson slouched into a chair on the exit of Hertel.

"If I ever saw a couple of full-grown men take water, I saw it to-night."

"What could we do?" protested Dobson. "He had us blocked from our guns."

"Yes, but he didn't turn them on you. He dared you to put your hands on him. He just wanted to tie you into a few knots and let you go. If he'd cared to, he'd a knifed you both before you knew what was happening to you or shot you where you sat."

"You needn't fear, McCready; he ain't seen the last of us," sullenly replied the government man.

McCready's Scotch blood went hot.

"What, after a man has shown you up for a pair of chicken-hearted tenderfeet? You'll leave this post to-morrow morning! Understand? You've made enough trouble among my Crees already. If you stay here much longer you'll be wakin' up some mornin' with a knife in your chest as Walker did; only this time it'll be a Cree who'll leave it there, and for the same reason that Walker got his. To-morrow your canoe heads south. Good-night!"

On their return the government police reported that they had found no traces of François Hertel in the headwater country of the St. Maurice. Then the authorities raised a hue and cry from Ottawa to Lake St. John, offering a reward for the murderer, dead or alive, and despatched packets by the main river routes into the north. For Walker had political friends in Ottawa, and the majesty of the law needs must be sustained.

In the autumn, when the birch leaves gilded the forest floor and the geese honked south, the canoes returned from their quest—but not with François Hertel.

Later, in December, every dog-team that jingled into a Hudson's Bay post of Rupert Land carried a government order from Ottawa commanding the arrest of François Hertel, French trapper, wanted for the murder of James Walker at Coocoocache on the St. Maurice. And many a hardy fur-trader, to whom this document came, shook his head sadly, wondering what had led his old friend François to make an outlaw of himself—François Hertel, by whose side he had lain under the stars on more than one summer voyage or with whom he had smoked by the roaring birch logs of winter camps. And not a few to whom came this command smiled grimly as they read, for already had the tale of the burned shack and the cross at

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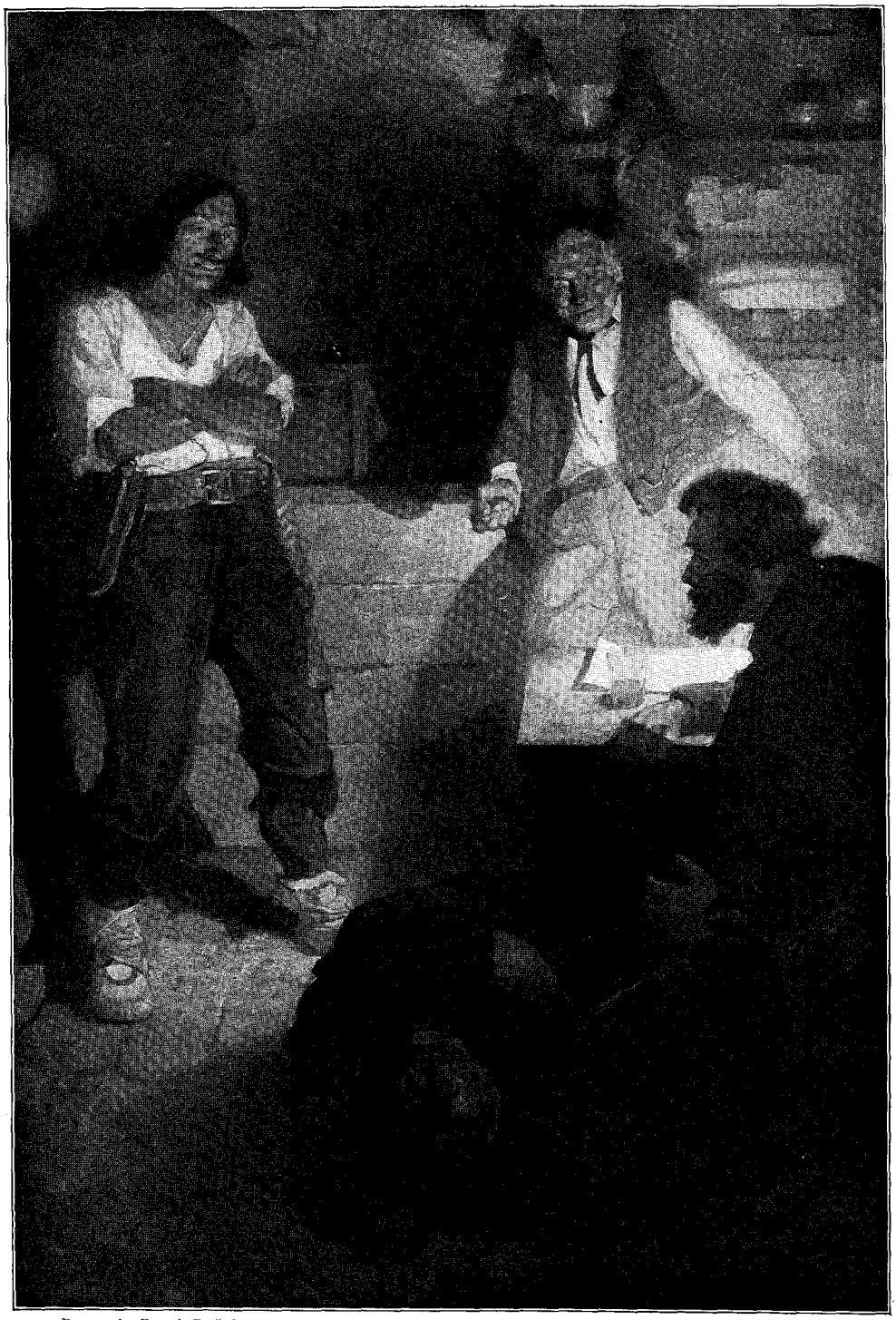

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

"I am François Hertel. I hear you cum to Los' Lac to tak' me. You lose tam; here ees you' man."—Page 219.

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Coocoocache reached them. For in the north such news travels fast and far. And of those who smiled there was not one but would have fed, clothed, and outfitted the renegade Hertel, had he come seeking succor from the ruthless northern winter, and sent him on his way with a godspeed. For Hertel had but exacted in good northern coin every farthing of debt Walker owed him. And it is a law of the north that men pay their debts—and collect them.

So it fell out that one January day a dog-team with a man ahead breaking trail and another reeling at the gee-pole of the sled was floundering into the drive of the blizzard that had howled south upon the Height-of-Land country from ice-bound James Bay. For two days, in the teeth of it, the team had labored up the great wilderness lake, now losing the hardened trail underneath and circling in the snow until they found it; then plunging on until the weary trail-breaker and the lead-dog, blinded by the white scourge that beat their faces like a hail of shot, lost the trail again. Then would follow the circling in the soft snow—work that wrung the last ounce of strength from the spent dogs—until the team was again on hard footing.

So for two days they had struggled, facing the pitiless norther. Somewhere at the foot of the great ice-bound lake they knew there was shelter and food and fire. Somewhere, but how many white miles away? Before the new snow had wiped out the trails, Cree trappers had told them that Flying Post lay at the other end of the great lake two sleeps to the west. In two sleeps they had found the lake, but there they met the blizzard. And now the last whitefish had been fed the huskies and the pemmican and tea-bags were empty.

When the tired dogs finally lay down in their traces and refused to go on against the drive of the gale, the exhausted men took counsel.

"We'd better go ashore and make camp while there's light, John," gasped the younger man as the two snow-crusted figures stood with backs to the stinging wind.

"All right, Mac; but if this keeps up tomorrow we'll never see the post," shouted his companion.

So they drove the team to the shore and made a supperless camp in the shelter of the spruce. The huskies bolted two pairs of moccasins cut into strips and boiled, while the men drank hot snow-water in a vain attempt to stay their hunger, for as yet John Bolton could not bring himself to kill one of his faithful dogs until hope of reaching the post soon was past. In that case the weaker dogs would have to go to save the others and their masters.

All night the white fury beat down from the north. The next morning, with belts tightened against the long hours in the drifts, they started. All day they battled through the deep snow against the bitter wind, which cracked their frost-blackened faces, buried in the hoods of their capotes as they were, until facing its fury was unspeakable torture. Still the fast-weakening men and dogs kept on, for warmth and food and life lay ahead, somewhere over these pitiless hills.

When the early northern night neared, the wind had blown itself out and finally died on Grand Lac Pierre, and the dusk crept out from the black timber of the shores over its white shell to meet a slow-moving dog-team and two men. But, with the dropping of the wind, the increasing cold of a silent January night on the Height-of-Land so numbed the limbs of weakened men and dogs that they dragged themselves with difficulty through the soft snow to the shore.

"It's all up, Mac!" groaned the older man; "we've got to kill one of the dogs and rest up and get our strength. Tonight it'll go fifty below. We must eat or freeze."

The younger man, too exhausted to answer, stumbled on through the new snow, followed by the team. Twice that day he had fallen and failed to rise, begging the other to go on and leave him. Twice that day John Bolton had dragged him to his snow-shoes again and forced him on by sheer will, but the boy had now come to the end of his strength, and that night the cruel cold would cut into their very marrow.

Back in the forest near the shore they found a protected spot, made camp as best they could, and started a fire. Then Bolton took his rifle from its case and shot the weakest of the exhausted huskies.

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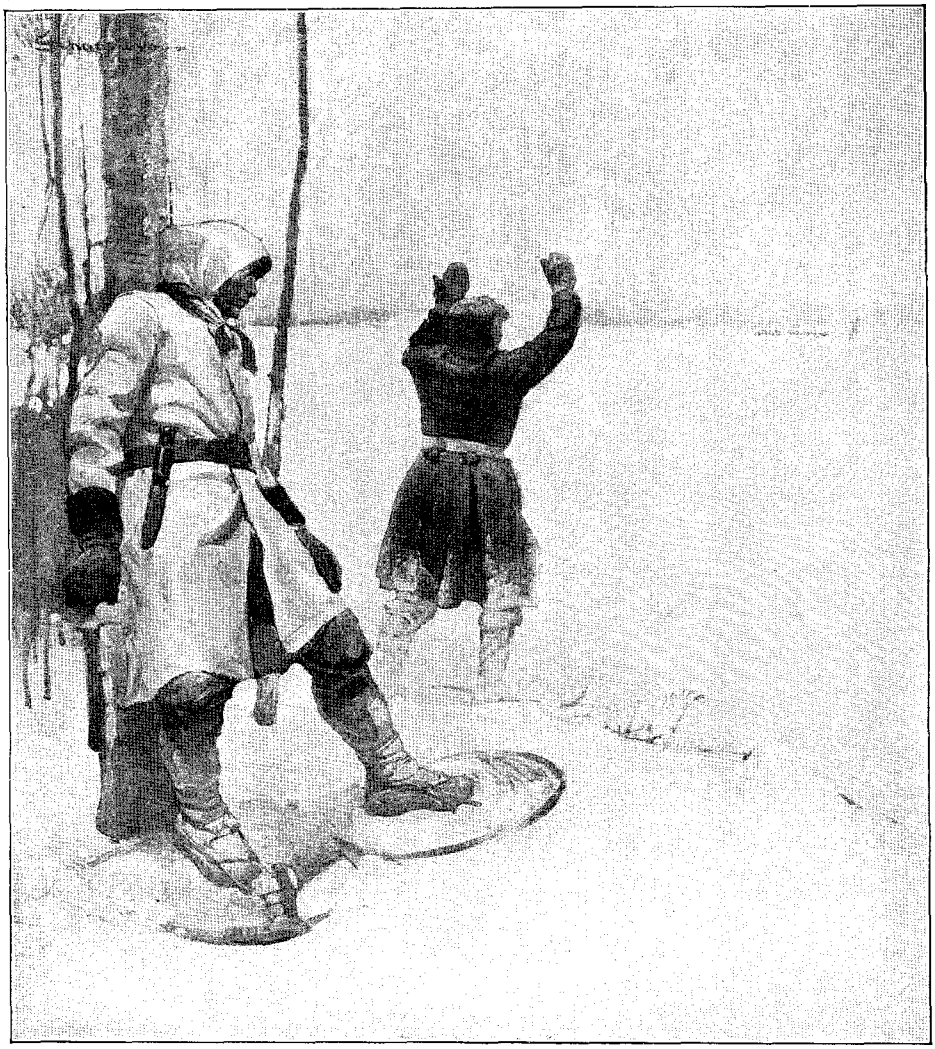
The explosion of the gun echoed loudly from the near hills.

The men had started to skin the dog when a rifle-shot from the lake shattered the freezing air.



Coming up the lake was a dog-team. Bolton went out on the ice and waved his arms.

The men looked into each other's faces.

"Some one heard our shot," mumbled Bolton. "I'll fire again."

Again came an answering shot. Then both men dragged themselves to the shore. Coming up the lake was a dog-team. Bolton went out on the ice and waved his arms.

In a few minutes a tall dog-runner in caribou-skin capote belted with a red Company sash, leading a team of northern huskies, approached them.

"Quey! Quey!" called the stranger; and then, seeing they were white men: "Bonjour! I hear de shot an' cum back from de islan'."

Dropping his mittens, Bolton seized the proffered hand.

"We've just shot one of our dogs. We're bound for Flying Post and are starved out. Can you give us some grub? This blizzard about finished us."

"Flying Pos'?" The tall dog-driver raised his ice-hung eyebrows in surprise.

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"Dees ees not de trail to Flying Pos'. Dees ees de beeg arm of Grand Lac dat run' nord t'irty mile. You lose de trail in de narrow' back dere w'en you not see for de snow."

"Thank God we met you, then!" exclaimed Bolton. "We would have starved out for we were heading north."

"Lucky t'ing, for sure. You get los' easee on dees lac. Flying Pos' ees two day travel wes'. I got plentee deer meat and tea, but leetle flour. I was go to de pos' for flour w'en I heard de shot."

The next day the famished men and dogs feasted on the French trapper's freely offered caribou steaks, bannocks, and whitefish, and rested, then started with their guide for the post. Three days later the dog-teams drew up in front of the whitewashed log trade-house of Flying Post.

In the absence of the factor, Haig, who had gone to Lake Expanse, they were greeted by the rat-faced half-breed clerk in charge.

As Bolton and McIntyre entered the trade-room, followed by their guide, the half-breed started slightly, then shook hands with the newcomers. Shortly the still hungry men were doing justice to the cooking of the factor's wife while the Frenchman tied the dogs inside the stockade, where they were safe from attack by the Company huskies, and fed them from the post's supply of whitefish.

Later the clerk found Bolton smoking in the factor's quarters.

"You come from de Gatineau country?" offered the half-breed, taking a chair and lighting his pipe.

"Yes, we left the post at Squaw Lake three weeks ago," replied Bolton.

"A-hah, you go far! It ees bad mont' to travel for de beeg win'."

"We are bound for Abitibi, but we had to shoot a dog and may not get a team. Could you sell us two dogs?"

"We got no dog to sell, but"— the clerk winked one of his small, beady eyes —"maybe you don' go to Abitibi, Meester Bolton."

Ignoring the remark, Bolton looked long at the breed, then said:

"We stood a pretty good chance of not making this place; we were starved out and heading north, but by luck this Frenchman Pierre heard our shot when we killed one of the dogs."

"Pierre?" The clerk raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Yes, Pierre. What's the matter?"

"You hear maybe dat de government hunt for man in dees countree; offair beeg monee for heem?"

"Yes!" Bolton's face went stone-hard.

"Wal"—the clerk took from his pocket the despatch which had reached the post with the Christmas packet—"dem papier say one t'ousand dollar for de man dat catch Hertel."

McIntyre started to speak, but a look from the older man silenced him.

"Well, what's your point?" asked Bolton dryly, after an interval, still holding the weasel eyes of the clerk with steady gaze.

"Have you not guess, Meester Bolton?"

"No; what is there to guess about?"

The clerk looked quickly to see that they were alone, then said: "Pierre, your Pierre"—the half-breed finished in a whisper—"ees dees François Hertel!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated McIntyre; but John Bolton's expression did not change a hair.

"He cum in before de winter mail arrive and get grub. Haig don' know he killed a man on de St. Maurice. But now we know, Meester Bolton. Now we know. I been trading for grub wid heem jus' now. He leave to-day—queek.

"Half dees monee ees mine, half yours, Meester Bolton; but he ees ver' bad man, and you weel have care to tak' heem. Shoot heem in de leg, I t'ink. He ees bad man wid knife."

The last words were uttered in a whisper, for footsteps sounded in the outer room, and the Frenchman straightway appeared in the door.

"I cum to say bonjour, Meester Bolton. I go back to my trap lines."

The small eyes of the clerk shifted rapidly from one to the other, while McIntyre sat studying quizzically the face of his chief. Bolton rose and wrung Pierre's extended hand.

"Good-by, Pierre!" he said. "You pulled us out of a narrow squeak, and we want to thank you again. You can be sure I won't forget you." Then, turning

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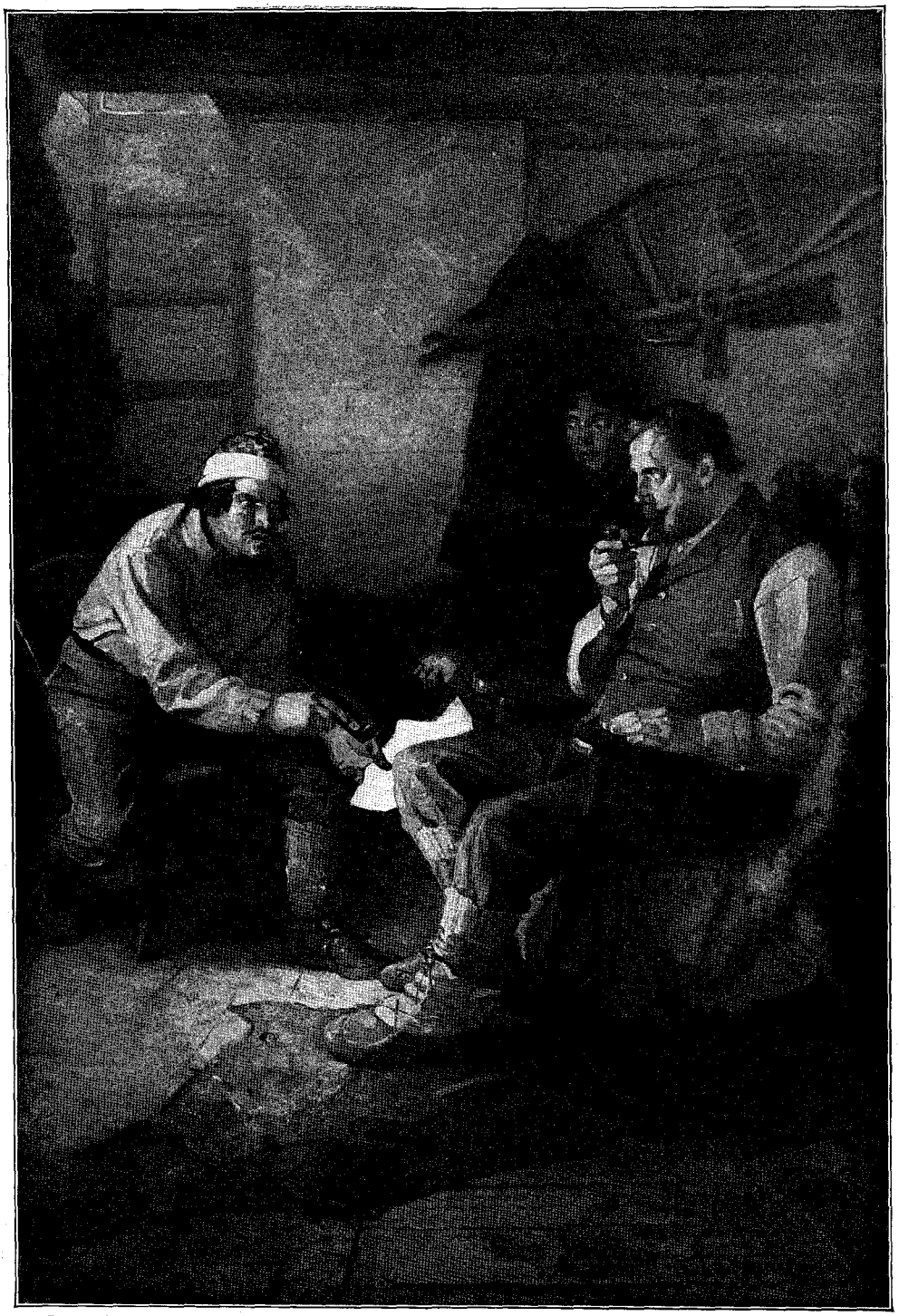

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

"Dem papier say one t'ousand dollar for de man dat catch Hertel."—Page 224.

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to the half-breed: "Joe here has got the idea that you are François Hertel. I thought I'd tell you, for he might make trouble for you if you showed up here in the spring. Good-by, Pierre, and good luck to you!"

The Frenchman shook hands with McIntyre, then turned to the clerk, whose narrow face went chalk-white at Bolton's words.

"Leetle Joe here, he said dat?" The fingers of Pierre's right hand toyed with the handle of his knife as he smiled at the trembling half-breed who shrank back in his chair. "Joe, he ees funnee boy. I tell François Hertel eef I see heem. Ha, ha! Joe he ees ver' funnee." And the trapper was gone.

The three men sat in silence until the jingle of bells, a shout, and the crack of a dog-whip told them that Pierre was off on the lake trail. Then the clerk turned on Bolton.

"You are fine beeg man to send to de bush to tak' François Hertel. Why you let heem go and one t'ousand dollar wid heem?"

"So you think we're government police, do you?"

"Oua!" cried the clerk angrily, "and you have fear to tak' heem?"

"I tell you once and for all that we're government engineers, not police. We're bound to Abitibi Lake on the provincial boundary survey."

"Oua," repeated the clerk with a shrug. "You can' fool me. What you do here dees tam in de beeg snow eef you don' hunt for François Hertel?"

"All right, have it your own way, then; but, as we had your testimony alone to the fact that Pierre was Hertel, and as I wouldn't take your word against a skunk, I guess, as far as we're concerned, he is still Pierre the trapper. And good luck to him; he's a man, and that's more than I can say for you."

In impotent rage the half-breed rushed out of the room. Then young McIntyre turned from the window, through which he had been gazing down the white miles of Grand Lac Pierre, and reached for Bolton's right hand.

"John," he said huskily, "it was hard for you to do it, but I knew you would."

"I could do no more for a man who took the chance he did to save our lives," replied Bolton.

"Did he suspect us of being police?"

"Yes, but he took the risk of bringing us in just the same."

"When did you first get the idea who he was? It never entered my mind that Hertel would have done what he did when there was a price on his head."

"Two days back on the trail he said something that made me suspicious. He tried to draw me out. For cool nerve I've never seen his equal. I believe Walker deserved what he got, and I hope they never get him, for he's a man."

"What are you going to report, John?"

"I'm going to report to the chief at Ottawa that a Frenchman answering the description of François Hertel was found by Harricanaw Crees frozen on the Abitibi trail. Is that right, Mac?"

"That's right!" And the government men sealed the compact with a grip.

Spring had wandered north to the Height-of-Land. The ice, honeycombed by the May sun, had already left a thousand lakes. Choked streams, whitening into cascades and wild rapids on their way to the sea, sang madly of soft days that June would bring. Birch ridges shimmered in pale green above valleys aflower, and the buds of willow and alder reddened the river shores while every breeze roamed heavy with wood odors. On spruce spire and balsam top the throats of thrush, warbler, and whitethroat swelled with the joy of the young year.

But in the heavy heart of François Hertel leaped no answering chord of joy as he journeyed by lake and portage and river trail to the headwaters of the St. Maurice. In his fur pack were two skins of the silver fox and many of marten, mink, and otter. Fate had been kind to his lonely winter trapping, for he brought to the spring trade a rare winter's hunt; but it mattered little to him how rich was his fur pack, for he was not bringing it to Marie at Coocoocache. Marie—how often he had lived over again the black days of his home-coming the year before! Night after night, day after day, throughout the long snows of the bitter winter, as he smoked by his lonely fire or followed his trap lines, he had thought and thought of the days that would come

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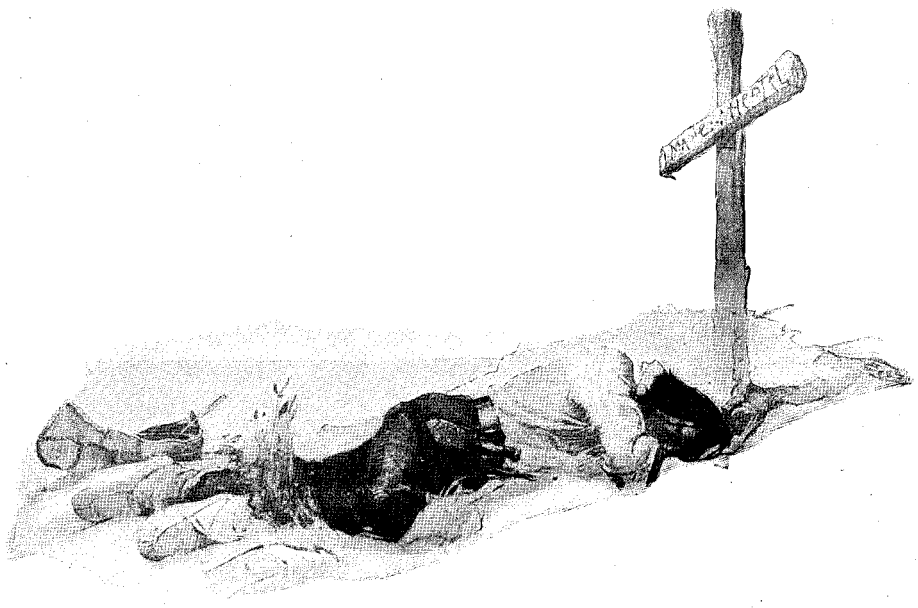

Throwing himself on the ground . . . he gave himself up to his grief.—Page 229.

no more to him and Marie. Like a wolf they had driven him, an outcast, into the wilderness, and what had they done with her? The thought that her body, undiscovered, might still await decent burial seared into his brain.

Day by day as he pushed on through the forest, waking with life, to the headwater lakes of the great river, one idea obsessed him: that never again would he turn the bend above Coocoocache to behold Marie waiting on the shore for his return. All that was passed forever. All hope and life and love were gone now from François Hertel, outlaw, hunted from Timiskaming to the Labrador border for the killing of the black-hearted drunkard, Walker.

Such had been the thoughts that daily, through the long winter, had become his ceaseless torment, which companioned him on his long voyage; and with such was his brain tortured when, at last, he reached the waters of the St. Maurice.

He had resolved to go to Lost Lake Post to trade his fur and then to Coocoocache secretly. From there he would journey on down the river, even to the settlements, in search of her grave. McCready was his tried friend and could give him the news of the posts hundreds of miles below.

How he longed to see his island again and the pitiful cross he had placed over the ruins of his home! He wanted to talk to the factor's wife of Marie and the happy days that were dead. He would bring sod from the post stockade, forest flowers and wild shrubs, and make his sacred ground beautiful. It would be her wish, for in life she had loved them so. And each spring, if he were alive, he would come, even from the uttermost north, and keep the forest from encroaching on his altar; and she, looking down from heaven, would see him and know he had not forgotten.

So one day in early June the canoe of François Hertel grated on the beach at Lost Lake Post.

"Upon my soul, François Hertel, where did you come from? I thought you'd be up on Hudson's Bay by this time!" gasped McCready as Hertel walked into the trade-house.

"I come long way, but not from de Bay. I go to Coocoocache."

"Coocoocache?" cried the astonished Scotchman. "Man, are you crazy? They've offered a reward of a thousand dollars for you, dead or alive. You might

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run into government people down there on the Transcontinental."

"I have met dem before," and Hertel's set mouth relaxed into a smile.

"I know, François, but they're not all cowards. Some are good men, and you

So Hertel traded his fur with McCready and left for Coocoocache.

It was a soft afternoon on which he neared the bend in the river above the post. A few hours before he had passed, at a distance, the construction camp and

"And dees tam, and alway', you travel in de bow of de canoe of François Hertel."—Page 229.

don't want to walk into trouble," pleaded the factor.

"Well, I go to Coocoocache, jes de same. I wan' to know eef dey found—Marie," and, in spite of his efforts to control his emotion, the deep-set eyes of the voyageur went misty with tears as he uttered his wife's name.

"The winter packet brought no news of her," said McCready gently, "only this government order for your arrest. They may be waiting at Coocoocache now on the very chance of your showing up there this spring."

"I mus' go. Eet ees no matter—my life—now. Dey mus' found her down riviere somewhere. I mus' go to her grave."

"Well, I suppose you'll go, anyway, but travel by night and don't hang around Coocoocache; the railroad people will hear of it and try to get you. This thing will blow over in a year or so if you keep out of the way."

contractors' shacks at the End-of-Steel, now moved miles above the location of the previous summer. Doubtless, thinking him a travelling Cree, they had paid him no attention.

As Hertel neared the bluff which shut from his view the buildings of the post below and the island with its lonely cross, a great wave of grief overwhelmed him kneeling at his paddle. His head sank forward on his chest while his shoulders shook with the emotion that engulfed him. For a space he remained with head bowed, in the attitude of prayer, as the canoe drifted inshore. Then, when the paroxysm passed, he shook the black hair from his eyes and, straightening up, resumed paddling. But as he neared the turn of the river his moving lips framed the words again and again: "Ma pauvre Marie! Ma pauvre Marie!"

In a moment the post and island broke into view. There, with the sun on it, as

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he had left it a year ago, a hunted man, stood his cross.

Heedless of the danger he ran in being seen, he paddled directly to the island. All that he held most dear, the sacred memories of the happy weeks he had spent there with her, all that love had meant to him, was symbolized by that pitiful spruce cross on which was burned the name: "Marie Hertel."

Here the agony of months of solitary brooding, the torture of a year of despair, overwhelmed the heart-broken trapper, and, throwing himself on the ground, one arm around the base of the cross, he gave himself up to his grief. Later, at sunset, he crossed to the post.

"François Hertel, or I'm no Scotchman!" cried the surprised factor as Hertel entered the trade-house.

"Bonjour, ma fr'en'; I have come back." The men warmly gripped hands.

"But don't you know there's a reward for you? The government people may show up any time, looking for you. You can't stay here, man." The factor seemed greatly excited.

"I come to fin' weder dey found her down riviere. I go to see her grave." Hertel had but one thought.

Suddenly there were sounds of women's voices in the stockade outside. Then a white figure flew through the door, open-armed, and upon François Hertel's ears fell a voice as though from the hushed valley of death.

"François, mon cher François!"

Hertel turned to behold the beloved face of his lost wife Marie, while two warm woman's arms circled his neck and soft lips kissed him again and again between her sobs.

Trembling with surprise and joy, the strong man, suddenly transported from dumb despair to mad delight, cried like a child as time and again he held his wife from him to look at her, then crushed her to his heart. In a chair the factor's wife wept silently, while the big Scotchman rubbed his eyes with red fists as he smiled at the reunited lovers.

It was long before Hertel could talk coherently, so great was his emotion. At last he asked:

"But w'ere deed you go dat night dey los' you? Philippe and me, we hunt de shore far below de Vermilion for you. We t'ot you drown or dead in de bush. Oh, ma cherie, I have suffer so in de heart!"

With her arms around his neck Marie related how she had escaped from Walker and put out into the river in an old canoe without a paddle. Carried by the swift current far down the river, the canoe somehow passed the first rapids without swamping. At daylight, many miles below the post, she landed, but, fearing Walker, had decided to attempt to reach the settlement at La Tuque. A day later, starved and exhausted, she was picked up by Vermilion River Crees, who told her she could not reach La Tuque alone because of the rapids. With them she remained until December, when they brought her by dog-team to La Tuque when they came in to trade. There she learned of the return of Hertel and the death of Walker. In the early spring she had come to the post hoping to get word to him if he were still in the St. Maurice country.

When Marie finished her story the factor handed Hertel a letter.

"This came in the spring mail, François," he said.

As Hertel could not read English, the factor opened it and read:

"In March last it was reported to the authorities at Ottawa that the body of François Hertel had been found frozen on the Abitibi trail by Harricanaw Crees. Pierre, the trapper, who was at Flying Post, on Grand Lac, in January must trade his fur in the James Bay country for a year or two."

The letter was signed: "A friend of Pierre."

"Ah-hah," exclaimed Hertel, smiling, "Meester Bolton has pay hees debt! Tomorrow, Marie, we leeve for de far nord, and dees tam, and alway', you travel in de bow of de canoe of François Hertel," and he took her into his great arms.

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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXX

IN the early hours of his all-night sitting Felix had first only memories, and then Kirsteen for companion.

"I worry most about Tod," she said. "He had that look in his face when he went off from Marrow Farm. He might do something terrible if they ill-treat Sheila. If only she has sense enough to see and not provoke them."

"Surely she will," Felix murmured.

"Yes, if she realizes. But she won't, I'm afraid. Even I have only known him look like that three times. Tod is so gentle—passion stores itself in him; and when it comes, it's awful. If he sees cruelty, he goes almost mad. Once he would have killed a man if I hadn't got between them. He doesn't know what he's doing at such moments. I wish—I wish he were back. It's hard one can't pierce through, and see him."

Gazing at her eyes so dark and intent, Felix thought: 'If *you* can't pierce through—none can.'

He learned the story of the disaster.

Early that morning Derek had assembled twenty of the strongest laborers, and taken them the round of the farms to force the strike-breakers to desist. There had been several fights, in all of which the strike-breakers had been beaten. Derek himself had fought three times. In the afternoon the police had come, and the laborers had rushed with Derek and Sheila, who had joined them, into a barn at Marrow Farm, barred it, and thrown mangolds at the police, when they tried to force an entrance. One by one the laborers had slipped away by a rope out of a ventilation-hole high up at the back, and they had just got Sheila down when the police appeared on that side, too. Derek, who had stayed to the last, covering their escape with mangolds, had jumped down twenty feet when he saw them taking Sheila, and, pitching forward, hit his head against a grindstone. Then, just as they were marching Sheila and two of the laborers away, Tod had arrived and had fallen in alongside the policemen—he and the dog. It was then she had seen that look on his face.

Felix, who had never beheld his big brother in Berserk mood, could offer no consolation; nor had he the heart to adorn the tale, and inflict on this poor woman his reflection: 'This, you see, is what comes of the ferment you have fostered. This is the reward of violence!' He longed, rather, to comfort her; she seemed so lonely and, in spite of all her stoicism, so distraught and sad. His heart went out, too, to Tod. How would he himself have felt, walking by the side of policemen whose arms were twisted in Nedda's! But so mixed are the minds of men that at this very moment there was born within him the germ of a real revolt against the entry of his little daughter into this family of hotheads. It was more now than mere soreness and jealousy; it was fear of a danger hitherto but sniffed at, but now only too sharply savored.

When she left him to go up-stairs, Felix stayed consulting the dark night. As ever, in hours of ebbed vitality, the shapes of fear and doubt grew clearer and more positive; they loomed huge out there among the apple-trees, where the drip-drip of the rain made music. But his thoughts were still nebulous, not amounting to resolve. It was no moment for resolves—with the boy lying up there between the tides of chance; and goodness knew what happening to Tod and Sheila. The air grew sharper; he withdrew to the hearth, where a wood fire still burned, gray ash, red glow, scent oozing from it. And while he crouched there, blowing it with bellows, he heard soft footsteps, and saw Nedda standing behind him transformed.

But in the midst of all his glad sympathy Felix could not help thinking: 'Better for you, perhaps, if he had never returned from darkness!'

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She came and crouched down by him.

"Let me sit with you, Dad. It smells so good."

"Very well; but you must sleep."

"I don't believe I'll ever want to sleep again."

And at the glow in her Felix glowed too. What is so infectious as delight? They sat a long time talking, as they had not talked since the first fatal visit to Becket. Of how love, and mountains, works of art, and doing things for others were the only sources of happiness; except scents, and lying on one's back looking through tree-tops at the sky; and tea, and sunlight, flowers, and hard exercise; oh, and the sea! Of how, when things went hard, one prayed—but what did one pray to? Was it not to something in oneself? It was of no use to pray to the great mysterious Force that made one thing a cabbage, and the other a king; for That could obviously not be weak-minded enough to attend. And gradually little pauses began to creep into their talk; then a big pause, and Nedda, who would never want to sleep again, was fast asleep.

Felix watched those long, dark lashes resting on her cheeks; the slow, soft rise of her breast; the touching look of trust and goodness in that young face abandoned to oblivion after these hours of stress; watched the little tired shadows under the eyes, the tremors of the just-parted lips. And, getting up, stealthy as a cat, he found a light rug, and ever more stealthily laid it over her. She stirred at that, smiled up at him, and instantly went off again. And he thought: 'Poor little sweetheart, she *was* tired!' And a passionate desire to guard her from trials and troubles came on him.

At four o'clock Kirsteen slipped in again, and whispered: "She made me promise to come for her. How pretty she looks, sleeping!"

"Yes," Felix answered; "pretty and good!"

Nedda raised her head, stared up at her aunt, and a delighted smile spread over her face. "Is it time again? How lovely!" Then, before either could speak or stop her, she was gone.

"She is more in love," Kirsteen murmured, "than I ever saw a girl of her age."

"She is more in love," Felix answered, "than is good to see."

"She is not truer than Derek is."

"That may be, but she will suffer from him."

"Women who love must always suffer."

Her cheeks were sunken, shadowy; she looked very tired. When she had gone to get some sleep, Felix restored the fire and put on a kettle, meaning to make himself some coffee. Morning had broken, clear and sparkling after the long rain, and full of scent and song. What glory equalled this early morning radiance, the dewy wonder of everything! What hour of the day was such a web of youth and beauty as this, when all the stars from all the skies had fallen into the grass! A cold nose was thrust into his hand, and he saw beside him Tod's dog. The animal was wet, and lightly moved his white-tipped tail; while his dark-yellow eyes inquired of Felix what he was going to give a dog to eat. Then Felix saw his brother coming in. Tod's face was wild and absent, as a man with all his thoughts turned on something painful in the distance. His ruffled hair had lost its brightness; his eyes looked as if driven back into his head; he was splashed with mud, and wet from head to foot. He walked up to the hearth without a word.

"Well, old man?" said Felix anxiously.

Tod looked at him, but did not answer.

"Come," said Felix; "tell us!"

"Locked up," said Tod in a voice unlike his own. "I didn't kill them."

"Heavens! I should hope not."

"I ought to have."

Felix put his hand within his brother's arm.

"They twisted her arms; one of them pushed her from behind. I can't understand it. How was it I didn't? I can't understand."

"I can," said Felix. "They were the Law. If they had been mere men you'd have done it, fast enough."

"I can't understand," Tod repeated. "I've been walking ever since."

Felix stroked his shoulder.

"Go up-stairs, old man. Kirsteen's anxious."

Tod sat down and took his boots off.

"I can't understand," he said once more. Then, without another word, or even a look at Felix, he went out and up the stairs.

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And Felix thought: 'Poor Kirsteen! Ah, well—they're all about as queer, one as the other! How to get Nedda out of it?'

And, with that question gnawing at him, he went out into the orchard. The grass was drenching wet, so he descended to the road. Two wood-pigeons were crooning to each other, truest of all sounds of summer; there was no wind, and the flies had begun humming. In the air, cleared of dust, the scent of hay was everywhere. What about those poor devils of laborers, now? They would get the sack for this! And he was suddenly beset with a feeling of disgust. This world where men, and women too, held what they had, took what they could; this world of seeing only one thing at a time; this world of force, and cunning, of struggle, and primitive appetites; of such good things, too, such patience, endurance, heroism—and yet at heart so unutterably savage!

He was very tired; but it was too wet to sit down, so he walked on. Now and again he passed a laborer going to work; but very few in all those miles, and they quite silent. 'Did they ever really whistle?' Felix thought. 'Were they ever jolly ploughmen? Or was that always a fiction? Surely, if they can't give tongue this morning, they never can!' He crossed a stile and took a slanting path through a little wood. The scent of leaves and sap, the dapple of sunlight—all the bright early glow and beauty struck him with such force that he could have cried out in the sharpness of sensation. At that hour when man was still abed and the land lived its own life, how full and sweet and wild that life seemed, how in love with itself! Truly all the trouble in the world came from the manifold disharmonies of the self-conscious animal called Man!

Then, coming out on the road again, he saw that he must be within a mile or two of Becket; and finding himself suddenly very hungry, determined to go there and get some breakfast.

XXXI

Duly shaved with one of Stanley's razors, bathed, and breakfasted, Felix was on the point of getting into the car to return to Joyfields when he received a message from his mother: Would he please go up and see her before he went?

He found her looking anxious and endeavoring to conceal it.

Having kissed him, she drew him to her sofa and said: "Now, darling, come and sit down here, and tell me all about this *dreadful* business." And taking up an odorator she blew over him a little cloud of scent. "It's quite a new perfume; isn't it delicious?"

Felix, who dreaded scent, concealed his feelings, sat down, and told her. And while he told her he was conscious of how pathetically her fastidiousness was quivering under those gruesome details—fighting with policemen, fighting with common men, prison—*for a lady;* conscious too of her still more pathetic effort to put a good face on it. When he had finished she remained so perfectly still, with lips so hard compressed, that he said:

"It's no good worrying, Mother."

Frances Freeland rose, pulled something hard, and a cupboard appeared. She opened it, and took out a travelling-bag.

"I must go back with you at once," she said.

"I don't think it's in the least necessary, and you'll only knock yourself up."

"Oh, nonsense, darling! I must."

Knowing that further dissuasion would harden her determination, Felix said: "I'm going in the car."

"That doesn't matter. I shall be ready in ten minutes. Oh! and do you know this? It's splendid for taking lines out under the eyes!" She was holding out a little round box with the lid off. "Just wet your finger with it, and dab it gently on."

Touched by this evidence of her deep desire that he should put as good a face on it as herself, Felix dabbed himself under the eyes.

"That's right. Now, wait for me, dear; I sha'n't be a minute. I've only to get my things. They'll all go splendidly in this little bag."

In a quarter of an hour they had started. During that journey Frances Freeland betrayed no sign of tremor. She was going into action, and, therefore, had no patience with her nerves.

"Are you proposing to stay, Mother?"

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Felix hazarded; "because I don't think there's a room for you."

"Oh! that's nothing, darling. I sleep beautifully in a chair. It suits me better than lying down."

Felix cast up his eyes, and made no answer.

On arriving, they found that the doctor had been, expressed his satisfaction, and enjoined perfect quiet. Tod was on the point of starting back to Transham, where Sheila and the two laborers would be brought up before the magistrates. Felix and Kirsteen took hurried counsel. Now that Mother, whose nursing was beyond reproach, had come, it would be better if they went with Tod. All three started forthwith in the car.

Left alone, Frances Freeland took her bag—a noticeably old one, without any patent clasp whatever, so that she could open it—went noiselessly up-stairs, tapped on Derek's door, and went in. A faint but cheerful voice remarked, "Hallo, Granny!"

Frances Freeland went up to the bed, smiled down on him ineffably, laid a finger on his lips, and said, in the stillest voice: "You mustn't talk, darling!" Then she sat down in the window with her bag beside her. Half a tear had run down her nose, and she had no intention that it should be seen. She therefore opened her bag, and, having taken out a little bottle, beckoned Nedda.

"Now, darling," she whispered, "you must just take one of these. It's nothing new; they're what my mother used to give me at your age. And for one hour you must go out and get some fresh air, and then you can come back."

"Must I, Granny?"

"Yes; you must keep up your strength. Kiss me."

Nedda kissed a cheek that seemed extraordinarily smooth and soft, received a kiss in the middle of her own, and, having stayed a second by the bed, looking down with all her might, went out.

Frances Freeland, in the window, wasted no thoughts, but began to run over in her mind the exact operations necessary to defeat this illness of darling Derek's. Her fingers continually locked and interlocked themselves with fresh determinations; her eyes, fixed on imaginary foods, methods of washing, and ways of keeping him quiet, had an almost fanatical intensity. Like a good general she marshalled her means of attack and fixed them in perfect order. Now and then she gazed into her bag, making quite sure that she had everything, and nothing that was new-fangled or liable to go wrong. For into action she never brought any of those patent novelties that delighted her soul in times of peace. For example, when she herself had pneumonia and no doctor, for two months, it was well known that she had lain on her back, free from every kind of remedy, employing only courage, nature, and beef tea, or some such simple sustenance.

Having now made her mental dispositions, she got up without sound and slipped off a petticoat that she suspected of having rustled a little when she came in; folding and popping it where it could not be suspected any more, she removed her shoes and put on very old velvet slippers. She walked in these toward the bed, listening to find out whether she could hear herself, without success. Then, standing where she could see when his eyes opened, she began to take stock. That pillow wasn't very comfortable! A little table was wanted on both sides, instead of on one. There was no odorator, and she did not see one of those arrangements! All these things would have to be remedied.

Absorbed in this reconnoitring, she failed to observe that darling Derek was looking at her through eyelashes that were always so nice and black. He said suddenly, in that faint and cheerful voice:

"All right, Granny; I'm going to get up to-morrow."

Frances Freeland, whose principle it was that people should always be encouraged to believe themselves better than they were, answered: "Yes, darling, of course; you'll be up in no time. It'll be delightful to see you in a chair to-morrow. But you mustn't talk."

Derek sighed, closed his eyes, and went off into a faint.

It was in moments such as these that Frances Freeland was herself. Her face flushed a little and grew terribly determined. Conscious that she was absolutely alone in the house, she ran to her bag, took out her sal volatile, applied it vigorously

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to his nose, and poured a little between his lips. She did other things to him, and not until she had brought him round, and the best of it was already made, did she even say to herself: 'It's no use fussing; I must make the best of it.'

Then, having discovered that he felt quite comfortable—as he said—she sat down in a chair to fan him and tremble vigorously. She would not have allowed that movement of her limbs if it had in any way interfered with the fanning. But since, on the contrary, it seemed to be of assistance, she certainly felt it a relief; for, whatever age her spirit might be, her body was seventy-three.

And while she fanned she thought of Derek as a little, black-haired, blazing-gray-eyed slip of a sallow boy, all little thin legs and arms moving funnily like a foal's. He had been such a dear, gentlemanlike little chap. It was dreadful he should be forgetting himself so, and getting into such trouble. And her thoughts passed back beyond him to her own four little sons, among whom she had been so careful not to have a favorite, but to love them all equally. And she thought of how their holland suits wore out, especially in the elastic, and got green behind, almost before they were put on; and of how she used to cut their hair, spending at least three-quarters of an hour on each, because she had never been quick at it, while they sat so good—except Stanley, and darling Tod, who *would* move just as she had got into the comb particularly nice bits of his hair, always so crisp and difficult! And of how she had cut off Felix's long golden curls when he was four, and would have cried over it, if crying hadn't always been silly! And of how beautifully they had all had their measles together, so that she had been up with them day and night for about a fortnight. And of how it was a terrible risk with Derek and darling Nedda, not at all a wise match, she was afraid. And yet, if they really were attached, of course one must put the best face on it! And how lovely it would be to see another little baby some day; and what a charming little mother Nedda would make—if only the dear child would do her hair just a little differently! And she perceived that Derek was asleep—and one of her own legs, from the knee down. She would certainly have bad pins and needles if she did not get up; but, since she would not wake him for the world, she must do something else to cure it. And she hit upon this plan. She had only to say, 'Nonsense, you haven't anything of the sort!' and it was sure to go away. She said this to her leg, but, being a realist, she only made it feel like a pincushion. She knew, however, that she had only to persevere, because it would never do to give in. She persevered, and her leg felt as if red-hot needles were being stuck in it. Then, for the life of her, she could not help saying a little psalm. The sensation went away and left her leg quite dead. She would have no strength in it at all when she got up. But that would be easily cured, when she could get to her bag, with three globules of nux vomica—and darling Derek must not be waked up for anything! She waited thus till Nedda came back, and then said, "Sssh!"

He woke at once, so that providentially she was able to get up, and, having stood with her weight on one leg for five minutes, so as to be quite sure she did not fall, she crossed back to the window, took her nux vomica, and sat down with her tablets to note down the little affairs she would require, while Nedda took her place beside the bed, to fan him. Having made her list, she went to Nedda and whispered that she was going down to see about one or two little things, and while she whispered she arranged the dear child's hair. If only she would keep it just like that, it would be so much more becoming! And she went down-stairs.

Accustomed to the resources of Stanley's establishment, or at least to those of John's and Felix's, and of the hotels she stayed at, she felt for a moment just a little nonplussed at discovering at her disposal nothing but three dear little children playing with a dog, and one bicycle. For a few seconds she looked at the latter hard. If only it had been a tricycle! Then, feeling certain that she could not make it into one, she knew that she must make the best of it, especially as, in any case, she could not have used it, for it would never do to leave darling Nedda alone in the house. She decided therefore to look in every room to see if she

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could find the things she wanted. The dog, who had been attracted by her, left the children and came too, and the children, attracted by the dog, followed; so they all five went into a room on the ground floor. It was partitioned into two by a screen: in one portion was a rough camp bedstead, and in the other two dear little child's beds, that must once have been Derek's and Sheila's, and one still smaller, made out of a large packing-case. The eldest of the little children said:

"That's where Billy sleeps, Susie sleeps here, and I sleeps there; and our father sleeped in here before he went to prison." Frances Freeland experienced a shock. To prison! The idea of letting these little things know such a thing as that! The best face had so clearly not been put on it that she decided to put it herself.

"Oh, not to prison, dear! Only into a house in the town for a little while."

It seemed to her quite dreadful that they should know the truth—it was simply necessary to put it out of their heads. That dear little girl looked so old already, such a little mother! And, as they stood about her, she gazed piercingly at their heads. They were quite clean.

The second dear little thing said:

"We like bein' here; we hope father won't be comin' back from prison for a long time, so as we can go on stayin' here. Mr. Freeland gives us apples."

The failure of her attempt to put a nicer idea into their heads disconcerted Frances Freeland for a moment only. She said:

"Who told you he was in prison?"

Biddy answered slowly: "Nobody didn't tell us; we picked it up."

"Oh, but you should never pick things up! That's not at all nice. You don't know what harm they may do you."

Billy replied: "We picked up a dead cat yesterday. It didn't scratch a bit, it didn't."

And Biddy added: "Please, what is prison like?"

Pity seized on Frances Freeland for these little derelicts, whose heads and pinafores and faces were so clean. She pursed her lips very tight and said:

"Hold out your hands, all of you."

Three small hands were held out, and three small pairs of gray-blue eyes looked up at her. From the recesses of her pocket she drew forth her purse, took from it three shillings, and placed one in the very centre of each palm. The three small hands closed; two small, grave bodies dipped in little curtseys; the third remained stock-still, but a grin spread gradually on its face from ear to ear.

"What do you say?" said Frances Freeland.

"Thank you."

"Thank you—what?"

"Thank you, ma'am."

"That's right. Now run away and play a nice game in the orchard."

The three turned immediately and went. A sound of whispering rose busily outside. Frances Freeland, glancing through the window, saw them unlatching the wicket gate. Sudden alarm seized her. She put out her head and called. Biddy came back.

"You mustn't spend them all at once."

Biddy shook her head.

"No. Once we had a shillin', and we were sick. We're goin' to spend three pennies out of one shillin' every day, till they're gone."

"And aren't you going to put any by for a rainy day?"

"No."

Frances Freeland did not know what to answer. Dear little things!

The dear little things vanished.

In Tod and Kirsteen's room she found a little table and a pillow, and something that might do, and having devised a contrivance by which this went into that and that into this and nothing whatever showed, she conveyed the whole very quietly into dear Derek's room, and told darling Nedda to go down-stairs and look for something that she knew she would not find, for she could not think at the moment of any better excuse. When the child had gone, she popped this here, and popped that there. And there she was! And she felt better. It was no use whatever to make a fuss about that aspect of nursing which was not quite nice. One just put the best face upon it, quietly did what was necessary, and pretended that it was not there. Kirsteen had not seen to things quite as she should have. But then dear Kirsteen was so clever.

Her attitude, indeed, to that blue bird, who had alighted now twenty-one years

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ago in the Freeland nest, had always, after the first few shocks, been duly stoical. For, however her fastidiousness might jib at neglect of the forms of things, she was the last woman not to appreciate really sterling qualities. Though it was a pity dear Kirsteen did expose her neck and arms so that they had got quite brown, a pity that she never went to church and had brought up the dear children not to go, and to have ideas that were not quite right about 'the Land,' still she was emphatically a lady, and devoted to dear Tod, and very good. And her features were so regular, and she had such a good color, and was so lithe and straight in the back, that she was always a pleasure to look at. And if she was not quite so practical as she might have been, that was not everything; and she would never get stout, as there was every danger of Clara doing. So that from the first she had always put a good face on her. Derek's voice interrupted her thoughts:

"I'm awfully thirsty, Granny."

"Yes, darling. Don't move your head; and just let me pop in some of this delicious lemonade with a spoon."

Nedda, returning, found her supporting his head with one hand, while with the other she kept popping in the spoon, her soul smiling at him lovingly through her lips and eyes.

XXXII

Felix went back to London the afternoon of Frances Freeland's installation, taking Sheila with him. She had been 'bound over to keep the peace'—a task which she would obviously be the better able to accomplish at a distance. And, though to take charge of her would be rather like holding a burning match till there was no match left, he felt bound to volunteer.

He left Nedda with many misgivings; but had not the heart to wrench her away.

The recovery of a young man who means to get up to-morrow is not so rapid when his head, rather than his body, is the seat of trouble. Derek's temperament was against him. He got up several times in spirit, to find that his body had remained in bed. And this did not accelerate his progress. It had been impossible to dispossess Frances Freeland from command of the sick-room; and, since she was admittedly, from experience and power of paying no attention to her own wants, the fittest person for the position, there she remained, taking turn and turn about with Nedda, and growing a little whiter, a little thinner, more resolute in face, and more loving in her eyes, from day to day. That tragedy of the old—the being laid aside from life before the spirit is ready to resign, the feeling that no one wants you, that all those you have borne and brought up have long passed out onto roads where you cannot follow, that even the thought-life of the world streams by so fast that you lie up in a backwater, feebly, blindly groping for the full of the water, and always pushed gently, hopelessly back; that sense that you are still young and warm, and yet so furbelowed with old thoughts and fashions that none can see how young and warm you are, none see how you long to rub hearts with the active, how you yearn for something real to do that can help life on, and how no one will give it you! All this—this tragedy—was for the time defeated. She was, in triumph, doing something real for those she loved and longed to do things for. She had Sheila's room.

For a week at least Derek asked no questions, made no allusion to the mutiny, not even to the cause of his own disablement. It had been impossible to tell whether the concussion had driven coherent recollection from his mind, or whether he was refraining from an instinct of self-preservation, barring such thoughts as too exciting. Nedda dreaded every day lest he should begin. She knew that the questions would fall on her, since no answer could possibly be expected from Granny except: "It's all right, darling, everything's going on perfectly—only you mustn't talk!"

It began the last day of June, the very first day that he got up.

"They didn't save the hay, did they?"

Was he fit to hear the truth? Would he forgive her if she did not tell it? If she lied about this, could she go on lying to his other questions? When he discovered, later, would not the effect undo the good of lies now? She decided to lie; but, when she opened her lips, simply could

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not, with his eyes on her; and said faintly: "Yes, they did."

His face contracted. She slipped down at once and knelt beside his chair. He said between his teeth:

"Go on; tell me. Did it all collapse?"

She could only stroke his hands and bow her head.

"I see. What's happened to them?"

Without looking up, she murmured:

"Some have been dismissed; the others are working again all right."

"All right!"

She looked up then so pitifully that he did not ask her anything more. But the news put him back a week. And she was in despair. The day he got up again he began afresh:

"When are the assizes?"

"The 7th of August."

"Has anybody been to see Bob Tryst?"

"Yes; Aunt Kirsteen has been twice."

Having been thus answered, he was quiet for a long time. She had slipped again out of her chair to kneel beside him; it seemed the only place from which she could find courage for her answers. He put his hand, that had lost its brown, on her hair. At that she plucked up spirit to ask:

"Would you like me to go and see him?"

He nodded.

"Then I will—to-morrow."

"Don't ever tell me what isn't true, Nedda! People do; that's why I didn't ask before."

She answered fervently:

"I won't! Oh, I won't!"

She dreaded this visit to the prison. Even to think of those places gave her nightmare. Sheila's description of her night in a cell had made her shiver with horror. But there was a spirit in Nedda that went through with things; and she started early the next day, refusing Kirsteen's proffered company.

The look of that battlemented building, whose walls were pierced with emblems of the Christian faith, turned her heartsick, and she stood for several minutes outside the dark-green door before she could summon courage to ring the bell.

A stout man in blue, with a fringe of gray hair under his peaked cap, and some keys dangling from a belt, opened, and said:

"Yes, miss?"

Being called 'miss' gave her a little spirit, and she produced the card she had been warming in her hand.

"I have come to see a man called Robert Tryst, waiting for trial at the assizes."

The stout man looked at the card back and front, as is the way of those in doubt, closed the door behind her, and said:

"Just a minute, miss."

The shutting of the door behind her sent a little shiver down Nedda's spine; but the temperature of her soul was rising, and she looked round. Beyond the heavy arch, beneath which she stood, was a courtyard where she could see two men, also in blue, with peaked caps. Then, to her left, she became conscious of a shaven-headed noiseless being in drab-gray clothes, on hands and knees, scrubbing the end of a corridor. Her tremor at the stealthy ugliness of this crouching figure yielded at once to a spasm of pity. The man gave her a look, furtive, yet so charged with intense penetrating curiosity, that it seemed to let her suddenly into innumerable secrets. She felt as if the whole life of people shut away in silence and solitude were disclosed to her in the swift, unutterably alive look of this noiseless kneeling creature, riving out of her something to feed his soul and body on. That look seemed to lick its lips. It made her angry, made her miserable, with a feeling of pity she could hardly bear. Tears, too startled to flow, darkened her eyes. Poor man! How he must hate her, who was free, and all fresh from the open world and the sun, and people to love and talk to! The 'poor man' scrubbed on steadily, his ears standing out from his shaven head; then, dragging his kneemat skew-ways, he took the chance to look at her again. Perhaps because his dress and cap and stubble of hair and even the color of his face were so drab-gray, those little dark eyes seemed to her the most terribly living things she had ever seen. She felt that they had taken her in from top to toe, clothed and unclothed, taken in the resentment she had felt and the pity she was feeling; they seemed at once to appeal, to attack, and to possess her ravenously, as though all the starved instincts in a whole prisoned world had rushed up and for a second

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stood outside their bars. Then came the clank of keys, the eyes left her as swiftly as they had seized her, and he became again just that stealthy, noiseless creature scrubbing a stone floor. And, shivering, Nedda thought:

'I can't bear myself here—with everything in the world I want—and these with nothing!'

But the stout janitor was standing by her again, together with another man in blue, who said:

"Now, miss; this way, please!"

And down that corridor they went. Though she did not turn, she knew well that those eyes were following, still riving something from her; and she heaved a sigh of real relief when she was round a corner. Through barred windows that had no glass she could see another court, where men in the same drab-gray clothes printed with arrows were walking one behind the other, making a sort of moving human hieroglyphic in the centre of the concrete floor. Two warders with swords stood just outside its edge. Some of those walking had their heads up, their chests expanded, some slouched along with heads almost resting on their chests; but most had their eyes fixed on the back of the neck of the man in front; and there was no sound save the tramp of feet.

Nedda put her hand to her throat. The warder beside her said in a chatty voice:

"That's where the 'ards takes their exercise, miss. You want to see a man called Tryst, waitin' trial, I think. We've had a woman here to see him, and a lady in blue, once or twice."

"My aunt."

"Ah! just so. Laborer, I think—case of arson. Funny thing; never yet found a farm laborer that took to prison well."

Nedda shivered. The words sounded ominous. Then a little flame lit itself within her.

"Does anybody ever 'take to' prison?"

The warder uttered a sound between a grunt and chuckle.

"There's some has a better time here than they have out, any day. No doubt about it—they're well fed here."

Her aunt's words came suddenly into Nedda's mind: 'Liberty's a glorious feast!' But she did not speak them.

"Yes," the warder proceeded, "some o' them we get look as if they didn't have a square meal outside from one year's end to the other. If you'll just wait a minute, miss, I'll fetch the man down to you."

In a bare room with distempered walls, and bars to a window out of which she could see nothing but a high brick wall, Nedda waited. So rapid is the adjustment of the human mind, so quick the blunting of human sensation, that she had already not quite the passion of pitiful feeling which had stormed her standing under that archway. A kind of numbness gripped her nerves. There were wooden forms in this room, and a blackboard, on which two rows of figures had been set one beneath the other, but not yet added up.

The silence at first was almost deathly. Then it was broken by a sound as of a heavy door banged, and the shuffling tramp of marching men—louder, louder, softer—a word of command—still softer, and it died away. Dead silence again! Nedda pressed her hands to her breast. Twice she added up those figures on the blackboard; each time the number was the same. Ah, there was a fly—two flies! How nice they looked, moving, moving, chasing each other in the air. Did flies get into the cells? Perhaps not even a fly came there—nothing more living than walls and wood! Nothing living except what was inside oneself! How dreadful! Not even a clock ticking, not even a bird's song! Silent, unliving, worse than in this room! Something pressed against her leg. She started violently and looked down. A little cat! Oh, what a blessed thing! A little sandy, ugly cat! It must have crept in through the door. She was not locked in, then, anyway! Thus far had nerves carried her already! Scratching the little cat's furry pate, she pulled herself together. She would not tremble and be nervous. It was disloyal to Derek and to her purpose, which was to bring comfort to poor Tryst. Then the door was pushed open, and the warder said:

"A quarter of an hour, miss. I'll be just outside."

She saw a big man with unshaven cheeks come in, and stretched out her hand.

"I am Mr. Derek's cousin, going to be married to him. He's been ill, but he's getting well again now. We knew you'd

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like to hear." And she thought: 'Oh! What a tragic face! I can't bear to look at his eyes!'

He took her hand, said, "Thank you, miss," and stood as still as ever.

"Please come and sit down, and we can talk."

Tryst moved to a form and took his seat thereon, with his hands between his knees, as if playing with an imaginary cap. He was dressed in an ordinary suit of laborer's best clothes, and his stiff, dust-colored hair was not cut particularly short. The cheeks of his square-cut face had fallen in, the eyes had sunk back, and the prominence thus given to his cheek and jawbones and thick mouth gave his face a savage look—only his doglike, terribly yearning eyes made Nedda feel so sorry that she simply could not feel afraid.

"The children are such dears, Mr. Tryst. Billy seems to grow every day. They're no trouble at all, and quite happy. Biddy's wonderful with them."

"She's a good maid." The thick lips shaped the words as though they had almost lost power of speech.

"Do they let you see the newspapers we send? Have you got everything you want?"

For a minute he did not seem to be going to answer; then, moving his head from side to side, he said:

"Nothin' I want, but just get out of here."

Nedda murmured helplessly:

"It's only a month now to the assizes. Does Mr. Pogram come to see you?"

"Yes, he comes. He can't do nothin'!"

"Oh, don't despair! Even if they don't acquit you, it'll soon be over. Don't despair!" And she stole her hand out and timidly touched his arm. She felt her heart turning over and over, he looked so sad.

He said in that stumbling, thick voice:

"Thank you kindly. I must get out. I won't stand long of it—not much longer. I'm not used to it—always been accustomed to the air, an' bein' about, that's where 'tis. But don't you tell him, miss. You say I'm goin' along all right. Don't you tell him what I said. 'Tis no use him frettin' over me. 'Twon' do me no good."

And Nedda murmured:

"No, no; I won't tell him."

Then suddenly came the words she had dreaded:

"D'you think they'll let me go, miss?"

"Oh, yes, I think so—I hope so!" But she could not meet his eyes, and hearing him grit his boot on the floor knew he had not believed her.

He said slowly:

"I never meant to do it when I went out that mornin'. It came on me sudden, lookin' at the straw."

Nedda gave a little gasp. Could that man outside hear?

Tryst went on: "If they don't let me go, I won' stand it. 'Tis too much for a man. I can't sleep, I can't eat, nor nothin'. I won' stand it. It don' take long to die, if you put your mind to it."

Feeling quite sick with pity, Nedda got up and stood beside him; and, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she lifted one of his great hands and clasped it in both her own. "Oh, try and be brave and look forward! You're going to be ever so happy some day."

He gave her a strange long stare.

"Yes, I'll be happy some day. Don' you never fret about me."

And Nedda saw that the warder was standing in the doorway.

"Sorry, miss, time's up."

Without a word Tryst rose and went out.

Nedda was alone again with the little sandy cat. Standing under the high-barred window she wiped her cheeks, that were all wet. Why, why must people suffer so? Suffer so slowly, so horribly? What were men made of that they could go on day after day, year after year, watching others suffer?

When the warder came back to take her out, she did not trust herself to speak, or even to look at him. She walked with hands tight clenched, and eyes fixed on the ground. Outside the prison door she drew a long, long breath. And suddenly her eyes caught the inscription on the corner of a lane leading down alongside the prison wall—"Love's Walk"!

(To be concluded.)

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HER FIRST MARRYING

By Una Hunt
Author of "Una Mary"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

HALLIE first went to live with the Grays during one of those domestic gaps when the machinery of living has fallen completely to pieces. Two weeks earlier they had moved into their new and unfinished house as a last resort to drive out the workmen who still hung on with the puttering which pertains to their elegant leisure; and, as Mrs. Gray had been unable to find a servant, things had reached that stage of actual and mental confusion familiar to all housekeepers at some nightmare period of their lives—a period which seems to have no past and certainly contains no promise of a future, but stretches away on all sides, an immense, chaotic present, blotting out everything with its misery. The whole family had reached that state of nervous exasperation peculiar to being "without a girl," all of them trying to do everything at once and none of them knowing how to do anything properly.

Late one afternoon, to add to the general confusion, the door-bell began to ring continuously, the ringer evidently keeping a finger pressed to the button. Ellen Gray, the young daughter of the house, was in the basement at the time trying to roast a chicken, which continued to look uncooked in spite of all her efforts, but, as no one else seemed to pay any attention to the bell, which was driving her almost insane, she dashed up-stairs to answer it. There on the door-step stood a young colored girl with a bundle in one hand and a straw suit-case in the other, who immediately said: "Please, miss, ax yo ma does she want er girl." It seemed too good to be true, and Ellen gazed at her as if she were a mirage and might dissolve from sight.

Her "ma" most certainly did want a girl, and a few moments later, having interviewed her and liked her general appearance, engaged her on the spot, and into their house she walked, to live with them for ten checkered and enlivening years.

Her name, she told them, was Hallie Johnson, "fo short fo Hallelujah, what wuz de fus word my ma done spoke de day I wuz bornd."

She had come up from the mountains of Virginia without friends, without money, and without recommendations or any knowledge whatever of the city. She had never "lived out" before; in fact, her only views about living were based upon log-cabin and corn-pone standards. She had never even seen a stove, but with the extraordinary adaptability of her race took to it immediately, like one to ranges born, and before a week was out subjugated the draughts and dampers which had so completely nonplussed the Gray family.

She was a natural leader and at once took charge of everybody. She "jollied and bossed" the workmen until before they knew what they were doing the work was finished and they were out of the house, and in no time at all she had calmed the ruffled nerves of the household until they began to have glimmering hopes of a future when living would again be normal. The first sure sign of this was that Mr. Gray now read the newspaper as he dawdled over his coffee in the morning instead of rushing out of the house at the earliest possible moment. She had a way of saying, "Hit don't make no diffunce, mebbe termorrer yo all 'l be daid," which was indescribably soothing.

The only reason she gave for leaving the country was the casual remark: "Dey wuz er fight at der schoolhouse end I's skeered dey gwine kill me, end de preacher done say, 'Seek end yo shell find.'" The Grays longed for more of the details, but for months this was all she would say about it. So to Washington she had come and as soon as her train arrived had started out to hunt for work.

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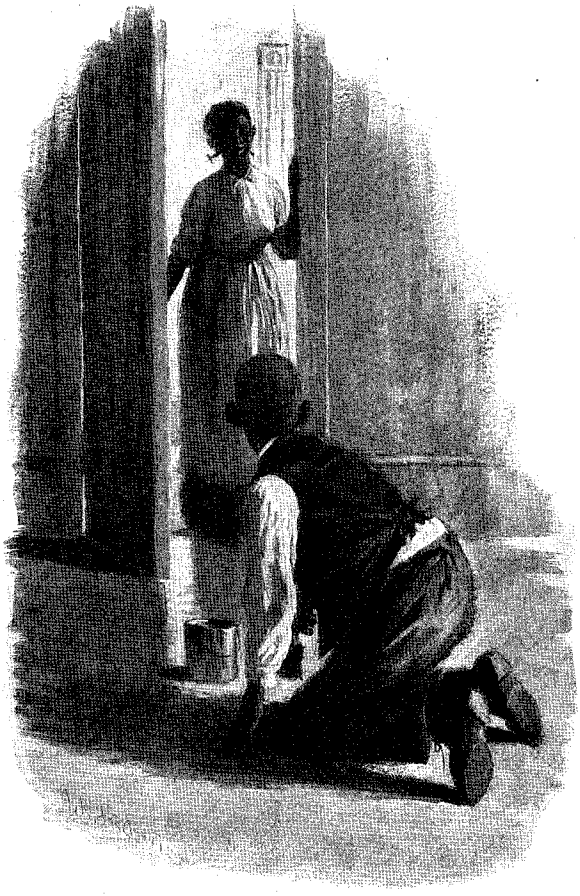
She walked out of the station, her bundles in her hand, and wandered about all day, too utterly fascinated by the marvel of everything—she had never before seen

speck kin ring er bell way off in de basemint." It was almost as strange as that the penny which she put in the "penny-in-the-slot" machine should turn into a piece



She "jollied and bossed" the workmen.—Page 240.

even a small town—to think of work, or to realize that she was tired and hungry until suddenly overcome by the fact. Then, as a small child, scampering gayly the moment before, overwhelmed by instantaneous fatigue, sits down on the first rock by the roadside, so Hallie, when she got to Phipps Place and "knowed she'd drap," the Grays' house being the first one in the block which was occupied, rang their door-bell. The postman showed her how to ring it, for of course she had never seen an electric button, and she never got over her wonder "dat pressin' dat lil

of chewing-gum or "Your correct weight," miracles she was never tired of testing. She was always perfectly sure that it was the hand of the Lord that had sent her to that particular house; it must have been, she would triumphantly point out, for there was the postman standing ready to show her how to get in, and if he had not been there she might have hammered her knuckles to the bone before they heard her, as she always concluded. "Yo all wuz too tuck up wid yo troubles ter hear de angel Gabriel ef he had er come dat day end wuz ter knock 'sted er blowin' on his trumpet."

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She was an extraordinary spectacle when she arrived, dressed in a sagging linsey-woolsey skirt, faded to a series of nondescript browns, an old black jacket bursting at the seams, and on her head a home-made splint straw hat shaped like a melon basket. She had "borried" them, without leave, from a friend who lived near the station. Her flight had been too abrupt to go home for clothes. The luggage she carried consisted entirely of vegetables, to which she had helped herself from the same friend's garden. The whole transaction she looked upon rather in the light of a favor to the friend because "I done lef' my bran-new weddin'-dress fo er swap paymint."

No one seeing Hallie in those borrowed clothes, though there was something wonderfully taking about her, could have foreseen the splendor of appearance into which she was destined to bloom. Mrs. Gray always said that Hallie, when dressed in her best clothes, was the most gorgeously dressed person she had ever seen, and she had seen a great deal in her time, but no one had ever approached the rich, swaying rustle of Hallie as she "walked out of a Sunday afternoon" wearing her emerald-green satin trimmed with purple and gold and her hat of buttercups and daisies. Another person so bedecked would have reminded one of a parrot, but Hallie never did; instead, she was like a vision of autumn, on a day in early October, when white clouds rush through a triumphant blue sky and the trees flash yellow and green. There was about her a quality of the joyously elemental which always suggested landscape and sky and made any colors seem appropriate as they do out-of-doors. Whatever she put on seemed right—she could carry anything. There was a strange charm and aloofness about her, and one could no more take hold of it or be sure of her than one could of the weather and the seasons. On her father's side she had a trace of Indian blood which perhaps accounted for a certain poetic dignity which she never lost under any circumstances.

The Grays once saw one of the famous queens of Europe, crowned and sceptred for a great court function, nervously biting her lips as she sat in her carriage, pinched and anxious-looking under the weight of her jewels and ermine, and they at once thought of Hallie and realized how she would have graced such a costume. She could have worn a crown as if it were something meant to be worn; she could have made of it really an ornament. And, as Mr. Gray said, "it would be a pleasure to see a crown worn casually."

Hallie when she first arrived was seventeen, and, as Ellen Gray was only three years younger, they really grew up together, in the kindly Southern way, taking a deep mutual interest in each other's developments. Ellen was, of course, utterly eclipsed by Hallie in the realms of fashion and of romance, but as the years went on she managed to bloom modestly in her shadow, each little success which she achieved being as loudly acclaimed by Hallie as if Ellen were what she so longed to have her, the belle of Washington—white Washington—as she herself was undoubtedly the belle of the dusky portion of the city. Of course Ellen had very few of her advantages and found it but scant consolation that, as Hallie used reassuringly to remind her, she could "do paintin' in artist paints, end dat's mo lastin' den de gentlemin goin' plum loony fo ter marry wid yo." There was no doubt whatever about the fact that they did go "plum loony" over Hallie.

Ellen was Hallie's confidante in all her love affairs. She always began by dusting her room in a peculiarly ostentatious manner, and whenever specklessness reigned Ellen knew that Hallie was perturbed in spirit. She would wheel upon her from the window where she had given the duster its final shake with some such remark as:

"Does yo spec I better marry er man dat's real black er one dat's mos white er one dat's de color I be? Which yo spec be de bes, Miss Ellen?"

"I thought you said, Hallie, you would never marry any one who was darker than you are?"

"Yes'm, I done say dat, but dis yere man got er stall outside de market end two delivery wagons, end he say he gwine give me er sewing-machine."

To which Ellen would always answer: "Do you care for the man for himself? Which of the men do you really like best?"

To be met, each time she asked this usually essential question, by the invari-

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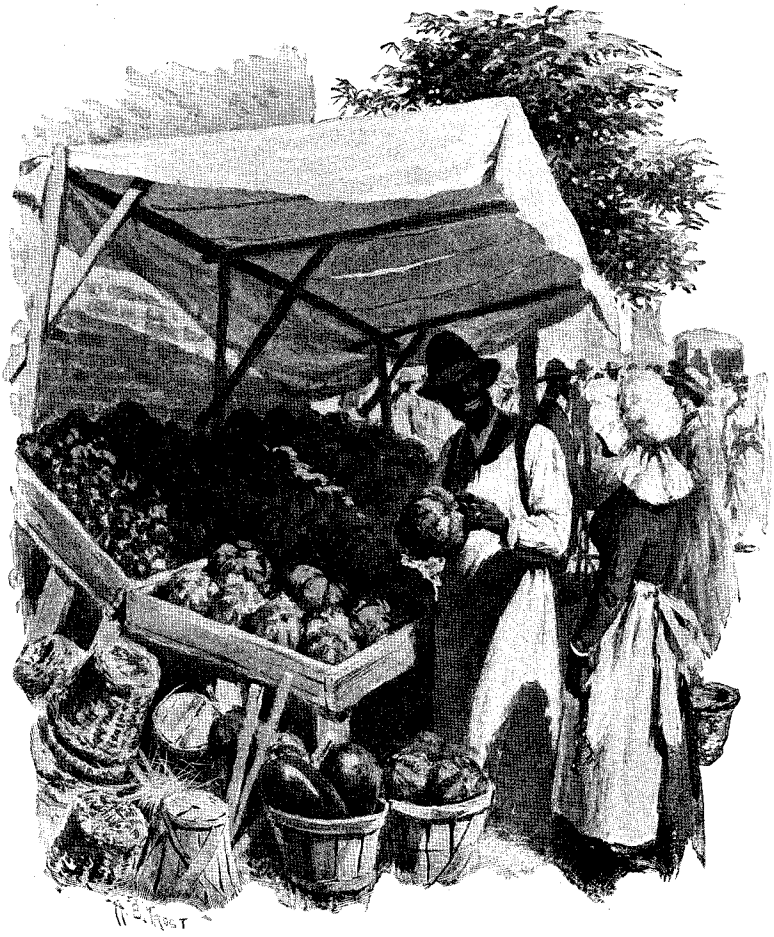
able reply: "I lak dem all equal; I don't keer fur gentlemin; dey ain't got sense lak we has; dey is jes struttin' fooish lak er turkey-gobbler, so hit don't mek no diffunce erbout de pusson I marry, long as he ain't squint-eyed; I never cud bar dat squint-eyed hoss we had."



"He say he gwine give me er sewing-machine."—Page 242.

It was really true she did not care for men. She had been too easily a belle, and it had made her heartily despise the whole male sex. Her triumphs had begun long before she came to Washington, and one day she confided to Ellen the explanation of her cryptic remark when she arrived about the fight at the schoolhouse and the reasons, as a result, for her leaving home so abruptly.

It seemed that from the time Hallie was fifteen all the young colored gentlemen in the county had hovered around her, and from the "no-count station loafer" up to the preacher they had one and all wanted to marry her. For a time she had managed to stave them off, but by the time she was seventeen they had become so persistent in their attentions that she felt as if she must marry, if only in self-defense, to keep off further admirers. There was also pressure brought to bear at home, for Jake and Melissy, her father and mother, were getting nervous for fear Hallie would disgrace the family by being an old maid—some of the other girls had already married her cast-

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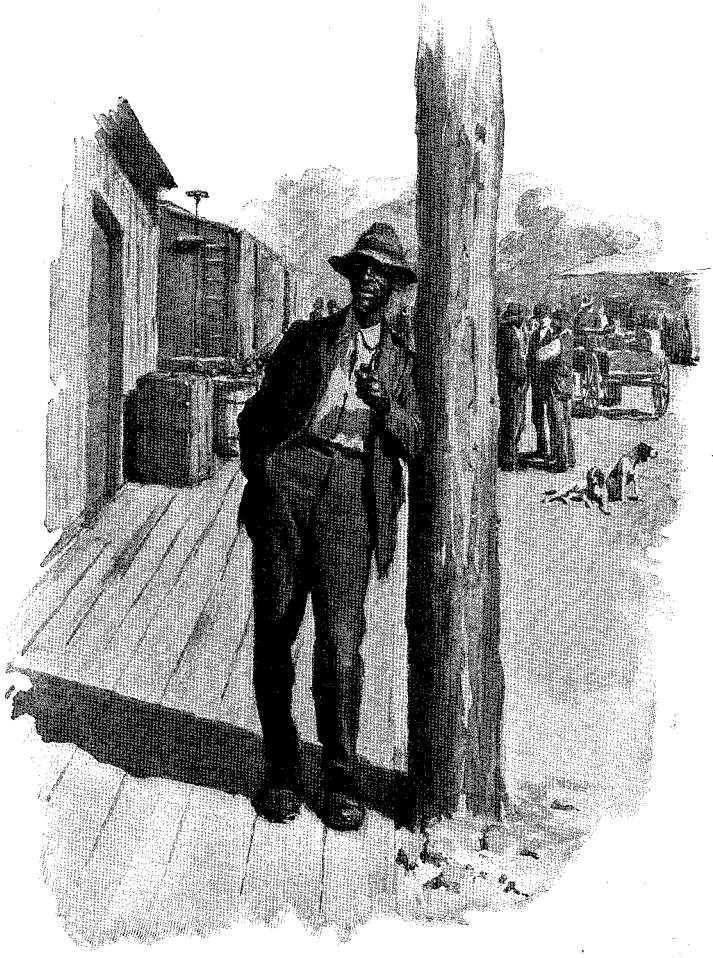
off suitors, and Melissy used to quote to her, "Miss Pertikler is Miss Getlef in de end," until she had roused in Hallie the panicky feeling that she must marry in haste while there were still a number of the faithful left.



The "no-count station loafer."—Page 243.

Hallie had often described her home, of which she was exceedingly proud, and was continually talking about her parents, so that now, as she told the story of her suitors and their courting, Ellen could see in imagination the whole situation and the interplay of the various personalities. Through late winter, spring, and summer they had come, and whatever the season had found their courting delightful, for Jake and Melissy were cordiality itself and played quite as large a part as Hallie in the entertainment of the guest, and Melissy had a wizard's touch in cooking. "I declar, Miss Ellen, ma cud tame de Debbil wid er hoe-cakes." What young darky could resist such attractions, sitting in front of a blazing fire of logs, sipping a glass of cider, and gazing into the eyes of Hallie—she had fine eyes, over which the long lashes drooped shyly—and eating the ash-cakes baked in the coals at his feet? It was even pleasanter on balmy evenings in summer to sit on the bench under the persimmon-tree in front of the house, "de cotin-bench," with Hallie be-

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side him, exquisite in white muslin, the air drenched with perfume from the honeysuckle which festooned the porch, while Jake played on the banjo and they all sang the old plantation songs. "Hit seem lak de flowers end de singin' mek de gentlemins swell up proud wid lobe lak er robin in de springtime, till dey can't do nothin but roll up dere eyes end grin foolish while dey's pattin Juba wid dey feet. Dey wuz real nice ebenins end de night-hawk ud screech by ez mornful ez er ghost, end den I wuz glad dere wuz er gentlemin holdin' ma han."

It was a pleasant, easy-going sort of life, and each suitor who presented himself (with the exception of the "station loafer"—she finished him off at once) proved so agreeable under those circumstances that Hallie, now that she had decided it was time for her to marry, accepted each one in turn, and, being too kind-hearted to break off with the previous suitor, she finally found herself in the

"De flowers end de singin' mek de gentlemins swell up proud wid lobe lak er robin in de springtime."

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position of being engaged to eight men at once. And each one of the eight was clamoring to have her fix the wedding-day, while her own heart was drawn equally, though very slightly, in all eight directions.

"Miss Ellen, hit wuz wusser den tryin' ter mek up yo mine which puppies, outen er litter, hez got ter be drownded. Hit did look too pitiful ter discreshionate."

It was a situation which appealed to her coquetry but was a great tax upon her tact and ingenuity. She was very young then; later it would scarcely have ruffled the surface of her life. With slight differences of color and setting she might have gone down to fame as one of the great women of history, such were her charms and her abilities. This first strain upon her talents proved, however, to be too much for her. Though her heart was quite secure, she was afraid of losing her head, and decided she must marry one of the eight immediately. The only question was which one.

Not being able, after agonies of indecision, to decide for herself, she consulted her father and by his advice agreed to "leb hit to de Lord," and in order to give the Lord a chance to indicate his choice Jake told Hallie to tell each of the eight suitors that she would marry him at the crossroads schoolhouse on the stroke of noon, just a week from that day.

She told them all exactly the same thing, and it was her intention "ter marry de one de Lord sont dere fust." The preacher, who usually held services at the schoolhouse, being himself one of the prospective bridegrooms, engaged a neighboring Methodist divine to come and perform the ceremony, so that however events turned out there was sure to be some one to tie the knot.

Each of the bridegrooms invited his friends and relatives to be present at his marriage to an unknown bride, for of course she had had to make that a condition. No one was to know the name of the bride until the moment came. This element of mystery appealed immensely to all the men, who went about with the ostentatious secrecy of arch conspirators, which set the whole countryside on fire with curiosity and excitement.

Hallie's parents were greatly impressed by the whole plan, and, feeling that the eye of the Lord was already fixed upon her, treated Hallie with a conciliatory and awestruck consideration, as one set apart and in some occult manner dedicated to religion. It had its advantages, but on the whole had given the girl a creepy sensation, as she complained "dey done act lak I's er hoodoo woman."

Jake was really deeply religious, with a touch of poetic vision, and during the week which elapsed before the ceremony he went about in a golden dream, quite exalted out of his usual jovial mood by the thought that it was to be the hand of the Lord himself that was to point out Hallie's husband. "Pa done say dat he see in er dream de way hit gwine be; dey gwine come in de sky er han ez big ez er cloud wid er finger dat pints down at de bridegroom what gits fust to de top ob de hill where de schoolhouse am. I's skeered when he fust tell me, but he say hit won't hurt no one no mo'n a comet strech ercross de sky lak dey wuz las' year, when de worl ain't come ter de end lak some folks say hit gwine."

Jake could not read; but scraps of psalms and bits of the Bible which he had heard at revival kept floating through his head and he was sure that he had become endowed with prophetic power.

During the whole week Hallie refused to see any of the suitors, for the solemnity of the occasion demanded great caution and reserve. There must be no suspicion or jealousy aroused among the bridegrooms! While her mother vigorously chopped and pounded and spiced and baked to make ready a worthy marriage feast, Hallie was busy sewing on her wedding-dress, a muslin flowered with large bunches of blue and pink hydrangeas, and as she sewed solemnly "counted stitches" to see which the favored bridegroom was to be. One day it would come out one and the next time another, and each time she was as delighted as the woman in Andersen's story: "Whatever the Goodman does is sure to be right." If it came out Jimmy, he was a "pore sickly lil thing end needs somebody ter tek keer ov 'im"; if it proved to be the preacher, pride, of course, could hope for nothing higher than to walk arm in arm with that tightly buttoned-up frock coat; again, if it was to be Mose, the cobbler, the fact that he had a solid gold front tooth made him pecul-

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iarly attractive. And so it was with all the others: each had his own individual charm of person or possessions.

So the week sped on, and as the day approached all the cabins in the county were full of the smell of camphor, from best clothes being aired and brushed, and overflowed with billows of starching and ironing; while the country store might have sold five times over its supply of hair-oil and perfumery. "In de middle ob de week dere wuz only lemon verbena lef fur me ter scent my weddin-veil." This had been Hallie's only real grievance.

Down at the court-house there was at first a much-bewildered and then a highly entertained individual, who began to have an inkling of the real situation. This was the county clerk, who issued the marriage licenses. As he issued one after another to different self-conscious but resplendent young negroes, each of whom gave the name of the bride as Hallelujah Johnson, he thought at first that there might be several cousins of the same name, but by the time he had made out the fourth license he realized that the brides must all be one and the same person. The joke seemed too good to spoil by a mere legal quibble, and to him they were "only niggers, anyhow," so he said nothing but kept on issuing licenses, and determined to go to the wedding and see what happened.

The fact that he had a solid gold front tooth made him peculiarly attractive.—Page 246.

At last the appointed day arrived and Jake, who was up by starlight, went outside the cabin to watch the sun rise, feeling that the Lord might then reveal himself by some sign, there might be a vision of

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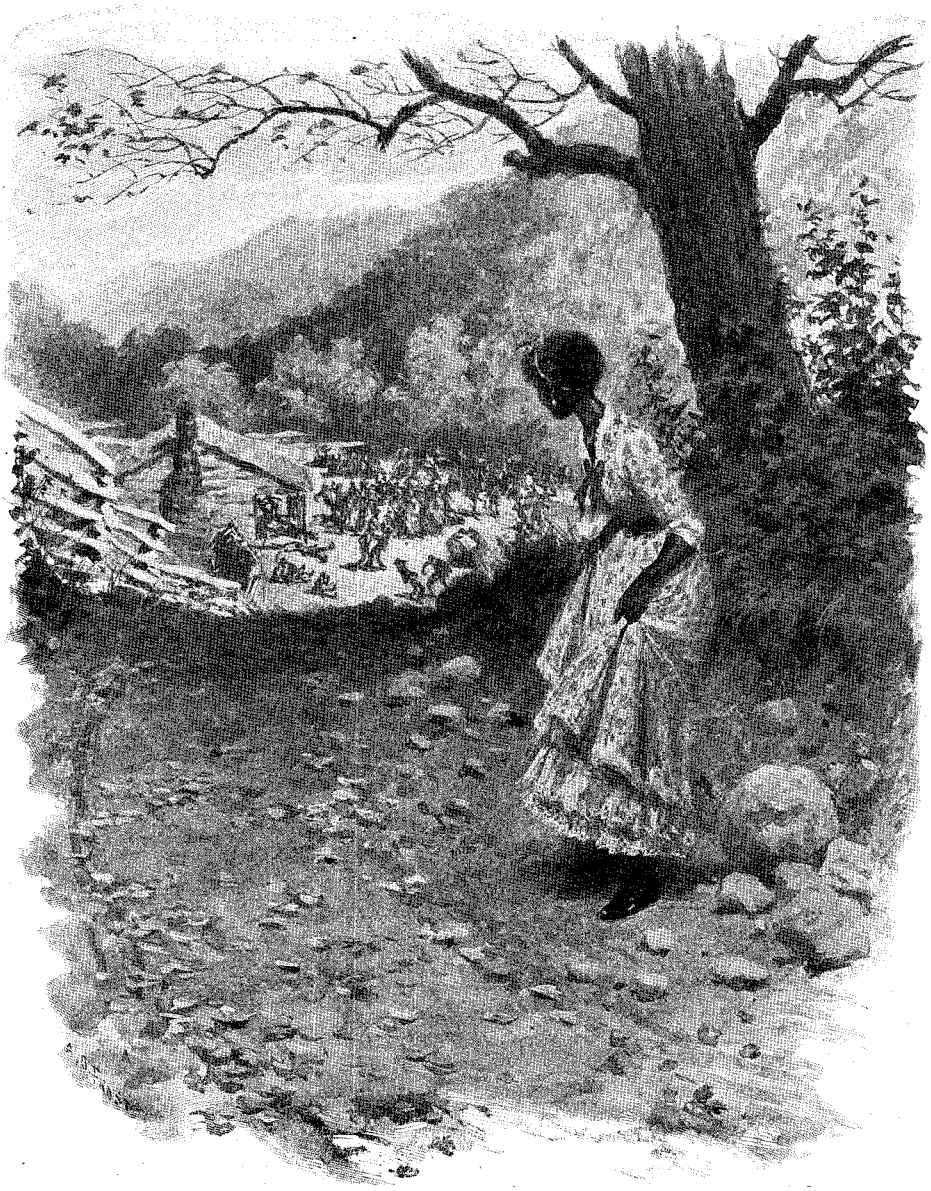

"Seems lak dey fergit erbout me."—Page 250.

angels or the sound of celestial voices. It was a dawn of mountain clearness and transparency, all lemon and pale rose until pierced by the orange rays of light which ushered in the molten disk of the sun and turned the mist in the valley to a sea of rose-colored cloud which slowly drifted upward, borne to the sky by the rustling of the leaves and the chirping of hundreds of awakened birds, these sounds all echoes, it seemed to Jake, of the word which unconsciously burst from his own lips: "Hallelujah, Hallelujah!" It was only after he had said it aloud that he realized that it was his daughter's name, so the Lord had sent a sign and put that word into his mouth.

It was October—October in the mountains of Virginia; what a time to be married!

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As soon as the sun was fully up the family started, that there might be no doubt of their being at the schoolhouse in time to see the arrival of the first suitor, the destined of Heaven for Hallie!

Hallie was already dressed, and superb she must have looked in her stiff flowered muslin, with a lace curtain pinned to her head for a veil, as she sat on the porch of the log schoolhouse, straining her eyes down the valley. Soon she could see two long processions, beginning far off in the lowlands and slowly winding along the two clay roads which crept up the mountainside. There were buggies drawn by horses and carts drawn by mules, in which sat whole bedecked families, looking in the distance like moving flowerbeds; there were swarming groups of pedestrians and here and there a baby-carriage. The processions were still too far off to pick out the individual bridegrooms and speculate from their relative positions which of them was likely to arrive first. They were blurred, too, by the golden haze which filled the air, that soft and palpitant haze of autumn in the South.

Melissy, who was inside the building unpacking the feast, would interrupt herself every few moments to rock back and forth with her hands on her hips "shoutin' jubalee," and not being quite as impartial or blindly faithful as Hallie and Jake, in the midst of her praises, as if to enlighten any possible ignorance on the part of the Lord, would utter such sentences as: "Dat Hezekiah own twelve acres, Lord," or, "Lord, don' yo spec er smoke-house end er par ob mules lak Tom got ez er godly gif?" Melissy was nothing if not practical.

Jake had gone down the road "a ways" in order to see as soon as possible who the probable first was to be, and now as they drew near, hidden from Hallie's sight by the woods, he came dashing back, panting with excitement, to say: "Dere's a wagon comin' fust, end on de front seat is two ob de suitors, Hickry Tom end Lance Henry, so less'n one jumps out fust der can't be no fust, end yo sho' can't marry dem bofe."

Hard on his words came rattling the wagon itself and drew up with a flourish in front of the schoolhouse. Old Uncle John was driving, sitting in the middle of the seat between the two young men, who were slicked up to an amazing degree of splendor, both of them so fine that to the agonized eyes of Hallie there was nothing to choose between them. Then after the breathless moment while the wagon came to a full stop and everybody shouted "howdy," the two young men rose from the seat and at the same second jumped to the ground from the opposite sides of the wagon, alighting simultaneously.

Hallie and Jake gazed at each other, pale and speechless, while Melissy murmured to herself: "Look lak de ole master know de truf when he say dat Gawd wuz glad fo er black woman ter hab mo'n one husbun. But," she went on to speculate, "what we all gwine do? Yo can't hab er weddin' wid mo'n one bridegroom ter onst, les'n"—here she rolled her eyes with excitement at the inspiration which had just come to her—"les'n dey bofe stands up wid de bride befo de preacher end one puts er ring on her lef han end de udder puts er ring on de right han!"

Triumphant at this solution of the difficulty, she hastily whispered the idea to Hallie and Jake, both of whom were completely fascinated by the vision it conjured up of an absolutely new social function, outdoing even Marthy Green, who had been unbearable with pride ever since the time when, in honor of her conversion at revival, following the baptism of their children, she had been married with great formality to Joshua, because they had "only ben married legal de fust time by de ole jedge." The four children had all acted as bridesmaids and the occasion was still considered quite the grandest that the community had witnessed. But this idea of a wedding with two bridegrooms, both, as Jake added, "sont end pointed by de han ob de Lord," promised an even greater degree of novel elegance.

By the time they had decided to have the double wedding, all the guests had arrived, including the other six bridegrooms. It still lacked a few moments of the time appointed by Hallie for the ceremony, and, after the horses and mules had been comfortably tethered, the people gravitated naturally into several groups, into eight groups, in fact, around the eight resplendent young men, each group waxing gay and facetious and "guessin' Hallie wuz de bride," and each utterly unconscious of the significance of the other seven groups.

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Just on the tick of twelve, Jake, to whom the occasion was tremendous, stepped up to the mounting-block in front of the schoolhouse, and, after clapping his hands for silence, reverently took off his hat and began to speak. "Bredren end sistren, de word ob de Lord am among us. Glory be! He done sont er sign fur de double marryin' ob my daughter Hallelujah. He done favor her lak he done de ladies in de Bible, end ordains dat she hez two husbins, one on the lef' han end de udder on de right han', but which one is the right han' end which is de lef' dey will hev ter draw lots fur ter figger out, cause de Lord ain't say nothin' erbout dat. Dey is, ladies end gentlemin, Hickry Tom end Lance Henry, what's ter be de double husbins ob my daughter Hallelujah."

As Jake stopped speaking there was a moment of tense silence, during which the audience stood perfectly motionless, still hypnotized by the preaching tone of voice in which he had spoken, for in his youth Jake had been a famous revival repentant, and his voice had the peculiar swaying quality of the really emotional religious speaker. Then when the full meaning of his words burst upon them, Lance and Tom glared wildly and incredulously at each other and the remaining six bridegrooms glared equally wildly and quite impartially at both Lance and Tom.

The tension was broken by a gurgle from Jimmy, one of the six, who was addicted to fits and now promptly went into one, an event which would usually have commanded the fascinated and compassionate attention of the entire crowd; but now he was shuffled hastily to one side to recover as best he might, alone and unaided, while the whole mass of people began to seethe with growing excitement. Some of the women, taking it entirely from the religious point of view, began to rock from side to side, rhythmically beating their hands together as they shouted, "Glory be, glory be!" their enthusiasm mounting until it reached the cumulative excitement of a genuine watch meeting, their chant—for that is what it became—unconsciously infecting the rest of the people with a delirium of superstitious excitement until they all began to rock and sway in unison. Then Jake struck up the familiar tune of one of the great Methodist hymns, and the occasion might easily have become one of those gusts of religious fervor which frequently sweep over the negroes, if Lance and Tom had not at that moment, simultaneously, as they had done everything on that fatal day, flown at each other's throats, and, as they clinched, the five other suitors —Jimmy was still engaged in having his fit—hurled themselves upon them. Immediately, like a football scrimmage, the seven became one panting mass of legs and fists, everybody pounding every one else quite indiscriminately. One of the women, the mother of a rejected suitor, then flew at Hallie, tore off her veil, and stamped up and down on it until Lance's mother dragged her off and began to pummel her "fo disrespec' to de bride ob my son," only to be assaulted in her turn by the mother of Tom, who rushed into battle with the cry: "Yo claim her ez de bride ob yo son when she berlong ter Tom." This drew the ire of the other mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, until, to quote Hallie's own disgusted words: "Dey wuz no better'n a passel ob snarlin' dorgs, wid no respec' fo man er Gawd."

The only ending Hallie ever gave to the story, which she always referred to as her first marrying, was: "While dey wuz er fightin', seems lak dey fergit erbout me, so I slip erlong down de mountin. I done mek up my min' I ain't gwine marry wid none ob dat trash! Dey say de ructions wuz turrible after I done lef', end dat dey all so plum mad some one gwine kill me sho; de law clerk what done come ter see de weddin' cotch up wid me on his bicycle, goin' fur de sheriff, end he done tole me, so I jes traipse erlong to de railroad end come to de city ter wuk, cause de preacher, when he wuz cotin' me, done say: 'Seek end yo shell fin' (he done mean me what he fin').' I speck hit's de truf about anythin' yo is really seekin'. I suttin' sho fin' de wuk."

Then she casually mentioned, with a mixture of pride and anxiety: "I hearn tell Jeb Marshall say he gwine come ter de city soon's he kin save de money, end commit suincide on de do'-steps ob dis yere house ef'n I don't marry him when he come. Huh! I ain't fraid. He's too skeered ob de Debbil ter kill hisse'f." And in a tone full of regret that such an opportunity should be lost, she added: "My lan', but ef he did do dat dey'd give him er gran' funeral down ter de schoolhouse!"

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH ATTITUDE TOWARD THE WAR

By Frederick W. Whitridge

LAST August I sat with a small party in a house deep in the English country (where I have now returned after ten months of war), telephoning to Westminster to know whether there was to be a war; and the conversations carried me back in a flash to those I heard as a boy in a quiet New England town when we heard Sumter had been fired upon. The amazed indignation, the talk of the preparations, and of the moralities and causes of the war, strengthened the illusion that this was still 1861. But soon the vast dimension of what was taking place dawned upon men's minds. They began to realize that this was the war of the ages; that not since the German tribes swarmed out of their forests and destroyed the Roman Empire, or the hordes of the East swept over Europe until they met Charles Martel, had whole nations and civilizations been put at such a hazard. The revolution, culminating in the Napoleonic wars, shrank almost to insignificance beside the struggle of a mighty nation, for what Bernhardi declared was to be for world power or downfall.

All this was not immediately apparent, and even yet these island peoples do not entirely comprehend what they are in for; but they were, and are, undismayed and imperturbable. They have not flinched, and they have had two pieces of good fortune. First, a Liberal government happened to be in power, which enabled the nation to act unanimously. Politics ceased for the time to exist; all parties and all men—save a very few persons—rallied to the government. And, second, they had in Lord Kitchener a man who had been proved, who had a name to conjure with, who of all men was fittest to avail himself of the work Lord Haldane had accomplished in the war office, and who had the imagination to perceive, and the courage to say, what was needed when he called for men by the million.

At the beginning of the war the Germans filled the world with a kind of awe. They seemed to have everything, and in a day millions of them, fully armed and equipped, were on the march. No such organization had ever been dreamed of in the world, and the description of the tramp of German armies into Belgium and France oppressed the mind with a sense of irresistible force. They were not a people, they were an incredible engine composed of human beings, who from infancy had been trained to subordinate their wills and sink their own individualities. This machine was fully wound up on the 30th of July. A man motoring from Carlsbad to Paris passed through solid masses of German troops for three hours before he reached the frontier; and after he had passed it he did not see a French soldier for ten kilometres. When the war engine was started the dates of its arrival in Warsaw, Paris, and London were advertised. But presently, something went wrong with it, and it was discovered that there was, after all, nothing divine or superhuman about it. It was only a machine like any other. The most remarkable thing about it, however, was its control of the mind of the German people. Individual thinking seemed to cease, the people to be incapable of seeing, believing, or thinking anything except what was ordered.

The machine has reached neither Warsaw, Paris, nor London, but it has maintained battle lines of a thousand miles on the east and six hundred miles on the west, which have swayed to and fro now for ten months; and it has sustained and inflicted carnage without precedent. The German troops, in solid masses, have faced certain death, sometimes literally blindfolded, and the wonder of it still affects many people with awe. Marvellous as it all is, a good deal has nevertheless hap-

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pened which could only have proceeded from a counsel of desperation, either for the purpose of heartening their own people or of terrifying the enemy; in accordance with the German theory that war "must be directed to the destruction of the whole intellectual and material resources of the enemy."

They began by proclaiming that the war had been forced upon Germany by the "envy and malice of their enemy." Beelzebub himself might be proud of this statement. Then they declared an official hatred upon England, and are now issuing stamps, which may be affixed anywhere, on which is printed "Gott strafe England"; and that legend is cast upon the briquets of coal dust which go into every household.

They are circulating the wildest stories about what is supposed to have occurred in England, most of them mere lying, like the official bulletin that they bombarded the fortified place of Scarborough or of Southend. But the German people believe them. After the last North Sea fight the German prisoners who had been rescued were brought into the Firth of Forth, and a young officer who spoke perfect German was detailed to look after them. As they approached the Forth Bridge, one of the Germans asked his guide: "What is that?" "The Forth Bridge, sir," the officer answered. The German replied: "Oh, no, that is not the Forth Bridge. We blew that up in November. I happen to know it."

Then the Germans declared a war zone in the seas, all alone by themselves, and a so-called submarine blockade of England, than which a more foolish bluff has never been attempted. So far it is practically of no military importance. The Germans have lost almost as many submarines as they have destroyed vessels, and the total damage to date is less than one per cent of the British vessels afloat.

But what is the German belief about it? An American merchant carrying on business in London lately visited Berlin. He was invited to dine, and his host rather congratulated him on having such a dinner after all he had been suffering in England. "But," he replied, "I have not been suffering." "Oh, yes," rejoined his host, "you must have been. The blockade went into effect on the 18th of February. No vessels could have arrived since, and you must be living on your old stocks." To the German mind the argument was perfect. A blockade was ordered for February 18; therefore there was a blockade, no ships could arrive, and consequently England was beginning to starve.

Again, the outrages have been resumed, but this time upon the prisoners, perhaps because there is no civil population left to outrage. Lord Kitchener's moderate statement, which has hardly been denied, carries conviction. In the beginning I did not believe in the stories of outrages, but the report of the Belgian Commission, Cardinal Mercier's letters, the report of the French Commission, and finally the report of Lord Bryce's commission make it impossible not to believe that the whole ghastly and revolting story is literally true. There is abundant confirmation of it in the letters and diaries taken from the Germans themselves; and the only thing which in the least ameliorates any of it is that many Germans were sickened by what they were ordered to do. That it was ordered is past question, and, as the ambassador of a neutral power said to me the other day in London, "The German Government turned on the outrages and turned them off, as they would turn a tap of water."

Finally, if the Germans were not desperate, or raving mad, how could they use poisonous gas which kills with torture? And last of all, how could any German man fire the torpedo which pierced the *Lusitania?* The ferocious heartlessness of it has awakened the whole world to a new perception of the German character. Two innocent members of my household went to their deaths on that ship, within the eighteen minutes they had to prepare to die; and as I think of it, and of how the Germans have welcomed the news in such articles as I annex from the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin,* I feel that every person of German birth, unless he utterly abjures these

* "*At last! At last!* It will now be clear, even to the other peoples, that England's system of patronage and brutality is approaching its end. It had to come. Never did pride more truly go before a fall than in the almost provocative voyages to and fro of the fastest auxiliary cruiser. The fact that it is precisely this ship that we Germans have sunk must make us proud, and the people over there in North America who put their money on the *Lusitania* will, perhaps, find cause for reflection. We do not want any love among the Americans, but we do want respect, and the case of the *Lusitania* will win it for us better than a hundred victories on land."

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works of his Fatherland, should be given a leper's bell, and be compelled, as he walks abroad, to cry aloud: "Unclean! Unclean!"

The great exhibition of the mighty German power is the fruit of twenty years' preparation, and now that I am back in the English country whence I telephoned for news last August it thrills the soul to see what has been accomplished to meet it. Russia has been regenerated, and is carrying on a people's war with no thought for the future except to go to Berlin. France has been born again: politics, civil and military, which have so long cursed her, are banished. Her supplies have been replenished, her churches are full again, her priests are fighting with their brothers, and the whole nation is displaying a quiet, patient gallantry, as amazing as it is efficient.

Great Britain has become Greater Britain indeed. Sikhs and Gourkas are fighting in Flanders; New Zealanders and Australians are fighting Germanized Turks in Egypt; Canadians have won imperishable renown in Belgium; Dutchmen under English colors are fighting Germans in South Africa; and the East and the West are again fighting on the plains of Troy. The empire is carrying on seven wars at once: on the continent, in the Dardanelles, in the Persian Gulf, in Egypt, in East Africa, in West Africa, and in the Cameroons.

The great financial and economic measures to protect the ordinary life of the nation and to enable England to assist her Allies have been perfectly successful, and the daily life of the people seems hardly affected. The streets in the city about the Bank and the Exchanges look as they used to look on a half-holiday. The restaurants are only half filled. The smart young men have disappeared, except a few in bandages. One notices that a good deal of French is spoken, and a certain number of French and Belgian uniforms are worn in the streets—and that is all.

On the other hand, the British navy has cleared the seas, and has kept open all the great trade routes. It has convoyed armies from the ends of the earth, and the German flag is no longer afloat, except upon its navy; which, after all the swagger about "The Day," is still skulking at Kiel, though it is hardly to be imagined that it will not some day, in conjunction with the Zeppelins and submarines, make, for very shame, the great adventure of a raid on England.

What the Kaiser called "the contemptible little army" of Sir John French was first sent over to Flanders, and was as nearly as possible destroyed, but it was perfectly equipped, its fighting was a revelation, and the whole moral effect of its presence was worth twice its number. To-day Britain has about 650,000 men in the field abroad, exclusive of the Indian and colonial contingents, all of whom, with all their equipment, were transported across the Channel with the loss of but one vessel, and, I believe, only a dozen lives; and there are upward of 2,000,000 men still in training at home.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg does not believe in Kitchener's army, and says: "Even if there were a million, they would form no real army, but a uniformed crowd." Perhaps! But they do not look like it. There are 260 billeted in the village near me; 15,000 encamped in one of the Rothschilds' parks a few miles away; 6,000 more in another; and in every park and on every common they are to be seen in squads and regiments, training, moving, and alive; all clear-eyed, vigorous-looking fellows, neither mercenaries nor cogs in a machine; but free men who know when and why they are going to fight. Withal, it is a democratic army—my neighbor's son is a lieutenant, the son of his gardener is a major, and the chief of the general staff served for years in the ranks as a private soldier.

When the first army went to France, Lord Kitchener told them the kind of war into which they were entering, spoke of their new temptations, of women and wine, and advised them to have intimacy with neither. At first the French saw on them Cromwell's touch. Since then they have declared that when they got ready the English fought like Grands Seigneurs, and certain it is that the insouciance of the English rank and file puzzles the Germans as much as the indifference of the upper classes to the glories of "we Germans" exasperates them.

All the men I have talked with are very

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matter-of-fact, and one almost wonders if they are conscious of the immense spiritual force of the long traditions behind them. In the little church in my village there hangs at the head of a certain tomb a helmet, crusted with the dust of generations; and in innumerable other little churches there hang similar memorials of the good knights of whom Coleridge sang:

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Do these things not speak to their children's children? Surely it is not for nothing that the plumed helmet of the Black Prince hangs in the cathedral at Canterbury and the helmet and shield of Henry V in Westminster Abbey. I might have thought so, but I heard the other day of two men, one of whom had passed half the night poring over "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" in the correspondence between the Virgin Queen and his ancestor, who was her minister; and another who was trying to decide whether his ancestor actually fought at Agincourt, or had been unable to get there with the men he had been sent for.

The most thrilling thing developed in these last nine months is, however, the tone and temper of the allied peoples. The Czar at last is free to move about his own country; and what can be imagined more significant and far-reaching than the prohibition of vodka in Russia, or absinthe in France, and the example of the King of England and certain of his ministers in establishing prohibition in their own households? In France the Kaiser and his school have evoked a spirit which might have sprung from the very furnace of the revolution, and it is the more dangerous because it is as yet restrained and deadly quiet. The speeches of the prime minister, Viviani, reveal it, and Madame Juliette Adam, writing to the Women's Congress at The Hague, said:

"Are you truly an Englishwoman? Although I am but little of a suffragette, I must confess to you that I better understand those Englishwomen who would like to fight. England and France to-day have proof of what arbitration and mediation would have done for us. To ask Frenchwomen at this moment to talk of arbitration and mediation, to discuss an armistice, is to ask of them national abdication of their rights.

"All that Frenchwomen could desire is to watch over and applaud their children, their husbands, their brothers, even their fathers, with the conviction that a defensive war is such a sacred thing that everything should be given up, everything forgotten, everything sacrificed, that death itself should be faced heroically, to defend and to save what is most holy in the world, one's country. To-day every German act outside acts of war is monstrous. They lie, they loot, they burn, they kill women and children, they take hostages, they assassinate wounded stretcher-bearers and doctors, they set fire to ambulances, they violate women, young girls, and nuns.

"It would be treachery to those I have lost to seek anything but what is and ought to be, if the God of right and justice, the Enemy of the demon of brute force and of mad pride, is the true God."

In England they do not say much, but one gets a sense of high resolve and of determination under a tranquil exterior which is most impressive. Every man, woman, and child is doing something for the armies; terrific taxation, with more to come, is faced cheerfully. The papers are full of long lists of subscriptions to innumerable funds, which now aggregate vast sums; and the women are superb: very many do not wear mourning for their nearest and dearest. They talk of their dead calmly and without a whimper. One woman of high position described the heart-breaking death of her only son, and ended simply: "We feel it an honor that he should have died for his country!" In particular, there is no boasting or talk of what they are going to do. All such German utterances as the Kaiser's telegram to the Queen of Greece, his sister, which said, "Our final victory is certain. Woe to those who still dare to draw the sword against me. Regards to Tino, [the King]. William," they put by with a smile.

I asked one man of influence when the war would end, and he replied, "I don't know. We fought Napoleon for ten

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years, but I do know that we are going to see this thing through." I have talked with all sorts of men—cabinet ministers, bankers, farmers, and servants—and I got no other reply than that. "We are going to see this thing through."

It is to be presumed that within the next few months there will be tales of disasters, blunders, as well as of victories and heroism, and of a probable loss of life and maiming of men which burdens the imagination of those who contemplate it. But in two respects the British forces are, and are likely to remain, at the top. The Royal Medical Corps, with its plans for sanitation, has done a work as great as that of Colonel Gorgas in Panama. So far there have been only twenty-four cases of enteric fever in the British armies, and if the conditions of the Boer War had prevailed there would by this time have been thirty thousand deaths from that cause alone.

Second, the organization and work of the Red Cross is only less than that of the army itself. The various headquarters in London of the different branches of its service are models of organization. It manages or supervises innumerable hospitals for the wounded, for the sick, and for convalescents throughout the country. It receives donations from all over the world, and dispenses supplies in each of the theatres of war for both field and base hospitals. At Boulogne, the main continental base, which is within three hours of the trenches, the almost continuous procession of motor ambulances to and from the hospitals and to and from the trains and hospitals and Red Cross steamers to England, leave a marvellous picture in the mind of efficiency, tenderness, and consideration. One or two of these steamers cross every night, and the last afternoon I was there not less than seventy-five of these ambulances, holding four men each, stood in rows to transship their burdens. Whatever may happen to the army itself, the Red Cross at least is prepared to see the thing through.

In the Cathedral of Ste. Gudule in Brussels there is a most beautiful window with an inscription to Charles V, Duke, King, Emperor, and, if I remember rightly, "Dominator" of the oceans and the Indies. Charles found the burden of that empire too heavy and he abdicated, and died in a monastery. From time to time visions of some such world dominion have dazzled the minds of other men; and Philip II of Spain, the Grand Monarque, and the great Napoleon, have crossed swords with Great Britain in the endeavor to attain it, but each in vain. And now, when the stress is greater than ever before, is it to be imagined that this British people are likely to be terrified by a Von Tirpitz, or laid low by William of Hohenzollern? Rather is it to be believed that he, a lesser man than the other great dreamers who preceded him, must at last go down before a free people and its Allies, who have determined, in Cromwellian mood, "to see the thing through." Then, and within a measurable time, England will once more be accounted the savior of the liberties of Europe, and the sun will shine upon a new world purged of much evil and changed and renewed in many ways of which it is too soon as yet even to speculate.

IN EXTREMIS

By John G. Lansing

Wastes the moon,
Till there is scarce a silver cord
To see.
So wastes my soul,
Wastes in burning longing, Lord,
For thee.

Terrors of the Judgment Day
Seize on me,
I go not free;
All, all time is Judgment Day
While it parts me,
Lord, from thee.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IN the neighborhood of the great camps where Kitchener's armies are concentrating, it is not to be expected that trains will run on schedule time. The railway to Amesbury proving a fond reliance, we, who wished to see Stonehenge, sat on a bench in the market-place at Salisbury, hoping for a motor-bus to take us part-way at least. And in an hour or so we found places, amid crates of oranges and bunches of bananas, in a huge van so white with chalk-dust that no other notice of its course was needed. The April morning was blue and golden. Spring had stirred the fields into life. Farmers were at their late ploughing in the little valleys that creep among the outskirts of the plain. In one of these we had to stop till the last coils of a column of infantry on a route-march had wound its way across our track.

Stonehenge, 1915

At Amesbury, which is a pretty little cross-roads village, we got down and found ourselves in a world as different as possible from the placid cathedral city of New Sarum. A cavalry outpost guarded the intersection of the roads. One of these was choked with baggage wagons, and down the other came a company of ruddy-faced recruits, looking tired and warm. At a word of command they halted. "Fifteen minutes for rest!" shouted their captain.

The young soldiers with whom we spent that quarter of an hour, and hundreds of others with whom we waited half the afternoon at a crowded station, had the manners of home-bred boys, and theirs had been good homes. They did not swagger or swear. They kept their eyes to themselves and spoke in low tones, and helped one another eagerly in the matter of twisted straps and broken boot-laces. Men, I thought, are naturally kind and gentle.

In the swift-flowing Avon, and filling the road that led toward Stonehenge, a battery was halted, and the gunners were washing the horses' legs, and their own heads and necks. This martial scene was succeeded by another, of a strangely different character, for, on our right, as we climbed from the valley to the high-lying plain, we saw the earthen walls of Amesbury Camp, built by what warrior race nobody knows, nor how many centuries before the Roman conquest. Presently the plain stretched away before us, a wide, rolling prairie, broken by clumps of cedars, with here and there a mound or tumulus, the "grassy barrows" of the fallen in ancient wars. Salisbury Plain, a remnant of wild nature in the midst of cultivated and comfortable England, while it does not overpower the imagination, still is vast enough to stir it.

No sooner had we set foot on the first swell of the plain than I became aware of what looked like a herd of elephants, half a mile ahead. They did not move, and slowly it dawned upon me that this was Stonehenge. A few minutes later, seated within the circles of those enormous stones, I was asking myself the old questions that so many travellers have asked. For worship, at least, these rude masses were erected; that seems fairly certain. And to commemorate a battle, if one may judge from the barrows that crown the neighboring hillocks. Religion and war—the two powers that have charmed and ruled and tortured the world. So mysterious is the whole of life, alike moral and physical, that the haunting wonder of Stonehenge was neither increased nor lessened by what then I saw. Lifting my eyes to the north, I beheld almost a whole quarter of the horizon filled with tents and huts, the camp that is to shelter a quarter of a million fighting men. Along the sky-line to the left, in single file, cut out sharp in black against the azure west, moved a band of horsemen. Up from the plain behind me burst a battalion of Canadian foot, and a battery of four field-guns halted on my right to give the men a chance to stare at what is perhaps the oldest relic of human life in Britain. A year ago I might have moralized on progress, on the notable advance we have made over the crude enginery that brought these blocks here and set them in place. To-day I find it hard to believe that chemistry and mechanic arts have made men different from what they were.

When the soldiers have looked a little and stretched themselves, they move on. Stonehenge remains, and the skylarks are still singing, the same song, no doubt, that rang above this plain thousands of years ago.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST

TO say that we live in a state of unrest is neither to make an original remark nor to refer to a new condition. The more we know of any past phase of society, the more its unrest is apparent, however calm the picture built upon incomplete knowledge; and in any case, our own uneasinesses and revolts present themselves more vividly than do those that are disposed of and laid aside to give place to new fermentations. Then we are, perhaps, a little more self-conscious to-day than we have ever been before, and can see more of the world at a glance.

Unrest and revolt are no new things. They are the substance of the history of all art—at least of Western art. I do not mean that the history of art is the record of clamorous outcries against existing methods; of violent changes accompanied by violent protest. I mean that it is a history of change, of the abandonment of the old for the new, of changes occurring slowly sometimes, and sometimes rapidly, which, when we look back upon them, are revolutionary. Could anything be more so than the passage from what Cimabue and Giotto broke free from to the marvellous freedom of the Renaissance? Or what happened to the architecture of France when the heavy solidity of the Romanesque burst into the airy splendor of the Gothic?

Volumes have been written and curious men have exhausted speculation in the effort to account for the growth and decay of styles; for the periods of fertility and sterility in art. All art is the inevitable expression of the whole state of the peoples who produce it. From Nineveh to Barbizon it holds true, and it is true now. The generations of men come and they paint, they carve, they write and sing and build: when they are passed away it is from these, even from the veriest fragments of them, that we know what manner of men they were.

If Cimabue and the primitives had not broken through the fixity of the gorgeous old hieratic Byzantine walls, if they had not worked the death of all that magnificence, one of two things would have happened: Either the immovable Byzantine would have persisted forever, in the face of all the world's social change and growth, or men would have entirely abandoned the making of works of art.

But the need to practise art is an ineradicable one in all the stages of humanity. At the stage in which we find ourselves nowadays this need is assuming phases that seem to be something quite new in all our experience. The newest of all the newnesses is the singular belief that the aspirant in art had better not be taught too much—hardly at all, some of them seem to think; that learning is for him a fetter; that he must not be considered a creature to be trained and developed like another, but as a sort of emanation which may be expected to burst upon us complete out of nothingness. Thus, we are given to understand, he will find room for the play of his imagination, his inventiveness, his originality.

The chief proof offered us of the validity of these tenets is what, for convenience, may be generically termed "Cubism." I am not an art-critic. To the critics (if there are any; and I know of two or three) this subject may be left. If the Cubist pictures seem to me morbid outrages and the written advocacy of them neurasthenic piffle, it may be that I am too dull or too pompous to see the joke, or it may be that I am too hidebound to see new promise.

But those of us who believe that the laws of reason and of logic are safe tests of work under any conceivable variety of external conditions, are at no loss for an opinion which is not subject to our personal caprice. And I think we do well to inquire, at the outset, what is originality and what makes freedom? Because we must, I take it, admit that the quality of originality is not likely to be the fruit of repression, but of freedom.

The *quality* of originality is not a garment to be voluntarily assumed by whomsoever will. It does not consist in mere difference from others, in the bizarre, the grotesque, or the unrelated. It may be novel and it may be different, but whatever its form, new or old, it is a quality; a product of the personality carrying over into the artistic expression of the person and pervading and illuminating it as light illumines. So that, if

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this be true, then whatever of the divine quality is inherent in any person is most likely to find its maximum of expression through the highest possible development of his personality and the giving to him of the greatest possible freedom for the exercise of his powers. We do not think that his best chance of attaining this freedom will be through fastening upon him, or letting him fasten upon himself, the chains of ignorance. In fact, we think the claim for such a proceeding is absurd and is flatly contradicted by all of man's experience.

Suppose a person should say: "I am going to be a writer. I am going to attempt great, original literary production, at a time when something new and vital is imperatively needed. In order to do this, I propose to sever myself completely from all those hampering limitations which I feel instinctively have beset previous workers. I refuse to subject myself to anything that will impair my freedom of spirit and expression. Therefore, I will not read what others have written; I will not know the stories they have told; I will not study their ways of stating their thoughts; I will not know the history of the literary art at any time, ancient or modern. Indeed, I go further than this. I will not learn the common rules of composition; those guiding principles that come from the many, many experiences of all sorts of writers in all times. I will not even learn how to use my native tongue, its flexibilities and its expressivenesses and its elegancies. I will, by Heaven, learn nothing, but, pure and undefiled, a creature of God-given talent, I shall spread the wings of my fancy and soar to heights undreamed of." What would you think of such an ass as that? Or if he did the equivalent thing with music, how little difficulty you would feel in estimating him. But when he speaks in terms of the other arts he gains an audience, and we stand confused and wonder if he has not found a new and precious secret.

Think of the period of the Renaissance, the time of the greatest glory in painting the world has ever seen, and the time out of which, I should suppose, there is no lesson for the painter that may not be learned. Not that he will learn there of all the different forms that the painter's art has taken; these, after all, are but the manifestations of changing times and thoughts and manners. It is the relation of learning to fancy it will teach. What we see is all these men—it is an old, familiar story—studying, one after the other, as apprentices to the recognized masters of their day. They worked, great and small, at the veriest rudiments: at mixing colors, the methods of applying them; at rules of composition; at drawing and all the technique of their art. They worked as assistants, given those parts of compositions to do which their capacities or their masters' inclinations assigned to their hands, as Raphael worked for Pinturicchio at Siena. Strip it of all the complex forces, intellectual and social, that made this marvel of efflorescence, and what does it still teach us?

More, perhaps, than any other lesson of practical application, and permanently good for our daily use, that the greater the extent to which the beginner fits and equips himself; the better he learns the rules; the fuller his knowledge of technique; the more he has trained eye and hand to work for him in skilled unison; the more his subconscious memory is stored full of the knowledge of what others have done, then the freer he will be to invent and to accomplish; the more will ideas rise in his mind; the greater the certainty with which he will dare to strike out upon his own new paths. These things are true of all other arts, and all crafts: why should they not be true of the arts of design?

We must clearly distinguish between the real freedom which is power, and the mock freedom which is lawlessness and incompetence; we must know that disorder is not progress. Our rebels maintain that when it is enjoined upon them to learn the rules until they have them at their finger-tips, to study the works of great past days, they are being required to saddle themselves with methods which will become intolerable burdens upon them, stifle their free spirits, and make of them mere copying slaves.

One very pertinent question that occurs to us when we consider this notion, is: "Who ever invented anything new?"

For more thousands of years than we know of, and throughout the ages of which we do know, men have expressed their artistic yearnings in a multitude of ways; and arts have arisen, flourished, and declined, some to be forgotten, to vanish and leave no discernible trace, others to live in their influence upon succeeding arts. We have seen architecture and its sister arts of mural decoration and sculpture, and all the multiplicity of the crafts, progress from primitive sim-

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plicity to complexity so great as to fill us with wonder at the boundless energy and ingenuity of man. And through all the long story, whether the flowering be of a rushing suddenness and dazzling abundance, or whether the progress be slow and groping, there runs one immutable law: that the widest departures and the most daring novelties can afterward be analyzed as step-by-step progression from established precedent, as the recombination of devices old as the memory of mankind.

It seems a sweeping statement, but if we inquire closely enough we shall find it to be true that invention is some new use, new combination, of that which has been used many times before. The world never saw a more amazing novelty in art than the great French Gothic cathedrals, and it is easy to think of them as having burst forth without any preliminary experiment. As a matter of fact, if ever there was a case of the new application of an old principle producing a conspicuous and new result it was here; and the old principle lay germinating in the heavy masses of Roman building and its derivatives for more than a thousand years before it was so brilliantly released. And even that release was an affair of generations of tentative effort, to culminate only in the need of an outlet for a new-found civic freedom.

We cannot bring back the old days, reconstitute past times and manners, nor can we impose those manners upon our own new time. But we can search underneath all the so different manifestations of those days and their manners for the fundamental law that held good through all of them and will hold good through all others. And this I take to be that men who intend to practise what must, in the very nature of things and in view of the world's accumulated knowledge and sophistication, be highly technical pursuits, should as a beginning learn to be good workmen. Then, and only then, have they the beginnings of freedom in their arts. Surely it must be plain that if every one of us, under the demand of current life, set for himself the task of discovering and perfecting all those solutions which it took countless generations to find and perfect, he would have but little time for individual expression. The man who designs a building today can hardly realize what vast stores of experience, what incalculable series of experiments, have put in his hands the elements he so freely avails himself of. He who draws a picture gives but little heed to the long struggles with perspective, with the representation of free motion, with anatomy, that have made rules which are his for the asking. Does he expect to go back into complete innocence and find these all for himself?

When we consider what, for want of a better word, I designate "collaboration," we find a heavy problem set; heavy enough if all were working together for its resolving —frantic when it is so little realized and those upon whom we must depend are fighting against the solution. The task is no less than the reconstitution, in some form or other, of a state once prevalent and now lost, but upon whose prevalence depends full and effective expression of ourselves and our time in works of art.

I can explain best by an attempt to define certain conditions under which great works were once accomplished. It is a recent thing that separates the arts, that makes us think of painting and sculpture as isolated subjects. In the times I refer to, all the arts were a part of what we call architecture, an essential and intimate part of it. What this meant for architecture is more than it is easy to state in words. But you know it, even if you have not expressed it to yourselves in terms; you know the endless, various interest and charm of Old World building; you know the universality of its appeal; how it runs through the great and the small, the important and the unimportant, how personal and individual it is. No matter what the place or the style, or what your favorite type or period; you may think you don't much care for this or that, that you are not being impressed, and yet, when after it all you come back to the modern, the academic, it strikes you as cold and bare and thin. We feel these things although we contrast old work that has in most cases fallen from its high estate, been defaced and mutilated, stripped of many adjuncts—contrast it with that which is whole and at its best.

Imagine that you are an architect, and that your chance has come to produce a great building which you wish to make a triumph of your ability to create an artistic whole. Do you think you can do it unless its embellishment be the work of master hands, unless your walls be clothed in the beauty of color and design, made more interesting and more real by painters who

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know what walls are and what to do with them, unless all the ornaments in relief, from the conventional patterns on mouldings, through the arabesques and garlands to the representations of the human figure, are fresh and vigorous, and inevitably in their places, so that the sculptor's part is as much architecture as is the mason's—as it was on the Assyrian walls, on the Egyptian temples, on those of Greece, on Roman monuments and Lombard churches and Gothic shrines? And how will you get it?

You can't get it all out of yourself. You will get here and there a great man to do part of it, a painter or a sculptor or both. For all the work there is to do on your building, to say nothing of all the work there is to do for all the architects on all the buildings, not great artists only but a large body of artists, greater and lesser, is needed; artists and craftsmen who should hardly be distinguished from artists. They should all be so trained as not only to be skilled and ready workmen in their various specific arts and crafts, independently, but beyond this they should be accustomed to think of their work in terms of its relation to architecture and as a part of architecture. In varying degree, according to the kind and importance of their functions, this also means their acquaintance with one another's arts. Among those who need this I most specifically include the architects themselves.

In such a state of affairs you would be in somewhat the position of, let us say, a master builder of the Middle Ages or an architect of the Renaissance. I think of that master builder as one who, while he designed the structure as a whole, did not have far to seek for those to whom the execution of all its details could be entrusted. Swarms of them surrounded him; every requirement imposed by his design was to them an inspirational impetus; carvers and sculptors who would make each ornament, each foliated capital or string-course, each grotesque figure of bird or animal or imaginary beast, a flight of fancy and a masterpiece of cutting; of the statues in their niches works of art to be classed for merit only with the Greek. So with the stained-glass workers to fill his vast windows; the woodworkers to make the furniture; the metal workers to produce the screens and grilles; the tapestry weavers—I cannot go through all the list.

The architect of the Renaissance I see as one who, as like as not, was himself a sculptor, or a painter; sometimes both. So that as he worked with others who, like himself, lived in all the arts, there came out of it buildings of which you cannot say where architecture ends and sculpture and painting begin.

How may all this be brought back? I don't know, nor do wiser men than I. I do not venture to say that architects must become painters and sculptors; that would be rather utopian. But at least they should be brought closer together, personally and professionally, and the time to do it is while they are still in their formative period.

The problem is not being neglected; beginnings are being made. Few of the most eminent and thoughtful men in the American world of art but are concerned with it.

For those who are destined to front rank in the fine arts, by far the most important enterprise in sight is the American Academy in Rome, the very foundation idea of which is that of collaborative study and work. We send to Rome each year, for a stay of three years, an architect, a painter, a sculptor, and a landscape designer. They are selected by competition, to which are admitted only the pick of our schools; so that they are advanced and competent performers before they go. While there, these groups of young artists, in inspiring surroundings and under the best of guidance, live together, work together, travel together, and learn by intimate, constant association the master works of past days, throughout Italy and the classic lands. All this in the company of brilliant students of classical history, literature, and archæology, still further to develop their minds and their interest, their understanding of the works of man, to make of them completer beings.

From our Academy, an American possession of which this country should indeed be proud, there have come back already those before whom lies greatness; that there are more such coming is a certainty. But perhaps the most significant thing about it all, even transcending individual distinction, is that we may see them, the body of them, as a strong influence and leaven in our country's art; the happy counteracting force against disorderly, unhappy, ineffectual discontent and unrest—each of them the centre of an ever-widening circle in which clear comprehension of the interrelation of the arts will prevail and will spread until it has reached the humblest artisan.

C. Grant La Farge.

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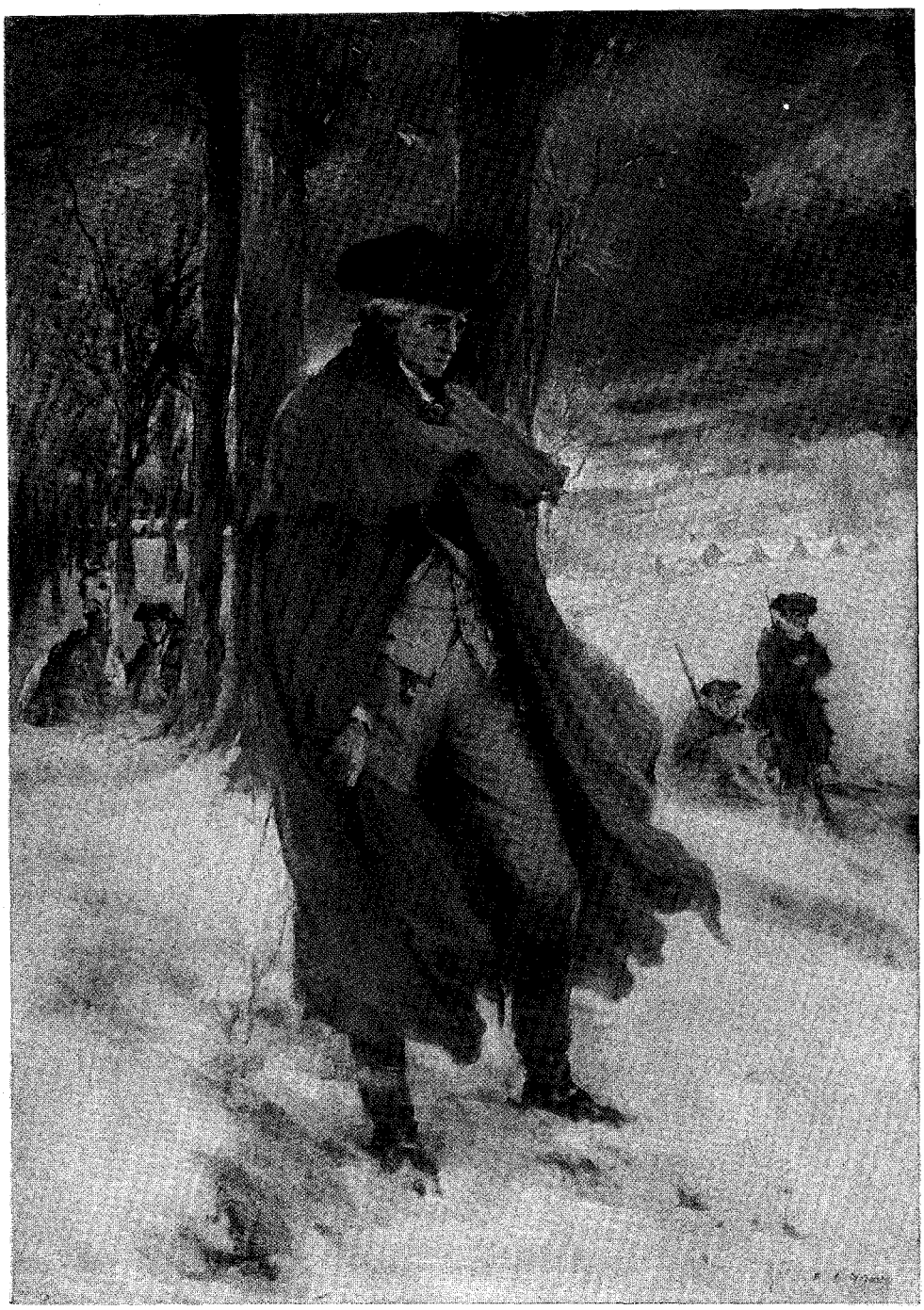

Painted for Scribner's Magazine by F. C. Yohn.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

Winter of 1777–78.

[The third of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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